Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR

CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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(COVER)

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Mount Vernon
Christmas Punch

Pour 12 ounces grape juice, 3 ounces pineapple juice and 1 pint MOUNT VERNON Straight Rye Whiskey into punch bowl. Add 5 unpeeled oranges and 3 unpeeled lemons sliced small with 1 grapefruit peeled and sliced. Let stand for 3 or 4 hours. Then place a cake of ice in the bowl; add 1 split of soda water—a modern touch that gives sparkle—and serve.

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Mount Vernon

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QUALITY
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HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches
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Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On the devil and the deep blue sea Occasionally we lose advertising, and more frequently we are threatened with the loss of advertising, over the undue exuberance of some part of our editorial content. Whenever this happens the advertising department turns on us with that special look otherwise reserved for the use of front-line troops when fired upon by their own artillery. "Hey," yells the adv. dept., "cut that out!" And we always murmur, "Sorry, but we want to have a lively magazine." The adv. dept. grumbles, "The advertisers don't! The advertisers would much rather see a little editorial cooperation!" And then there's Tension. The adv. dept. nurses its wounds, and we get to brooding and talking to ourselves. Like this. We do want a lively magazine, because a magazine must be lively to get talked about, and getting talked about gets circulation, and getting circulation gets advertising. Sure we want advertising, as much as the adv. dept. does, because that's the fruit on the magazine tree. But it grows on the topmost boughs and you have to climb up after it. That is, unless you want to chop the tree down. Or look at it this way. Advertising rests on circulation, which rests on reader acceptance, which rests on editorial vitality. They're piled one on top of the other like the baby's blocks on the floor. The bottom block is editorial vitality, and on it are piled reader acceptance, circulation and advertising. Advertising's the top block. You can jiggle that one, and even knock it off, and the structure still stands. But jiggle the bottom block and the other three come tumbling. That's what we'll have to try to explain to the adv. dept. sometime.

They keep telling us how the other magazines give their advertising departments a break through "editorial cooperation," how *Chic*, and *Luck*, and *City & Village* run photographs of things and places that do the advertisers some good, and how this makes the advertisers very happy, without hurting the readers the least little bit. And sometimes, when we are especially weary of hearing how this story cost us $2000 in lost or cancelled revenue, and that cartoon $1000, and that article $3000, and how *this* offended *that* advertiser and how *that* scared off *this* prospect, we begin to think of how easy it would be to give a little cooperation and to avoid giving any offense. Every month we get scads of free photographs and even free articles, from interested sources. Maybe we ought to be more reasonable about using them. It would be so much easier, as well as so much cheaper, to fill our pages. And the advertising would undoubtedly show an immediate pick-up, because usually the promise of advertising is at least inferred or implied when slanted editorial material is offered.

But would that stuff be interesting? Well, at least it wouldn't hurt us. It wouldn't have cost us $3000 lost revenue, like the article which it might so easily have replaced. Was that article *that* interesting? Did that article help us $3000 worth? Or would it have hurt us $3000 worth to have run a little safe and sensible slanted stuff in that particular space? Three thousand dollars is a lot to pay for the privilege of exhibiting just one specimen of "editorial vitality"! And besides, when we had forty-odd legitimate editorial features, which made the issue on their reader interest, would it have hurt us to have just one phony in there, just one piece that would have made an advertiser happy instead of angry? Anyway, would it have hurt us $3000 worth?

Think about it this way long enough and you feel yourself placed between the devil and the deep blue sea.

But still, if you were selling apples at the roadside to passing tourists, in large baskets containing forty-odd apples each, would you put one rotten one down somewhere in the middle, on the chance that it wouldn't be detected? No, because one rotten apple, in the course of a long day spent standing at the roadside, can begin to turn the whole pack.

Think about this long enough, and you realize that nobody ever beat the devil at a bargain. But plenty of people have learned to swim.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. V. No. 1
Whole No. 26

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A PRAGMATIST ON PACIFISM

Meyer Levin's page in the November Esquire leaves a rancid taste in my mouth, since I am an aspiring, perspiring man of letters and, I think, a patriotic pacifist.

As I understand it, a review of anything—art, opera, stage, movies, books, etc.—is supposed to present an unbiased review as near to a true plumb-line as the human limitations of the reviewer permits. Yet, Mr. Levin has violated this tenet. He has let his personal viewpoint and prejudices creep into, nay rush into, the picture to discolor his report of the current series of war propaganda pictures. His unfair thrusts are this time against *Annapolis Farewell*, with a few more past ones tossed in for good measure. *Annapolis Farewell* is against Mr. Levin's beliefs, therefor it annoys him, therefore that photoplay lacks in artistic ability.

I am a Reserve Officer and so, apparently, prejudiced against Mr. Levin's viewpoint, but I know that I shall not see *Annapolis Farewell*. Simply, I do not care for that kind of picture. I see so few pictures—there are so few worth seeing. So much for the movies.

We, and many of us of generations lately come to the haven of our shores, think differently than you and your idealistic type of pacifists, Mr. Levin. To say that our preparing for war breeds a militaristic attitude is too silly for words. Peaceful ways are engrained in our hearts and minds. We invite you, Mr. Levin, to join us in the belief that we are the only true pacifists in America today. A suitable title would be: "Practical Pacifists." We claim this because, while we keep our minds in a peace-like frame, we believe in keeping our powder dry. You will readily admit the need for life insurance, Mr. Levin, and a fire and police department in any community. Being a fireman does not breed an urge to commit arson in one's mind. Being a policeman does not breed criminal tendencies in one's mind. Being trained to defend one's home and hearth does not create a desire to go forth and lay waste another's countryside. Instead, it creates a stronger desire to learn farther about how to avoid the horrors of war.

So much for the citizen-soldier's point of view, Mr. Levin.

In concluding, from the aspiring and perspiring man of letters' viewpoint, let me add: for the sake of art and its criticism, please, I pray ye, keep it free of personal prejudice and rancor. If you desire to put forth peace and pacifism propaganda, or anything else from your able pen, please expound it under its proper title, not disguised as critical movie review. It will then carry more weight in proving your point. Don't rape the grand profession of letters by mixing up your subjects. Call a spade a spade if you will—and more power to you—but don't try to prove that a spade is a spade in a discourse on hearts. After all, Mr. Levin, most of the readers of Esquire are grown up with a desire for adult reading.

Very truly,

Jacksonville, Fla. Bayard S. Pitts

S. & F. IN THREE RUTS

Recently, and for the first time, I went through an issue of *Sound and Fury*. The effect on me was so strange I pulled out a half dozen issues and literally waded through them. I don't remember anything so conflicting since I traced back the Yiddish ritual of Kaddish. *Sound and Fury* is a cross section of American thinking far more significant than Americana of the old Mercury. It is far more authentic in that the indicted sign their own confessions. *Sound and Fury* proves that Mencken was a liar through generalization—not all the intelligence is confined to a few large cities; not all the stupidity nestles in the Ozarks. Obviously, the differences in sectional education have little effect on the thinking of people. What more can be said in favor of *Sound and Fury* than that it intrigued a jaded mind, despite its mediocre intelligence average and very low order of writing? The amateurs prove an old contention of mine: there is a world of mentality between the active and passive artist. Your neophytes automatically fall into three ruts: the balled, the bald, and the ribald.

Now, if you will re-read the last six issues of *Sound and Fury* something very significant will emerge. Those who condemn your magazine generalize more, are more dishonest, are less intelligent than those who praise it. And I note that very few praise it wholeheartedly and without reservations—and that is an obvious clue to a civilized mind. I also note that useless and pointless obscenity (or smut) is more freely indulged in by those who condemn than by those who commend. And that the superlative smuthounds are those who write to chastise you for your supposed smut. Draw your own moral and let's turn to hymn number 654: "There'll Be Babies When Revivals Come Around."

As to the squawks about Hemingway's fishing. Force all authors to follow the fish—it's a great mental training. It fans reflection, coordination, tolerance, and a sportsmanship far beyond the copywriter's ranting in a sports catalogue. I follow the trout. I walk miles through streams; and rarely see a soul between daybreak and nightfall. I wouldn't defile the virginal loveliness in attempting to describe it—not here, anyway. And if pro bono publico thinks it is a fatuous hobby, then let him take a three and a half ounce rod, a 3-x tapered leader, a number 16 quill gordon fly and try to land that 14 inch baby that just jumped between the overhanging alders. And when he goes home that night let his friends tell you whether he is better off for the day he spent.

New York, N. Y. H. Serwer

PETTY ROCKS THE CRADLE

Skip the customary flushable introductory exclamations and accept my thanks for *Sarnoff, RCA, NBC*. Also for Hemingway's immortal article on war. I wonder how many people that read this article by Hem' felt like tearing it out, rolling it up like a diploma, tieing it around the center with a floating-fish skin and sending it to a certain big shot in Europe.

My wife and I like Esquire a lot. We forget the tripey article that happens to slip-by (?) every so often. The cartoonists of course rank high with Petty far out in front. If you don't think so just take a look at the ten months old Son how he cracked his map when I showed him Petty's work . . . and this by-the-way convinced his Mother for the first time that he is just a chip off of the old block.

Best regards and good wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely yours,

Riverhead, N. Y. Lee Hollingsworth

HEM AIN'T FOR HIRE

Never, in a long and checkered career, have I had an irresistible yen to write a letter to an Editor—that is, until I "subscrobe" to Esquire some many moons ago. But there is an indefinable something in this cursed *S. & F.* that undermines strong-willed determination with an insidiousness equal only to that standard of all insidiousnesses, halitosis.

There has been only one check on my consuming lust to be at the throats of a thousand Sound-and-furiests and that is an oversupply of subject matter. To one avowed to get this letter-writing business finished in one fell swoop it's a Herculean task. To simply assuage the main sore spots would take 50 more pages for Esq to publish and then what would Louis Warshaw say?

Since I haven't even had time to read more than the *S. & F.* in the November issue, this will have to be confined strictly to old and very unfinished business.

First of all, as a native New Orleanian and as one who has walked down "Rampo't" Street on a "Sad'dy" night (tho not by choice) I must protest Elmer Green's nasty swipe at the dialect in "Louis Armstrong." If Mr. Green has never been south of Philadelphia, let him be assured that the dialect is authentic, the accent true. Without it, these article-stories would be as meaningless as any one of John Groth's "monotypes," whatever'n the'll they are. As an Art Director, Groth would do well to try directing traffic or something. He'll direct no art for me, m'lads.

I really feel called on to add my voice to the multitude of critics of the mag generally but, since you've been called everything from gibbering old lechers to Model-A heroes or The Rover Boys in Hoboken, I'll subside with the mild statement that "I ain't been cheated."

And then there is the question of those fem ads—personally, I can take 'em or leave 'em alone but it strikes me as poor tactics to put that Dobbs ad right under the *S. & F.* on page 173 this month. Sort of inviting verbal mayhem. But then the mag thrives on that so you wind up being dumb like a fox. Anyway, the gals generally get what they want and the die-hards might as well face the inevitable—Fannie Hurst and Kathleen Norris in Esquire. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk.

Oh, yes; I almost forgot the current pacifist-jingoist feud spawned by your "rank propaganda." Now, anyone could tell it was propaganda, paid for and delivered, but it was so undeniably true, so crushingly tensed in the present, that petty details don't matter. Heretofore, I thought Hemingway wrote his drool for Esquire then crawled back on the bottom of the boat with the rest of the marine growth for the balance of the month but now, I don't know. Undoubtedly his article was tops and, if he was sincere, so is he. If he was hired to write it, which I am cynical enough to believe possible, then he don't count. While I believe that war is ultimately inevitable, anyone who says U. S. participation in a foreign war is "justified" is a person who still believes that most of the people bear allegiance to the country and not what they can get out of it.

By golly, I'll be editorializing next.

And since it seems to be customary—the parting fling is a suggestion to be put up to the committee (you know which one). Either *illustrate* your fiction with tangible sketches or photos or leave 'em blank altogether. Those ducky little nightmares dotting the page give off the aroma of a mag for psycho-analysts. What are you trying to do? Make us conscious of symbolism? Frixample—look at the nags on p. 50 of November. (That fella Groth, again.) If that's art, Hitler's a rabbi.

Yours,

Plaquemine, La. Bob Foster

SEZ YOUTH

All right, be Pacifistic if you want to! But for God's sake take a man's stand on it! Don't drool all over your editorial columns (which up to this time I've found fairly interesting) in a strain that would lead us to think that we men—fathers and sons—never let our thoughts become sullied with thinking of the possibilities of War.

I am a young man. At least young enough to allow envious oldsters to get some delicious thrills in calling me "Son." When they signed the Armistice I played Hookey from the first grade and waved a flag on my porch simply because everybody seemed awfully excited about something. I suppose I belong to that generation that is supposed to have forgotten all about the insanity of the Wilson era. O. K. I have. For me, it never existed. And mark ye, lads, no War Hysteria *ever will* grip me. *And I'm not* a Pacifist, mind you, at least not in the silly vein of your Pseudo-Intellectual Commentators. But get this—I'm just as opposed to organized slaughter as those poor devils who got violently sick at the stomach (as they tell me) just before dawn when they realized that in a few moments they had to go up on top and get shot in the belly by the enemy or shot in the back by a shave-tail.

I'll take my stand. I'm an American. I believe that ours is the finest country that God ever granted momentary existence. I'm in business. I've got an apparent future ahead of me, that means perhaps comfort, happiness, and a fruitful life—and by God! no drivelling politician or milk-sopping Nationalistic Hound is ever going to wreck my career by shipping me off to defend some vague point of national honor or capitalistic scheme.

Sourly,

Milwaukee, Wis. Walker Y. Brooks

GOD

By now you have, undoubtedly, thousands of letters on this subject. Yet, the possibility that the fraternity does not read you or does not reply to you makes my query a sacred obligation.

Who is it who knows enough about anatomy, ballistics, and the vagaries of chance, so to fire a bullet that it will stop and remain in such a vulnerable place that it may, at discretion, be subsequently manipulated into the heart? There is a description of such a business in the story on page 84 of your November number.

Very truly yours,

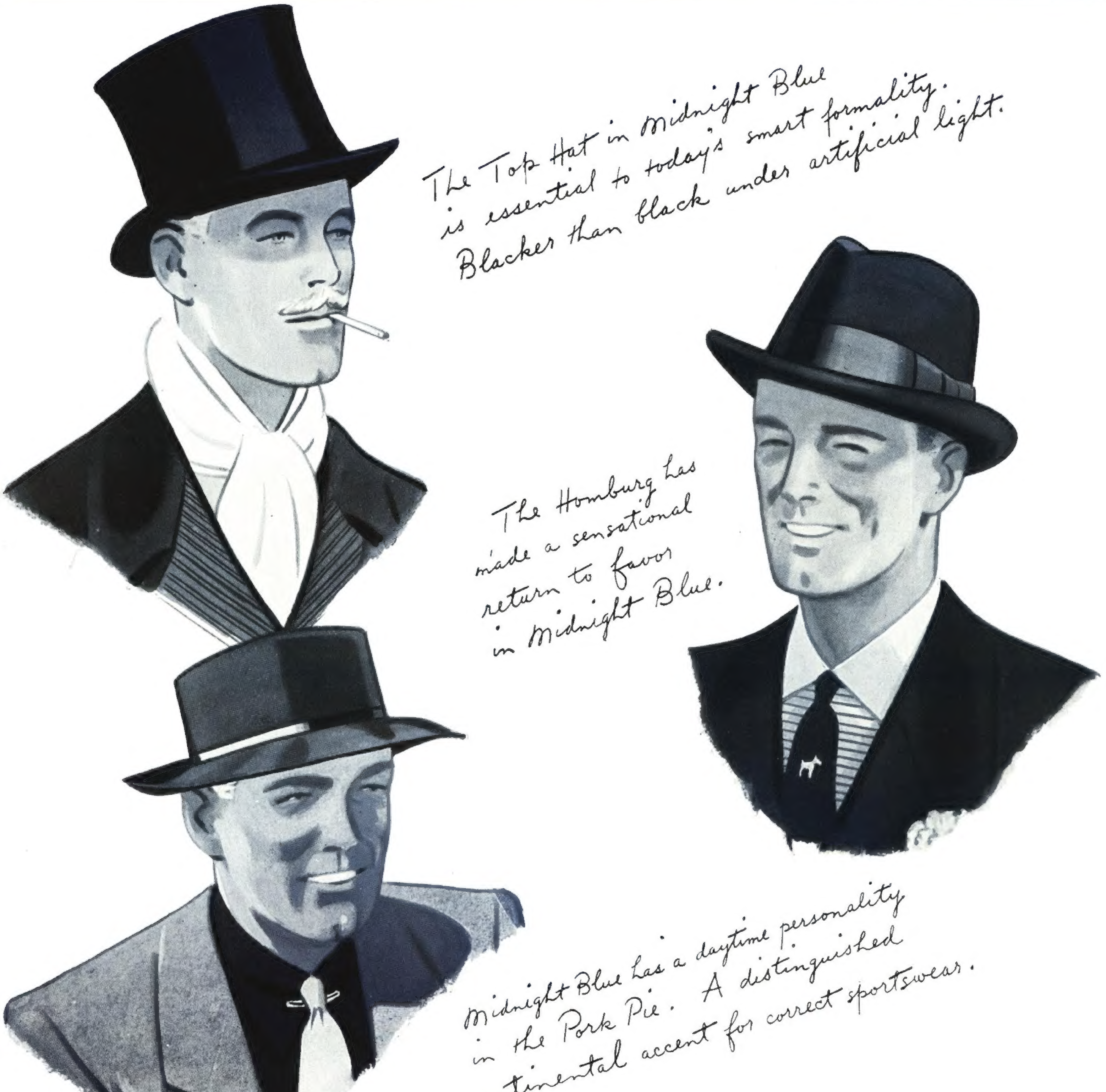
Dividend, Utah B. H. Wherritt, M. D.

P. S.—Incidentally, there is a fancy pathological report.

Continued on page 8

AGAIN DOBBS SETS THE STYLE

Introducing Midnight Blue



The Top Hat in Midnight Blue
is essential to today's smart formality.
Blacker than black under artificial light.

The Homburg has
made a sensational
return to favor
in Midnight Blue.

Midnight Blue has a daytime personality
in the Pork Pie. A distinguished
continental accent for correct sportswear.

DOBBS

New York's Leading Hatter

711 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

BETWEEN 55th and 56th STREETS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A THOUGHT OF VALUE

Being human, I am vain; and so always trying to learn in order that I may feel I know more even if I don't exhibit such knowledge. Every time I read Esquire I add to my knowledge. Sometimes it may regard deep-sea fishing with a spear and a pair of waterproof goggles. Again I will learn that my sense of humor—long since given up as dead—is still with me: and each time, thank Something, I discover I still am interested in the opposite sex.

This evening I sat down with my November issue—pipe and glass at elbow—and after warning the good wife to forget me for several hours, I settled down for some good solid enjoyment and emulation. The editorials are good, as usual; but, as usual, too short. I learned new things about the late "Kingfish." I enjoyed a short story. By that time the household had quieted down sufficiently that I felt I could assimilate some deeper reading—so I read *A Primer of Economics* by Fred C. Kelly. Now I have never written any books touching indirectly on economics, nor have I read Adam Smith, Mill, Ricardo, or James Watt. Don't get me wrong—I'm not boasting—it's my loss. Nor am I taking a crack at Kelly. Were I learned enough to openly contradict his statements I certainly would, in spite of his name. But I'm just an average reader interested in our national and world problems, who endeavors to solve his own narrow difficulties by looking for the fundamental cause when the effect presents a problem. I would probably be called a practical individual as differentiated from a thinker.

Value—good old value—that apparently defies definition. Those thinkers trying to define the term presumably believe that by so doing we will have solved the reason for the majority of people being without their rightful or comfortable share of goods of which a few have more than they can ever use or need, in a land and world where there actually exists, or is available, sufficient for all if properly distributed.

Value is a result. It is not a result of labor alone. The reason labor is expended is the necessity or desire to create something useful or desirable. A product can be useful because a person considers it necessary to him and because it performs a useful or necessary function. Another product can be desirable without necessarily being useful. A hand-carved table is ornamental, but functionally no more useful than a plain one. Right here I want to say that there is no use setting up two kinds of value, basic and money. Instead of saying a thing has no value because no sacrifice or labor has been made or put into it to make it valuable, I say a thing has no value unless it serves or fulfills a desire. A peasant's need for a table and chairs creates a desire for them, so he goes to his woods, fells a tree, and by his labor makes these articles. They have a use value to him. Let's say this peasant is an average skillful worker and that it takes him fifteen days to make his table and chairs. He has created value, not because he put labor into the furniture, but because he had a legitimate use for them. He could have spent far more time making a piano bench, but he had no use for a piano bench since he had no piano nor had any of his neighbors. Therefore his labor would not have created value. If during these fifteen days he could have chopped and delivered sufficient cord wood to the local government administrative building to pay his taxes for a year, amounting to $30.00, and the wood had to be delivered only at that time, then he can say that the furniture has a value to him of $30.00 less $8.00 for the wood remaining on the stump, or $22.00. He sacrificed this wood in order to build his furniture. Suppose his neighbor filled the wood order and collected $22.00 for his labor; and he has no table or chairs, but needs and wants them. He plans to spend the winter chopping wood to sell in the village, and tending to his stock—and the furniture maker has nothing to do all winter except keep warm. It might be reasoned that the second peasant, who sold his wood for $30.00, would be justified and willing to pay this $30.00 to his neighbor for the furniture, and that the first peasant is justified in selling his table and chairs for $30.00 because that is the value of his labor and material. His neighbor is the only person available who wants his furniture and is able to buy it. This would be logical; but if the wood seller anticipates a profit of $25.00 from the sale of firewood in the village during the winter, he is better off making his own furniture in the time left after caring for his stock and keeping the $30.00.

Now assume that a large pulp factory comes into the country on the lake by the village. A number of the local peasants have no tables and chairs, nor money to buy them. They do have, however, acres of pulp wood. They get busy and deliver their logs to the pulp factory, who pays them cash. They of course have cast longing eyes at their neighbor's table and chairs, but, until the pulp factory came to town they could only make enough money to buy food and clothing; and so had no time to make their own furniture. Now they are so busy selling logs to the factory that they still have no time to make their own furniture except by taking fifteen days off from selling logs. By selling the pulp wood they receive a profit—so called—of $3.00 per day. The original furniture maker has no pulp wood or cannot transport it to the factory, so he makes more tables and chairs and offers them to his wood-selling countrymen for $30.00 a set. A great many of them buy his furniture. A few, however, are not friendly toward him and so won't buy his products. However, these few are now the only ones in the community who do not have tables and chairs, so they take time off from wood selling and make themselves some furniture. Each one takes fifteen days, which loses him $35.00 net labor wage from the pulp factory. It certainly cannot be reasoned that his furniture has a value of $35.00 so long as his neighbor is selling the same kind for $30.00.

Now that I've put these words on paper I could go back and elaborate in detail on each thought, but, as stated first above, I am not a thinker—just an ordinary reader—and am not attempting to sell anything; or write a book.

Summing up what my random words are intended to convey:

Value is that price, expressed in dollars, rubles, marks, etc., or in hours of labor, adjusted for ability and productivity, whether the hours or labor are represented by the direct use of labor or by some commodity or service into which labor has been expended, which a seller, who isn't forced to sell, is justified in accepting and a purchaser, who isn't forced to buy, is justified in paying. This word "justified" must be given a thinker's attention. Among those things representing hours of labor is capital, whether the labor was put in by the present owner of the capital or by his employees or grandfather. I am not, now, going "on into the night."

(If this thought is of any use to you it therefore has value to me—the price—your acceptance and use.)

Very truly yours,
Ingram, Pa. M. Y. Salovo

CHILDREN CRY FOR ESKY

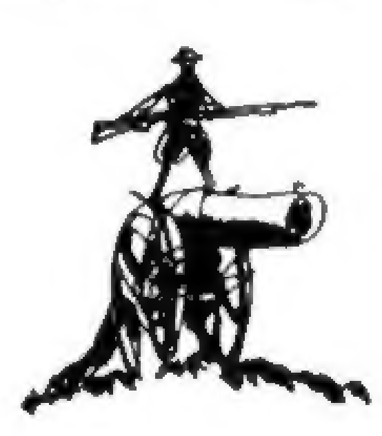
Being an eager reader of Esquire and finding it sophisticated to a degree, I thought this conversation I overheard extremely amusing: A small boy seeing the latest Esquire on the drawing room table dashed up to his mother—"Oh! mother there is Esquire; may I read it?" "Yes, my dear, but only the cover."

Sincerely,
Los Angeles, Calif. F. Brown-Browne

DETOUR: MEN FIGHTING

If the writers who write for you about things I don't know about are as wide of their subject as the birds who write for you about the things I *do* know, you are deserving of condolence, which I hereby proffer.

Some months ago I addressed myself to you on the matter of shooting as discussed by one hight Brown. Since then, editorially, you have announced that you don't give a damn for accuracy in your articles, a truism to those who have read anything but the captions under the alleged cartoons in your magazine. However, I rise up to point out a few of the more signal blunders of Mr. Jack O'Connor, for the benefit of would-be riflemen; for Mr. O'Connor makes it look as hard to get a decent rifle as "Major" Brown made it look to shoot it.



Mr. O'Connor wants to limit his subject to the good old U. S. A., after dismissing the gun-makers of England and Germany with a reference to delay and unreasonable cost. Might I point out that in his own bailiwick he cannot get a tailor-made rifle any faster than by sending half-way around the world for it, and that the cost is as great or greater, barring import duty, and the quality certainly no better, if as good. And if Mr. O'Connor disagrees, give him my address and I will be glad to come to concrete cases with him. Having said which, we will now stick to the land of the blue eagle as per Mr. O'Connor's idea; and perhaps Mr. O'Connor will learn some facts about that blossoming country.

In the first place, the United States, prior to the Great War, had other first-class gunsmiths than Wundhammer and Adolph. The last Palma match supposed to be fired with *issue* rifles was won by the U. S. team, which was then disqualified because their rifles had hand-made barrels from the shop of a prince of barrel-makers, whom Mr. O'Connor does not mention. (Pardon me, he *does* mention him, as "eccentric old Harry Pope!"—a great courtesy to a man whose barrels will never be excelled!) Anyway, the Palma match went out of style until an attempt was made to revive it some 12 or 14 years later, in 1925-26 or so, when a couple of swell lickings decided Uncle Sam's shooting sons to leave Canada alone, as well as the other countries, in Europe and elsewhere, that began to trim them regularly about that time. Or so I am informed, by reading, hearsay, and recollection. Mr. O'Connor please note possible existence of Harry Pope in pre-war days.

I have always admired Stewart Edward White, but I don't believe he ever shot "several hundred antelope" in Africa, a statement he would probably deny himself if he reads such piffle, which I doubt. And the sportsmen who went gunning for Fritz, in the A.E.F., with "standard government jobs" did it with standard jobs belonging to *foreign* governments, I believe. Mr. O'Connor might have mentioned this purely for local color; one wonders why he didn't!

And it was not until after the war that American rifles were in existence which did not necessitate their owners tying themselves into knots every time they shot them! (Ye gods, what a sentence! And I left out a couple of medieval words too!) Listen, fella! Were you ever in the woods in your life? I'll bet 90% of the American rifles made by Savage Arms and Winchester in the fifteen years before the war are still in use, and *their owners don't tie themselves into Gordian knots shooting them, either.* And rifles for fast-vanishing white-tail deer should be light and fast-handling! Well, mine weighs around 9 pounds, and the deer only vanish, as a rule, toward the barn, on their backs, at the end of a tow-rope. You see, I, like any other sensible hunter, only shoot when I know I can hit 'em. I can hit a penny tossed in the air, using a B.S.A. Model 12 target rifle, too, Mr. O'Connor—come up and see me do it some time!

And my gun was made about 1912, and will still group in 2 inches at 200 yards, with iron sights. It is a Winchester, model 1895, calibre .30-'06, and does that smooth-working lever action handle those modern "high-intensity" (whatever Mr. O'Connor means by that) cartridges, even though Mr. O'Connor ignorantly avows that no other repeating action than a Mauser can do it!

"Iron sights on woodchucks are useless"—until you learn to shoot, Mr. O'Connor. I know one feller that only makes about 2% misses with 'em. Of course, the whole question swings a lot on whether you are going to do the shooting or get a gun to do it for you, with some device to clamp around the woodchuck and hold him in place. Anyway, try shooting a few of them before you write another article. And learn the scientific facts of life about telescope sights, from which the cross-hairs you so lovingly mention have almost vanished in favor of coarser and more effective aiming-posts!

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for addressing this Irish guy when I started to write *you* a letter. I could tell him a lot more, but haven't time just now, and anyway, what the hell.

Yours sincerely,
Winnipeg, Manitoba J. A. MacNair

AND YOU?

Ezra Pound has read two books. Thus a literary critic becomes a self-acclaimed supreme authority on all economic questions. The child cried, "But the king has no clothes." After vainly trying to make sense out of a lot of undigested reading, which Mr. Pound tries to pass off by being facetious—my sides are still sore laughing at "the too old Upton Sinclair"—I ask, "What is Mr. Pound driving at?" Or, as many suspect, is Social credit so much a matter of mere words that Mr. Pound does the best possible under the circumstances?

Boston, Mass. H. Kalish

Continued on page 178A

THIS YEAR, MAKE YOURSELF ANOTHER BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

LAST year, thousands of people told us our Egg-nog recipe made the finest bowl of Merry Christmas they ever tasted.

So here it is again—the best recipe we know for a real old-fashioned Christmas... *And be sure to make your Egg-nog with Four Roses!*

For Four Roses, you know, is *all* whiskey—all old-fashioned whiskey. Every drop made from selected old grains by the slow, costly old-fashioned method, using crystal-clear limestone water.

So lay in a goodly stock of Four Roses. Let it add its glorious flavor to your holiday Egg-nog—and to your cocktails and highballs, too. And if you want to please that friend who is so particular about the whiskey he drinks, just give him a few bottles of Four Roses in their gay holiday wrapper.

Three other Frankfort suggestions for the holidays: Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

A MESSAGE TO THE THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WHO READ THIS "MAGAZINE FOR MEN"

FOR THE MAN WHO SENDS YOU ORCHIDS

PERFECTOS
HABANA
PERFECTOS

GET THE GENUINE

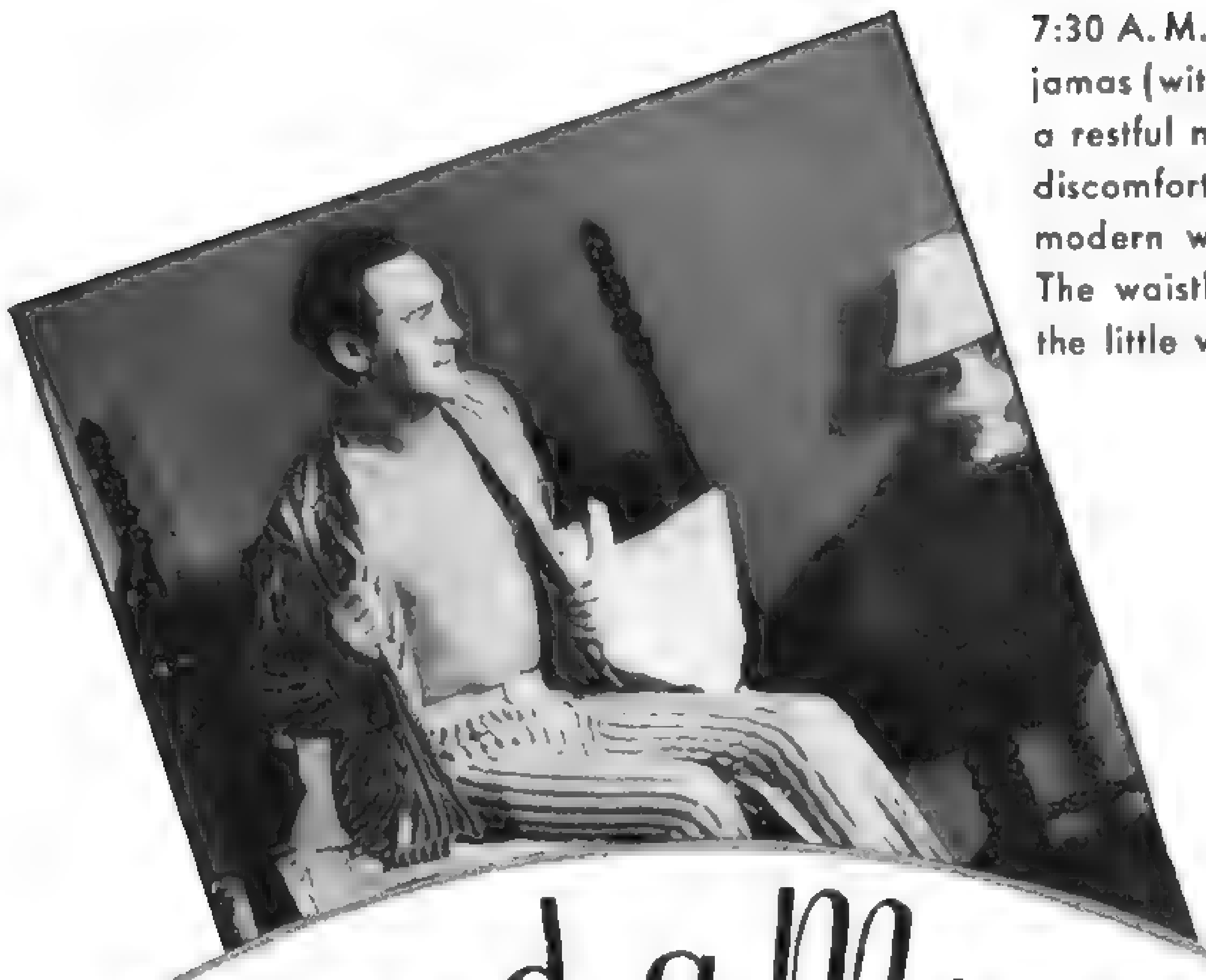
Look for the green Warranty Stamp of the Cuban Government. This official seal will be found on every box of real *Havana Cigars.*

Why not solve his personal gift problem with one magnificent gesture? Make this a glorious Christmas with the gift of Havana Cigars. *Genuine Havanas —made in Havana!* There isn't a man living who would fail to be thrilled with a gift so princely. Real Havanas have an exquisite aroma and flavor all their own. They're "the tops" in cigar luxury!

Havana Cigars

In no other part of the world has it been possible to grow a tobacco which equals in exquisite aroma and flavor that of Havana. Only the soil and the sun of Cuba have succeeded in producing this prodigy of Nature. For sale by Leading Dealers everywhere.

NATIONAL COMMISSION FOR PROPAGANDA AND DEFENSE OF HAVANA TOBACCO: OFFICIAL BUREAU OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT



7:30 A. M. Out of his Van Heusen pajamas (with "Lastex" waistband) after a restful night, free from draw string discomforts and button worries. The modern way to start the day right. The waistband launders perfectly, if the little woman should ask.

Around a Man's Clock

WITH

Lastex

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE MIRACLE YARN

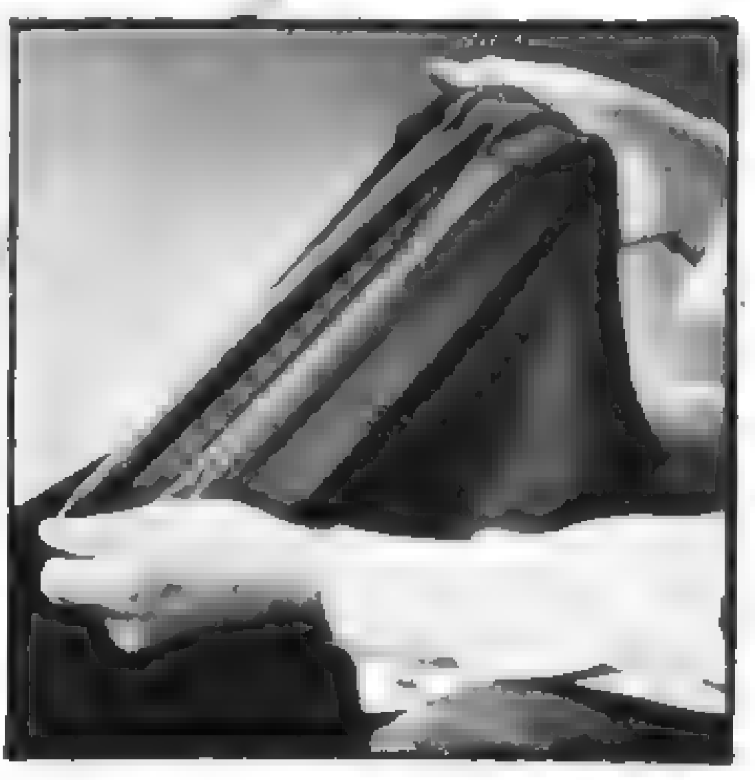
BETTER FIT AND GREATER COMFORT EVERY MINUTE. . . "Lastex", you know, is the new elastic yarn that has revolutionized textiles. Its purpose is to impart stretch to all kinds of woven and knitted materials, so that garments will fit perfectly, feel comfortable and last longer. It does not change the appearance, washability, cleanability or other characteristics of silk, cotton, wool or other textiles as you know them. The "Lastex" yarns used in the wife's foundation garments are only a few of the thousands of applications of the "Lastex" principle, which also works for your fit, comfort and convenience in a hundred ways. All you have to do to adopt this modern comfort fashion is to ask at the shops and stores you usually patronize for the articles of apparel you want, made to fit better and more comfortably because made with The Miracle Yarn. "Lastex", 1790 Broadway, New York.

7:45 A. M. Into his Reis Scandals (shorts to you), his garterless Nu-Top socks by Interwoven, his Nufashond shoe laces, all made with benefit of "Lastex" The Miracle Yarn.

7:50 A. M. Now into his shirt, a NoFade Cocoon Broadcloth, with a "Lastex" button tab to make the collar ride easy, and his "Lastex" knit tie by Botany. His up-to-date tailor has given him the matchless fit and comfort of a "Lastex" vest back, minus the usual strap and buckle. The vest back fabric is from John B. Ellison & Sons, of Philadelphia.

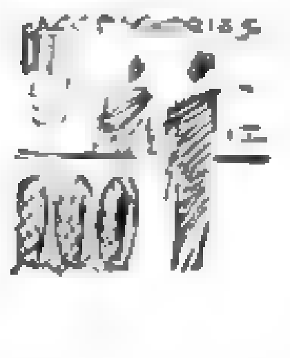
8:25 A. M. Off to the office under a Schoble hat, with a stretchable "Lastex" band that conforms the hat to the head and reduces the size problem to large, small and medium. He's wearing a belt by Hickok or perhaps suspenders by Pioneer, made with "Lastex".

4:45 P. M. Ready for a brisk canter in Central Park, in riding breeches of Whip-O-Twill, the new "Lastex" riding apparel fabric which sets up new standards of fit and comfort in riding togs. His cap, with "Lastex" band, is by Charles Tobias, famous for fine caps. His tie, a Wahnetah Weave, is "Lastex", too.



Only when a man has worn a "Lastex" vest back can he appreciate its faultless fit and complete comfort—as compared with one made of the old-fashioned rigid fabric.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



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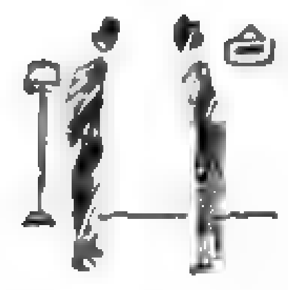
Accessories that are not frills.
Musical Horns and Trumpets . . . Horn Rings will sound your horn without losing your steering wheel grip. 200 other gadgets —from radiator to tail-lamp—Distinction. Write for illustrated booklet, or drop in.
NIL MELIOR, Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.



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Drawing account Write fully to
THE LEO D. LANDAU AGENCY
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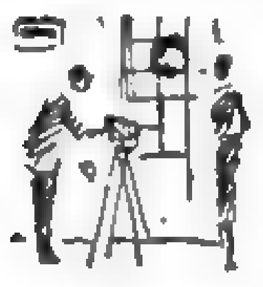

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Individually designed. Perfected to highest degree by demands of Motion Picture Industry. Authentically correct. Ask for samples of materials and full information.
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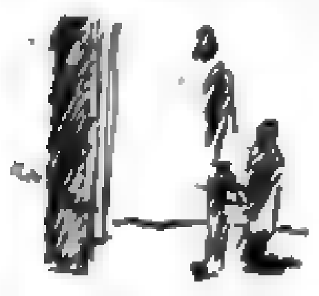

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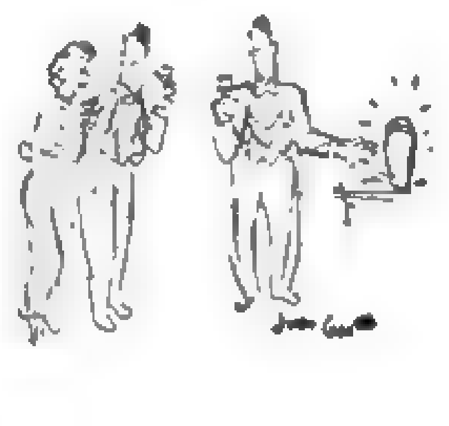
580 Fifth Ave., at 47th Str., New York
Representative British woolens of exclusive designs tailored to your own individuality are available for sack suits, dress suitings, and overcoats. Prices start at $115.

Although our Department refuses emphatically to enter into the insidious and perennial practice of reviewing the past year's outstanding activities, forgive us for a brief moment's indulgence. We do gloat over our one pet, reportorial master stroke . . . our scoop . . . beer in cans! The fulfillment of our prognostication, dating back to the May issue, is imminent. The New Year will find most of the local and many of the nationally famous brands of lager encased in shiny new cans.



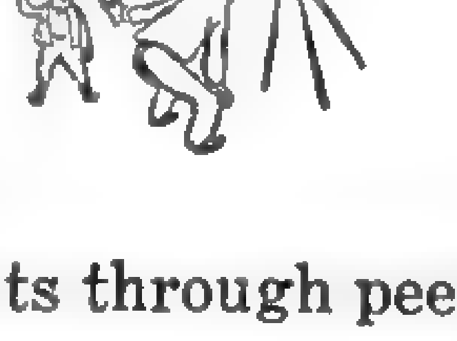
Having glorified the beer can – and that was the true purpose of our opening paragraph – we now carry on. We had credited ourselves with having encountered somewhere, somehow, all the ingenious contributions to facilitating the concoction of potent and palatable thirst palliatives. Believe it or not – here's another. This one boasts of all the latest mechanical requirements in one package, devised so that they compactly fit one into the other when not in use. These parts include ice crusher, juice extractor, and non-clog strainer, and may be used either for orthodox shaking or the more polite mixing of the Martini type. Ice cubes are getting a "break" in two other gadgets, one in pile-driver fashion, and the other faintly reminiscent of the home meat-grinder.

Some sea-going dowager will appreciate a modernized version of the steamer rug and straps. You know – the kind that always accompanies the traveling English lady. This one, however, is a smart-looking, bag-like affair with one compartment for a small, leather-covered cushion and another for a full-sized, light weight, but warmth-giving cashmere steamer robe.

High fashion note for dog "walkeresses" . . . both the dog and the mistress may step out in the height of swank, if they wish, by obtaining gloves for the lady and blanket for the pooch in matching color and pattern. These come in colorful plaids and stripes, and are of knitted wool. They're sized suitably from Mexies to mastiffs – the dog blankets, we mean.

Advocates of wide open windows for mid-winter sleeping need not be encumbered by the weight of excessive blankets. A new taffeta wool flannel pajama solves the problem. They seem no heavier than the usual cotton kind, and the quality of the wool is an assurance of their warmth retaining feature.

One of our suppressed desires, considerably suppressed at the moment, is to go on a spending binge some day at Asprey's, one of London's swankiest West End novelty shops. This leads us to the point – that you can get some of their things in this country. They do elegant things with gold, silver and leather, never tricky, but always smart. If you happen to be on the spot for a gadget that won't cost too much and bears the hall mark of this famous shop, we recommend a book marker that should go over with anyone that has even one book. It attaches to the back cover and you set it at the first page. Thereafter wherever you stop a little metal finger holds the page for future reference.



The mysteries of the heavens will unfold themselves for little Junior if you give him one of the very complete telescope outfits that are equipped with tripod and various other essentials for amateur astronomical adventures. Junior may get a chance to learn something about celestial bodies after papa gets through peeking at Venus.

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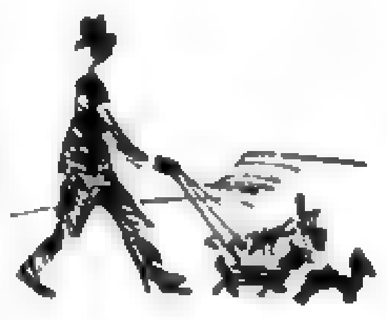

DOGS

MEDOR KENNELS Inc.
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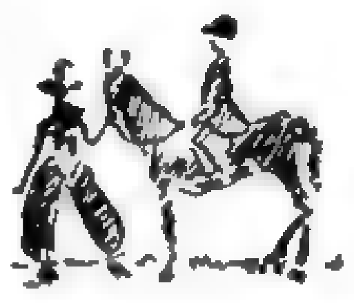

DUDE RANCHES

HUNTERS! WINTER SPORTSMEN!
J BAR O
In the hills at Lake Mahopac, New York, continues for the winter season with skiing, skating, and tobogganing for a restricted clientele. Additional information at our New York office. Hotel Wellington,
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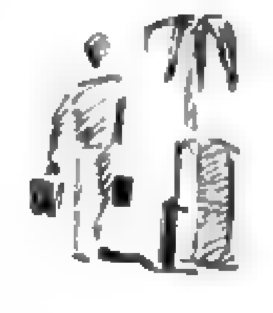
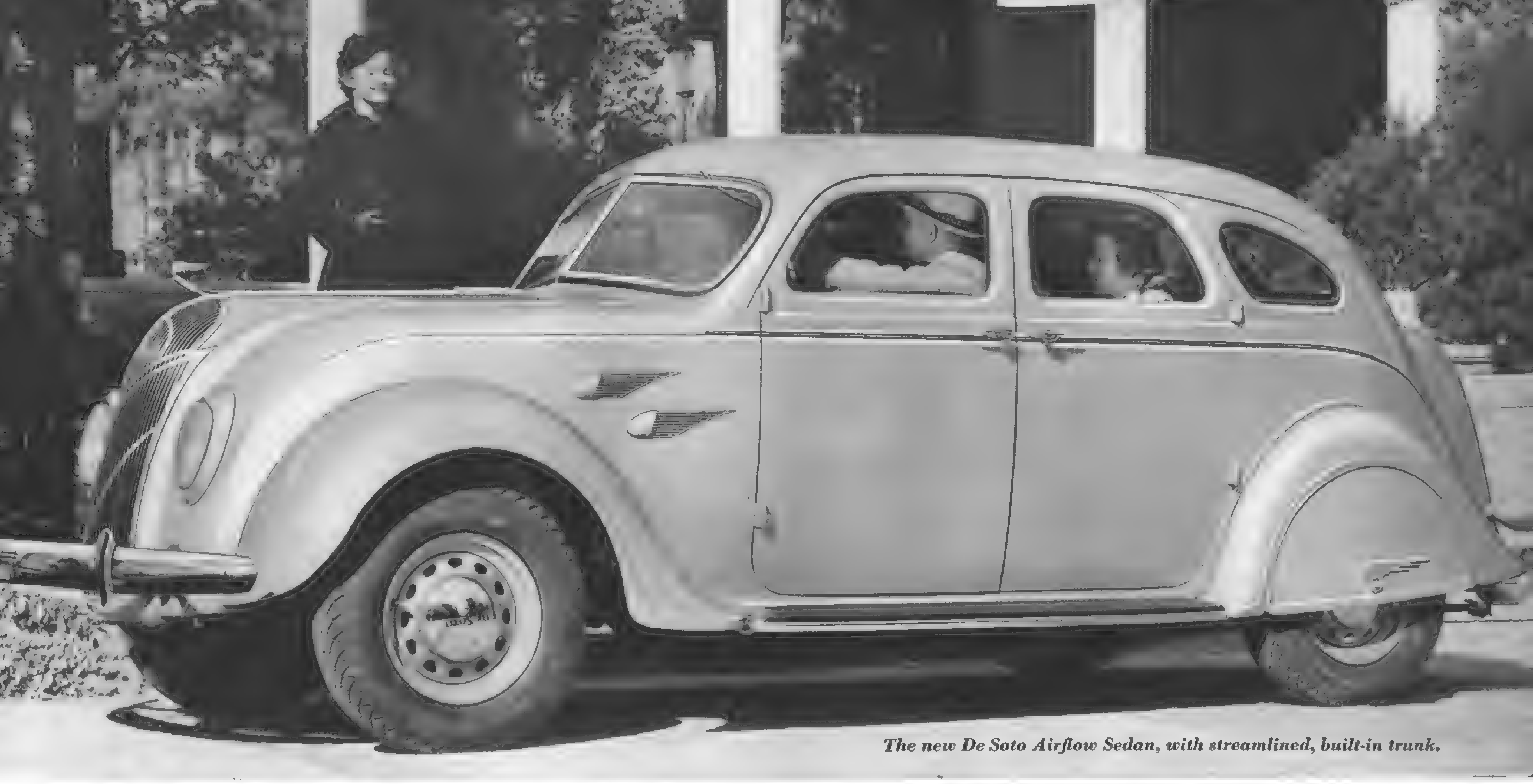
A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k's, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.



LUGGAGE

Here is the smartest carryall handbag of the season. Of suede cloth, 20 in. long; collapsible, and with a zipper fastener and two leather handles, it is large enough to hold shoes, laundered shirts, golf clothes, etc. $3.00 or $3.75 with smart initials.
Can-dle-Luxe Shop, 542 Madison Av., N. Y.

IT'S AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED *Airflow Car!*



The new De Soto Airflow Sedan, with streamlined, built-in trunk.

As car after car imitates "Airflow" people realize what a buy De Soto is!

HAVE YOU NOTED the amazing trend toward lines such as Airflow? Seen how even the most conservative elements in the industry are adopting the revolutionary principles pioneered by De Soto?

Soon every car will attempt to offer what Airflow had the courage to introduce two years ago!

Not deviating from its original principle... De Soto's new Airflow III ushers in even greater beauty of line. The radiator is extended farther forward...the sleek lines of the rear are enhanced and lengthened by the built-in trunk. The wing-like louvres carry out the spirit of graceful flight.

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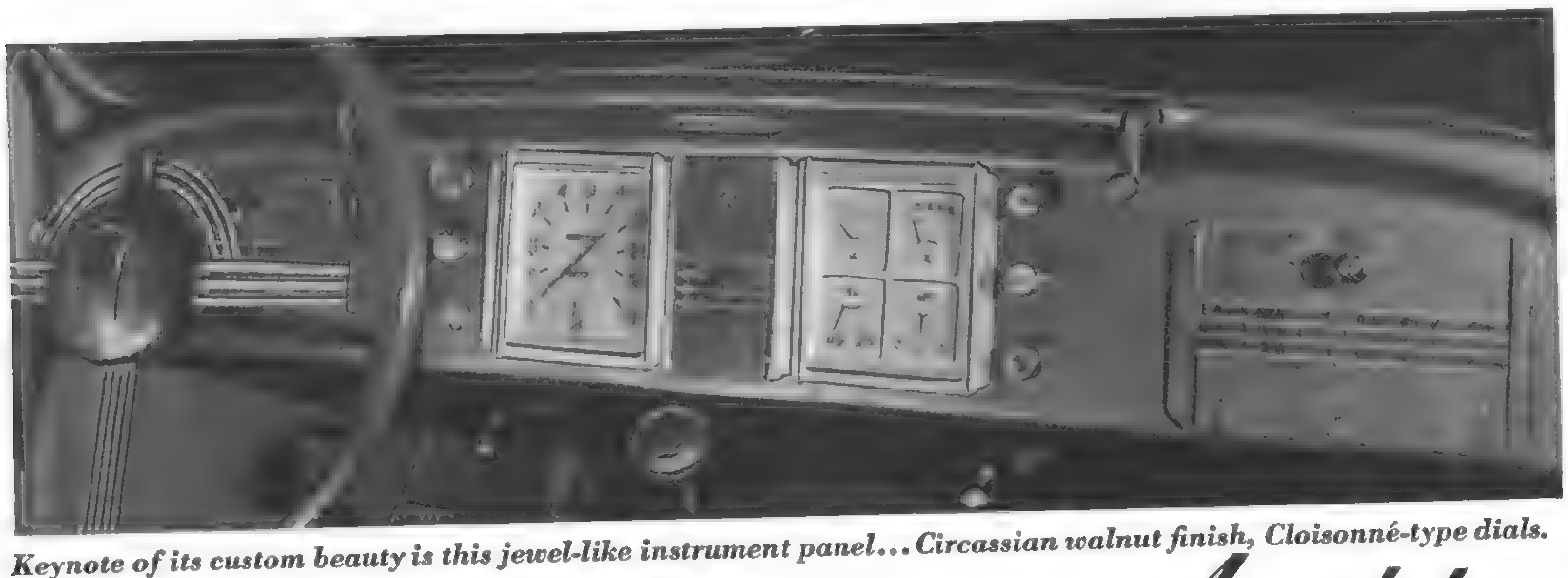
No reason now to deprive yourself of motoring's greatest thrill. De Soto is by far America's lowest-priced Airflow car. With its Gas-Saver Transmission, one out of every five miles is free...and the car is actually as fast in second speed as most cars are in high!

See your De Soto dealer for a demonstration. Both sedan and coupe models are $1095, list at the factory, Detroit. Special equipment is extra.



Keynote of its custom beauty is this jewel-like instrument panel... Circassian walnut finish, Cloisonné-type dials.

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You can figure it out for yourself.

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TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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YOUNG'S — STETSON Derbies are correct for day and evening wear. Stetsons at $6.50 and up; Penn Craft $5.00; Young's $2.85 and $3.50. Opera, Silk, and Black Felts for the more formal occasions — at Young's 29 smart shops in New York.

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sold direct by salesmen, skilled in measuring who call with a full line of luxurious imported and domestic fabrics. Satisfaction or money back.
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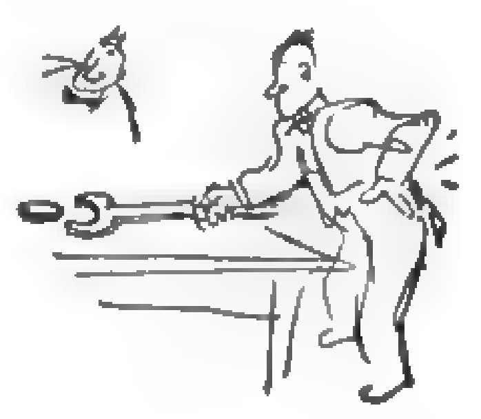
Automatic GENACO BOOK MARK finds, follows, keeps your reading place. Clever, simple, modern. Just introduced. 25c each. 5 for $1. Also in Gold or Silver. Ask your dealer or write GENERAL ACCESSORIES CO., INC., Manufacturers of Autoposts Signals, J. H. Tonneau Shields and Sidewings, 225 West 57th St., New York City.

Fire-side irons have made their appearance in appropriate designs that carry out sporting motifs. You may express your hobby whether it be shootin', huntin', fishin', or yachtin', as the subjects of these irons range from ducks to anchors.

A store nationally known for the excellence of its clothes and accessories for both men and women has become so enthusiastic over the importance of winter sports, that they've gone and built a ski run right in the department that caters to the needs of the winter sport enthusiasts. The slide itself is carpet covered, with dusted borax to give it the proper icy effect. You can determine how satisfactory your new skis are, before you take them a couple of hundred miles away.

A good cigar is a smoke, and a pencil is only a pencil . . . or so we thought. Here we are confronted with the perplexing question of whether a pencil is a watch or a watch is a pencil when some Luther Burbank of a silversmith produces a hybrid of these two unassociated appurtenances. This "watcil" or "penatch" is simpler to describe than it is to christen. Made in a small tube-shaped case, this miniature watch has a cover that pulls around as protection to the crystal and becomes an integral part of the shaft of the pencil. The mechanical grafters haven't stopped here. This watch may be a fountain pen, a bill clip or, for the ladies, it becomes a lipstick or the catch on a handbag frame. You'll have to figure out your own trick names for these.



Like deck tennis, shuffle board, another favored shipboard sport, is coming ashore. There's a miniature outfit that duplicates in perfect detail all the features of this game. You won't suffer the usual pain in the back that results from your introduction to this game the first day out.

Traditions are taking it on the chin these days. Even the green baize playing surface of the billiard table, which looked like it was good for another couple of centuries, is now taking the count. A famous scientist has come through with a theory that a wine color with a yellow ball is easier for oggling than the old green and red combination. Well, we guess anything is liable to happen now.

And while on the subject of billiards, if you happen to have a basement rumpus room or some other place of sufficient size, the billiard apparati makers have doped out a ¾ size table with all the essential equipment, including little gadgets that close up pool pocket openings in case you want to play billiards. When not in use for its primary purpose, this table has a cover which converts it into a ping-pong table, or you can drape it with a checked table cloth and throw a spaghetti dinner for the gang.

The anguish of suburban hostesses over tracked in mud or snow may be eliminated entirely with the use of a shoe scraper. This kind has a couple of stiff brushes facing one another and is highly efficient.

And for countryside dwellers who don't like to stand and deliver every time they call in the electrician to replace a fuse, we report the arrival of a new fuse that is a six shooter. You'll find no difficulty in discovering the offending circuit when you visit the fuse box, as these new devices immediately glow with a little red neon light when the fuse blows out. With no greater expenditure of effort than a twist of the wrist, you have a new link in play with no need to change the fuse until you've repeated this operation five times. If you have to do this six times, you'd better call in the electrician anyway.

SPORTS APPAREL

A WARM XMAS GREETING . . .
is certain if *he* receives a silky-soft, luxurious Cashmere sweater as a gift. Three colors: brown, blue, grey. Sizes small, medium, large. Price $10. Send mail orders to
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542 Fifth Ave., New York

SMOKERS ARTICLES

BETTER THAN PIPE-CLEANER
Swab out old pipe with "K. B. & B." Pipe-Cleaner. Sweetens wood. Cleans, deodorizes, 25c. See also DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50, proved the world's best-smoking pipe in 400 tests of all well-known pipes.
At all United Cigar Stores

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Do you ever have to SOBER UP in a hurry? SOBROSAL saves you from embarrassing situations. Sobers quickly (15 minutes in most cases), harmlessly, insures against "morning after" hangover. Served at bars, sold at drugstores, or send 50c for 3, $1 for 7, to SOBROSAL, 2925 Av. L, B'klyn, N. Y.

We thought you might be interested to know that the new Q T gum, a definite insurance against embarrassing breath situations resulting from onions, liquor, tobacco, and even garlic can now be had at your druggist for 10c a box or 25c for two postpaid from the QUI SAIT COMPANY
767 Lexington Avenue New York City

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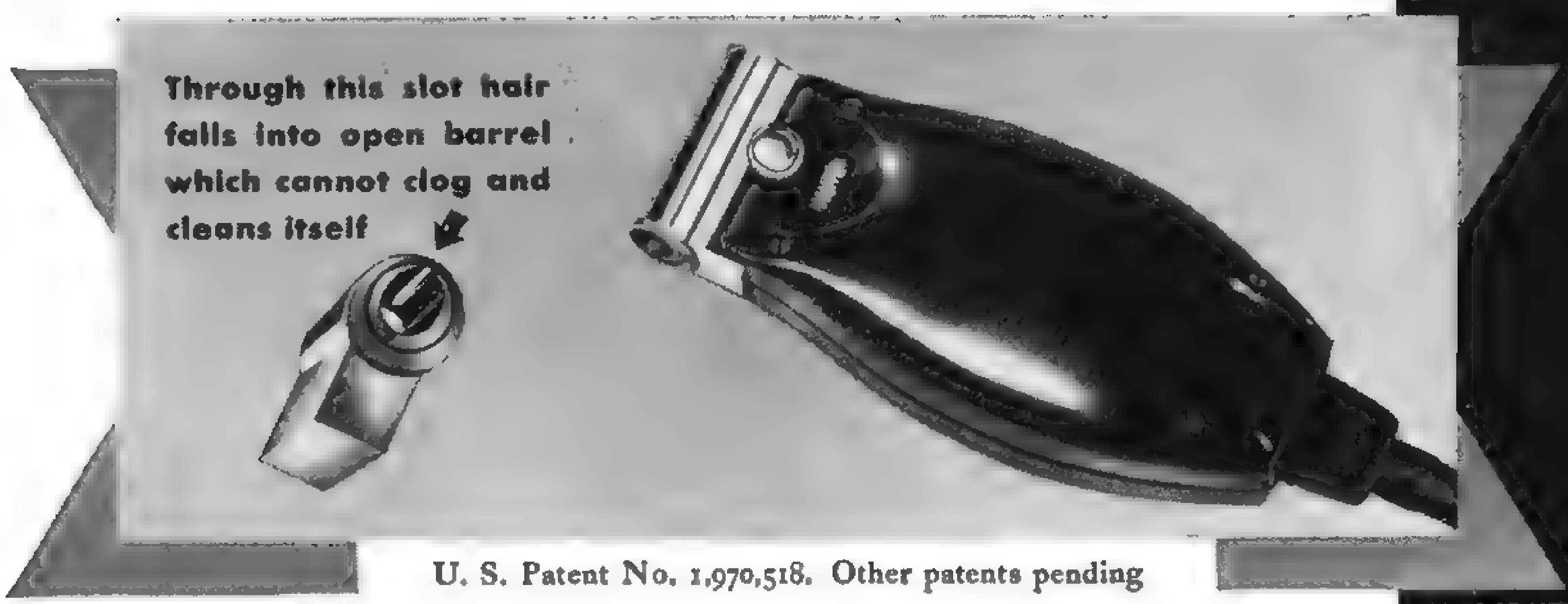
Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself

U. S. Patent No. 1,970,518. Other patents pending

Thanks a million ...and just be patient

we're working overtime to fill your orders for this *remarkable* shaver

We're floored. We had expected that the first advertisement of the new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver with the $200,000 master cutter would sell possibly 500 razors. Actually, we have orders for more than 2,000.

If you have already ordered or are about to order, just be patient. Your Packard will be shipped as soon as it is humanly possible. We have added extra help. We are working the factory overtime. But bear in mind that this remarkable Lektro-Shaver is a precision instrument. Its creation takes care and time.

A New Principle

The new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver is so perfect that you can get a master barber shave every time—even if you were to shave blindfolded. The tougher the beard, the better it likes it.

Its amazing results are due to the master cutter—that almost human device with its two-way action. As it rotates left to right, it also slides backward and forward. Note that its cutting surface is round instead of square as in other electric shavers. That enables it to get into hollows easier, to cover irregular surfaces, to meet every hair squarely and lop it off close to the skin. It will not pull the hair, nor pinch nor scratch the most delicate skin.

And mark this: This almost human cutting element cannot clog itself. The clipped hairs fall into a roomy open barrel from which they are easily expelled.

With the new Packard you can shave any time, wherever current is available, without brush, lather, razors, or blades. You can shave closely, cleanly, and painlessly. Just in passing, women are simply crazy about it for toilette uses.

You will never return to old-fashioned razors and blades once you have tried the Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver. Fill out the coupon and we will endeavor to get your razor to you within ten days. You may, however, have to wait slightly longer.

SO PERFECT YOU CAN
Shave Blindfolded

PACKARD *Lifetime* LEKTRO-SHAVER

Manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corp., Licensees. Distributor: The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd Street, New York City.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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Enclosed please find check......money order......for $15.00 for which please send me postpaid the new Packard Lektro-Shaver.

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'IT WAS A CLOTHING IDEA THAT COULDN'T MISS . . .

" We adopted trousers tailored with Talon 2½ years ago "

say McCORD & MACE, Ltd.
Custom Tailors
of Gentlemen's Clothes of
Quality and Merit

"There is no point in concealing the fact that the Talon fastener for trousers is a revolutionary innovation in tailoring. Yet, despite the conservative standards of our exacting clientele, this new feature met with their instant approval.

"And there is every reason why it should have. It is neat, convenient, thoroughly practical, and adds a tailoring refinement that could not be obtained with the ordinary button closing.

"It is our firm conviction that the buyer of good clothes deserves the best possible tailoring in trousers, without our quibbling over the trifling extra cost of the Talon feature."

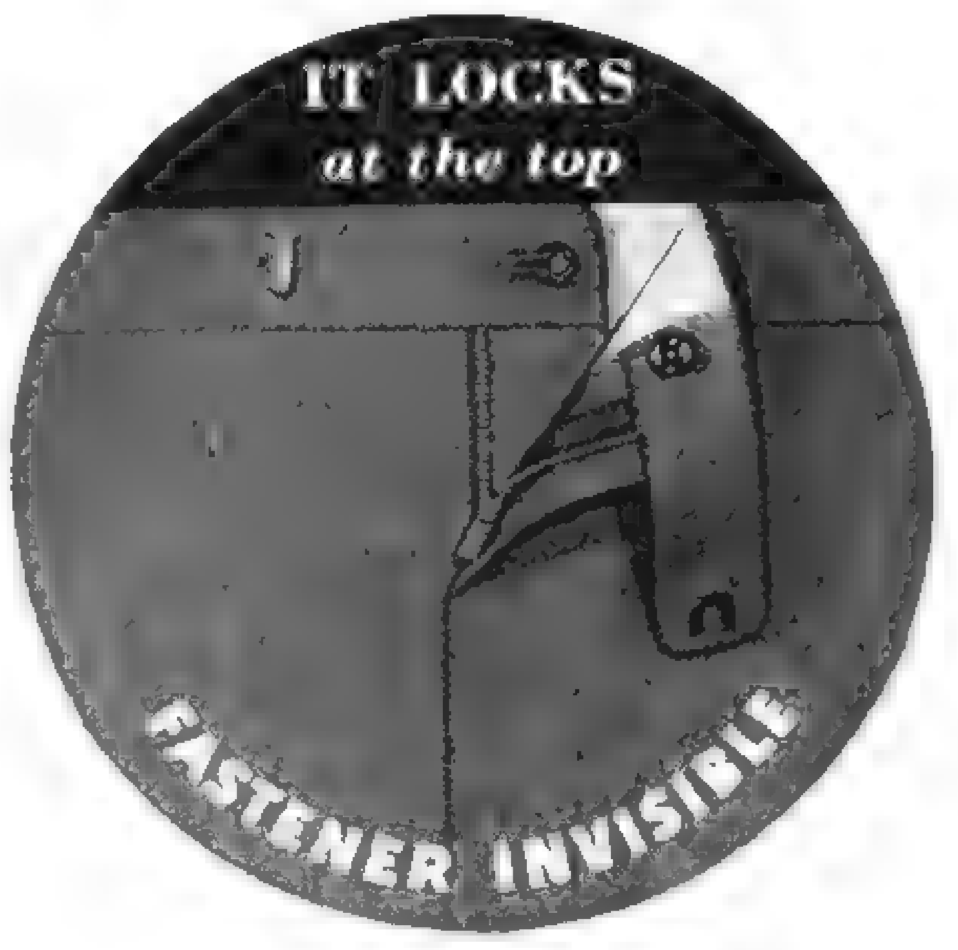
* * *

The name of McCord & Mace commands the highest respect in every circle that sets a value on quality tailoring. Their garments are priced from $150.00. Their recommendation is still another tribute to the Talon fastener for trousers—already adopted by foremost custom tailors throughout the country.

Today, 8,000,000 men are wearing trousers tailored with Talon because they enjoy its trimness . . . its security . . . the new feeling of being better dressed.

Try the Talon trouser fastener in one of your suits. It's a safe bet that thereafter you will want it in *all* of your suits! Ask your clothier.

Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pa.



The Talon trouser fastener . . . made especially for trousers . . . creates a smooth, neat, always trim closing. Makes disarray impossible . . . refines lines and finish. Not harmed by dry cleaning and pressing.

Here's how trousers look with the button closing. Presentable, perhaps, the hour they're pressed —then gaps . . . wrinkles . . . creases . . . growing steadily worse. Others see it . . . though you're unconscious of it.

What a difference Talon makes—thin, smooth, continuous —like a seam. No wonder the greatest manufacturers of men's clothes have used it in increasing quantities for four years.

Today . . .
WELL-TAILORED
TROUSERS
are closed with the
TALON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SLIDE FASTENER

NEW *Skipper* SPORTWEAR

..STYLED BY WILSON BROTHERS

..NOW FEATURED BY BURDINE'S, MIAMI

Above. Very popular at Miami, these pleated wool gabardine trunks with contrasting belt. Small patch pocket with button. In green, brown, navy, royal blue, sand or white. $5.00. Pure silk shirts in white, sand, royal blue, canary, green or light blue, are $2.50 to $4.00.

Right. Briefer than ever, these new Skipper swim trunks copied from the latest style seen on the Riviera. Hand-fashioned in heavy-ribbed pure wool. Narrow belt fastens with neat cinch buckle. In navy, brown or white. $6.00.

Above. Smart new Skipper shirt with cord laced front. Corduroy weave. Canary is the big seller in Florida, but brown, navy, sand, powder blue, white and natural are also popular. $1.00 and $1.50.

Right. Another new Skipper idea—this polo shirt with the Continental stripes that are now so popular. Collar closes with cord loop fastener. Finely knit lisle. Brown and canary, navy and canary, or maroon and gray, $1.50 and $2.00. Pleated gabardine shorts with three pockets, $3.00 to $4.50.

Left. Skipper polo shirt enlivened with fine horizontal stripings. In brown, maroon or blue tones. $1.00 and $1.50.

Copr. 1935, Wilson Brothers

New Skipper Sportwear for 1936 has already made its bow at famous resort centers. Snapped in action on this page are a few of the most popular Skipper styles now featured by Burdine's, Miami, accepted leaders in setting the season's sportwear styles. Skipper Sportwear is also sold by many of the better shops at Florida and California resorts, and by northern stores that specialize in outfitting the men who follow the sun South every winter.

Tailored exclusively by

WILSON BROTHERS Chicago

Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Nobelt Super Shorts, Buffer Hose, V-Shape Shirts, Neckwear

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

There are as many reasons for going to night clubs and eating places as there are people—with money in the pocket. To make arbitrary lists of excellences is a little fatuous; what is one man's *poisson* may be another man's poison. And, too, there are almost as many categories as there are diners. You may go into a place (a) in the hopes of seeing some one famous; (b) in the hopes of some one famous seeing you; (c) to entertain visiting firemen; (d) to have a good time; or (e) merely to get a drink. So you see the danger in reckless guiding. We may urge to drop in for reasons a or b and you may come out bitterly disappointed, as well as hungry, having gone into the spot for reasons d or e. The best we can do is to note for you, that if you go this place you will get this and if you visit that place you will get that. We realize also, that those who know do not have to be told, that only the occasional spre-er welcomes a sign post, and too, that there are thousands who are content with the magic of familiar things. We've met habitues of "Twenty-One" or the Stork Club who are not aware of any other places having opened since repeal.

Before we get to the white-tie, veddy formal playgrounds, we'd like to tell you about one or two different restaurants we've tried lately and that you may have missed. The Caucasian Eagle on East 55th Street, has been around for several seasons. Recently it has undergone a dry cleaning and is more White Russian than ever. Physically the place is not much to see: a two-storied room at the back of a brownstone where once the ailanthus tree shed its leaves, takes care of the guests. The usual soulful orchestra—concertina, violin, mandolin and a piano that must have been saved from the Czar's effects—furnish all the music you want. (Incidentally, they don't play the Volga Boat Song.) The Eagle is one of the authentic rendezvous for Russians and there are usually more Princes and Dukes around than you can shake a red flag at. You know it is authentic from the graceful sadness of Emio, who presides, to the hand-kissing which is the accepted form of greeting between guests. Getting down to more substantial matters, the food is excellent and so reasonable that you won't believe it without trying it yourself. The regular dinner is the safe bet for the beginner, the American always being a little wary of anything that is not ham and eggs. With that you can try the Georgian wines. But as the beautiful diner at the next table remarked, "don't drink Georgian wine in the morning if you are expected at the office that day." Having had two or three dinners on the night of our pilgrimage we were more than content with specialty of the house, blini—caviare on pancakes with sour cream and so on. With that is recommended, first the Russian Special cocktail (practically a Martini except vodka is used in lieu of gin) and with the blini, Zubrovka, a high-powered vodka. If you want to pretend you are a White Russian you must drink this bottoms-up. But we'd advise you to skip that pleasure and sip it along so that your hair will continue to lie flat on your head. The Eagle, by the way, has a good lunch for the silly price of sixty cents, in case you are in any of the vulgar pursuits known as trade and have your business in the neighborhood.

Perhaps it is the peasant strain in us, or maybe it is because we are sometimes overcome with the nostalgic vapors and recall the days we managed the world's most populous amusement park. Whatever the cause we are a fall-guy for any place where a lot of folks are having a darned good time. We always wake up again and decide the night is young after the electric eyes have opened the entrance doors of the Terrace Room in the Hotel New Yorker. On

Continued on page 22

SERT ROOM
Formal Dinner- and Supper-Dancing
Al Donahue
Xavier Cugat
EMPIRE ROOM
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Freddy Martin Orchestra
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Supper de Luxe · $7.50 per person
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Dancing Daily at Cocktail & Supper Hours

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Casino
CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK
World's finest restaurant

Ocean Clear LIVE LOBSTERS
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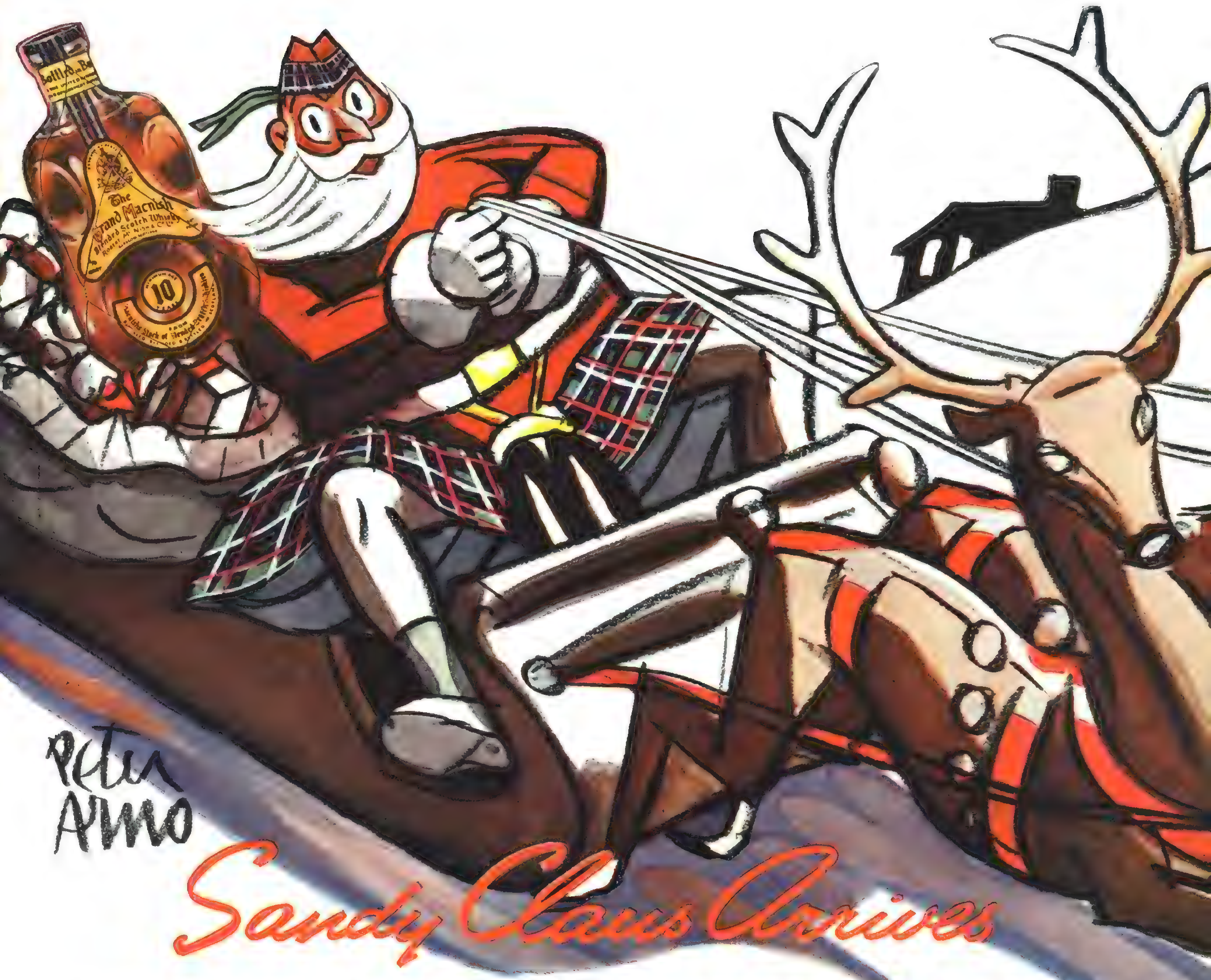
Sandy Claus Arrives
Peter Arno
The Grand Macnish
Blended Scotch Whisky
10

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The triumphant arrival of The Grand Macnish, grandest of all Scotch, richly rounds out the Oldetyme family circle of America's favorite whiskies. Now, in addition to Three Feathers . . . Green River Bottled in Bond, finest of all bonded whiskies . . . and Green River Blended . . . The Grand Macnish complements a selection of quality liquors that meets every taste and price requirement of the American public. Whether you buy whiskey to give . . . to enjoy yourself . . . or to serve . . . be guided by the labels of these famous Oldetyme products . . . symbols of the utmost in quality.

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BLENDED WHISKEY

FINEST BLEND IN AMERICA, REGARDLESS OF PRICE

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A wide-spread
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Plaza Tie—$1.

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for top hat and tails.—$3.
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Popular collar
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Comfortable
low collar.
—35¢
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Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Arrow Dress Shirts

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

big football and holiday nights they tell us you have to come early to avoid the 750 guests and get in a few steps before the tables crowd out the dance space. But on ordinary nights, with a mere four hundred to contend with, you get a chance to stand on the dance arena between encores of Ted Fio Rito's band and listen to the drolleries (droll but clean) of Muzzy Marcellino. The suppers, with the cover charge, are reasonable and are more than adequate for the gay young Americans who may have lost a customer but never a country. As we said, the general air of happy dancing, eating and mating is invigorating. Oh yes, there is always plenty of show, of one sort or another. We came upon an added attraction, Caperton and Columbus, ballroom dancers. The latter is an excellent dancer of many a Broadway success and the former, according to her press releases, a "debutante" with several seasons in the better ballrooms. We liked Mr. Snow. The wine steward, who was tenderly supervising the bargain sale of a native champagne at two dollars the bottle (God, how many two dollars we have spent for sour red ink in the old days) we thought familiar and finally decided we had last seen him doing like honors on the Champlain.

The associated architects, bar-room designers and in fact any one with two percent of esthetics in his innards, should kneel down and thank some one for prohibition. For without that blessed experiment we doubtless would still be ducking past the swinging door and shuffling through the sawdust. Nowadays the humblest can gaze on untrammeled splendor for the price of a cocktail or glass of beer. We are sorry that the price range of good drinks had to go along with the soap painting on the mirror and the saw-dust but in a world of change we suppose we will have to be content with the exchange. Anyway in the new deal of drinking you can drink less and not have to get blotto to shut out the sight of the brewer's calendar and the old oaken didoes that were wont to adorn the ancient bar.

We dropped into the new Longchamps at Madison and Fifty-ninth Street the other afternoon at the height of the commuters' wives' hour of cheating. It was quite chummy with a couple of dear old things, with Queen Mary bonnets, leaning over to ask "what is that you're drinking" and a good deal of chatter from a business meeting of the Junior League. The old dears need not have tried one of our side-cars because when they left they had to be reminded to pick up their purses and that half dozen pair of stockings in the paper bag. To say that the Longchamps has caught on is putting it mildly. The race track that is known as a bar is constantly filled and since the weather has made them raise their trick window, the little red tables further back are busy. It is the realization of the dream of the majority of us without endless funds: pretty girls go around insisting you sample the knick-knacks on their trays, the prices are reasonable and the old system of no-tip prevails. As to the décor, that is another story. It could have been stunningly beautiful. As it is, the place is merely stunning. Weinold Reiss, the man responsible for the interior, has a fondness for the American Indian that we do not share. And what has the Redman to do with 1936 liquor? We old New Yorkers would like to forget that we might still owe him a few bottles of fire-water for the island of Manhattan. We wish Mr. Weiss would do another bar and keep to one color with just enough nuance or variant for emphasis. The combina-

Continued on page 22B

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DINNER 1.50 & 2.00
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WEEKDAYS & SUNDAYS .50
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THE DE MARCOS
America's Foremost Dancers
EDDY DUCHIN
and his unrivalled orchestra
appearing at Dinner and Supper and on Sunday at Dinner and at the Sunday Cocktail Dansant
THE COCKTAIL HOUR DAILY
GEORGE STERNEY and his Plaza orchestra
Make Your New Year's Eve Reservations
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE • NEW YORK

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We suggest the
BILTMORE
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attract the knowing New Yorker to the City's most inviting Dinner and Supper Spot.
FOR A
PLEASANT MOMENT
...or two...before train time, between appointments . . . or at the Cocktail Hour . . .
We suggest the new
BILTMORE
BAR
MADISON AVE. AT 43RD ST.
NEW YORK CITY

THANKS
Esquire
FOR THE KIND WORDS
"Ozzie Nelson's Music makes you feel lovely! The eats gratify, and the wine steward knows his grape goods."
—December Esquire
OZZIE NELSON
and his orchestra with
HARRIET HILLIARD
Nightly at dinner and supper in the SILVER GRILL
HOTEL LEXINGTON
48th Street at Lexington Avenue
Chas. E. Rochester, Mgr.
801 Rooms...from $3

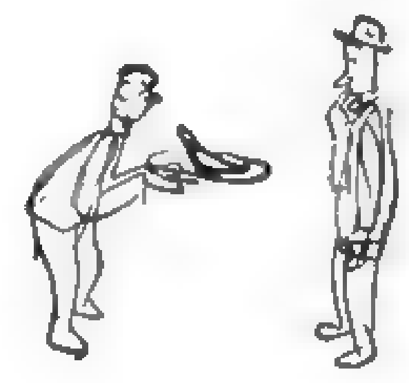
Marguery
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
270 PARK AVENUE
Luncheon $1.50 Dinner $2.50
SPECIALLY PREPARED
FROM A LA CARTE MENU
ENTERTAINMENT AT
COCKTAIL HOUR AND DINNER

tion of early Wien-work-shop, American Indian and modern metal is not so happy. He can do much better, as witness the excellent, almost perfect little room that runs off as a dining car to the north of the main room. We must admit his uses of mirrors is exciting and excellent. And most of his metal is good. We say this not in a carping spirit but in the experience of a three-drink stomach. We can show you our charts to prove that twice as much can be downed (and incidentally sold) if a customer can find some pleasing, unadorned space on which to focus his eyes, along toward the fifth or sixth round. The old Longchamps, at Madison and Forty-ninth has become self-conscious, what with all the dolling up of her brother up the street, and has gone pretty. The décor here is simpler, and to us, much more effective.

The Kungsholm, at 142 East Fifty-fifth Street, is one of the places that concerns itself only with food. As to other Swedish places, the smorgasbord is the thing and you're wasting your time if you try to contend with anything else after a round of the hors d'œuvers. We usually prepare for this event with a day or two of dieting and then, throwing pride to the winds, pull an Oliver Twist. It may not be the thing to do, but that's the way we like it. We can forego a few dozen of the tinned fish if we are allowed to have all the salads, cheeses and pickled things we crave. The patrons of the Kungsholm know what to drink, of course. Personally we give up being American for a night and stick to the heady punch either straight or in a Doctor's cocktail.

At this writing it is just a promise but we had it on the word of Frank Case that he would be the proprietor of the street bar that attaches itself to the ever-postponing Jumbo in the Whitney boys' Hippodrome on Sixth Avenue. The one thing the Old Hip needed, in addition to Billy Rose, was a man's bar. Along with the Metropolitan Opera, the Hip shares the honor of upholding theatrical tradition in a town where tradition lasts a half-decade. Now that Jack's, across the street is no more, it is warming to feel that the current Frank O'Malleys can swap their elephant stories over an adequate mahogany. The bar uses the site of the old press office and one who knows can vouch that it ranks second to the Cafe de la Paix for the number of people you know who pass its doors. The growling lion, tigers and trumpeting elephants, furnish a circus atmosphere from their quarters underneath.

We saw the other day that Keen's Chop House had awarded a free lamb chop to the gentleman who happened in at the right moment while they were serving their millionth juicy double-decker. It caught us in the throat somehow, seeing how times change. Keen's goes back to when you were a boy. Your correspondent saw his first metropolitan banquet down there when Thirty-sixth and Sixth was not so far down-town. F. P. A., who has just published his diary of a quarter century, was being honored by a dinner, which he did not attend. It was the first F. P. A. Contributors' Dinner, as we recall, and our table companion was one Walter Pritchard Eaton, now teaching the Yale boys how to write drama and build scenery. In a changing fickle town Mr. Keen should be proud of his million chops.



The Plaza, too, has no trouble in holding its clientele. It began a good many years ago and has somewhat the edge of its followers. Eddy Duchin provides the music and the DeMarcos dance in the Persian Room.

The Waldorf in the Sert Room for dinner and supper have the excellent Al Donahue's orchestra alternating with Xavier Cugat's tango band. The Empire Room is not as strict as to dress. The music here is furnished by Freddy Martin's orchestra.

Continued on page 24

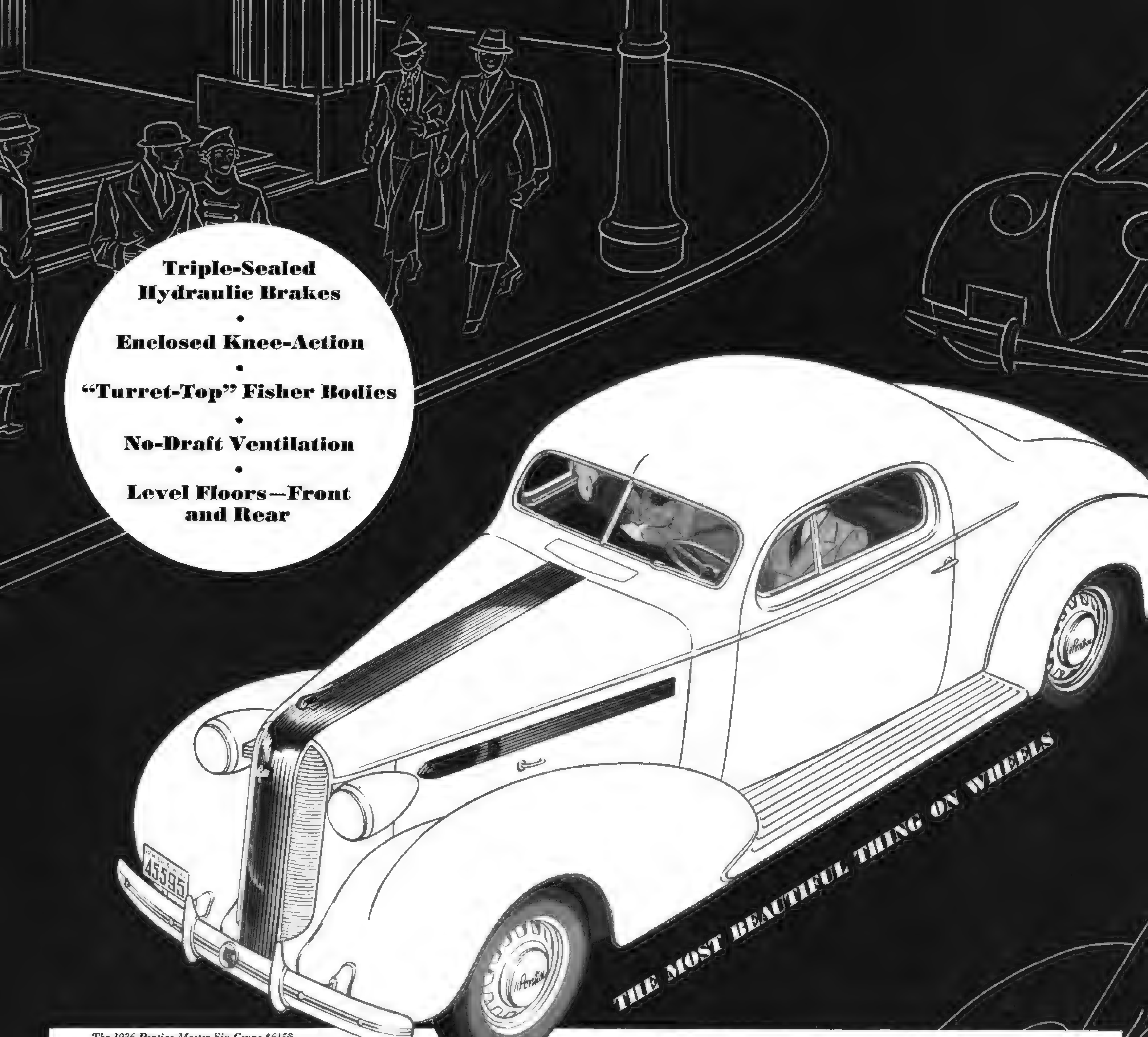
Isham Jones
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
NIGHTLY INCLUDING SUNDAYS
Blue Room
DINNER...from $1 no cover. SUPPER cover...50c except Saturday nights and holiday eves, then $1. Luncheon from 75c—with the Barker Trio.
Hotel LINCOLN
44th to 45th STS. at 8th AVE.

MAKE NOTE OF THIS
TED FIO RITO
IN THE NEW
TERRACE RESTAURANT
Dinners from $1.75. Cover charge (after 10) 75c, on Saturdays and Holiday Eves $1.50.
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
2500 ROOMS...FROM $3 A DAY
UNEXCELLED BANQUET FACILITIES
34th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y. Ralph Hitz, Pres.

LEMON HART
"THE RUM WITH A REPUTATION"

LEMON HART RUM
JAMAICA
JAMAICA RUM
LEMON HART & SON
Julius WILE Importers SINCE 1877

MORE mellowness! Softer and more delicate, but with more of the true flavour of Jamaica rum! Famous for 131 years—bottled on the London docks. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y.


Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes
•
Enclosed Knee-Action
•
"Turret-Top" Fisher Bodies
•
No-Draft Ventilation
•
Level Floors—Front and Rear
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS
45595

*The 1936 Pontiac Master Six Coupe $615**

AMERICA'S VERDICT AGAIN THIS YEAR

You can't do better than a Pontiac!

BUY A PONTIAC

PONTIAC is scoring another sensational success because it offers beauty, economy, dependability and value the like of which the low-price field has never known before.

In appearance—the 1936 Pontiac is still "the most beautiful thing on wheels"—with its distinctive styling that lifts it far above the commonplace into a plane all its own!

In economy—Pontiac bows to no car in its class! Combining unsurpassed gasoline mileage with big savings on oil and upkeep, it brings the cost of owning a truly fine automobile within the reach of those who once had to be content with smaller, lighter cars.

In dependability—Pontiac literally knows no peer. Owners of previous Pontiacs have driven their cars 100,000—150,000—200,000 miles and more—*yet the 1936 model is the most dependable car Pontiac ever built!*

Find out which *is* the best buy in the low-price field! Visit your Pontiac dealer—get the facts—drive the car! Learn why you simply can't do better than a Pontiac!

**List prices at Pontiac, Mich., begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group of accessories extra. Available on G. M. A. C.'s new 6% Time Payment Plan. A General Motors Value.*

$615

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

MARJORY LOGAN
AT THE STORK CLUB
3 E. 53 ST., N. Y. C.

TEA at the "one and only"
Rumpelmayer's
of
Paris
London
Riviera
LUNCHEON • DINNER
THEATRE-BUFFET
Famous Continental delicacies, Patisseries, Bon-Bons
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Abricotine
Superior Quality
Apricot Liqueur
P. Garnier
Julius Wile Importers since 1877

BOTTLED IN FRANCE SINCE 1859
Garnier
LIQUEURS
Abricotine a superior quality apricot liqueur
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK

At the Savoy-Plaza, Dick Gasparre in the Savoy Room supplies the music for the formal dinners and suppers. The decorations, by Eugene Schoen, are of translucent glass. Not quite as translucent is Dwight Fiske, whose off-color songs have tickled the smarter diners for these many seasons. Not to have heard Mr. Fiske is worse than not to have been invited to one of Elsa Maxwell's parties. The cafe lounge is easily accessible and one of the town's popular cocktail places.

The Biltmore's Supper Room maintains its popularity. Howard Lally's orchestra music with Florence and Alvarez dancing.

Marion Cooley's informal Sunday nights at Pierré's may turn out to be the smartest trick of the winter season. What to do Sunday night, unless you are a dance fan or benefit-attender, is always a headache. The Neptune Grill, with Pancho's orchestra, scarcely cooled off from the soles of the Mayfair Saturday night jinks, is turned over to as sophisticated a set as you're likely to find. The main delight of it is that you can come as you are—yes, even from the golf course—altho striped trousers and lounge coat seemed to predominate. The food of course is ample and excellent. The entertainment is always a surprise, ranging all the way from informal solos from Met artists to dance contests between the town's highest-hat steppers.

The Madison, at Fifty-eighth Street, known for its excellent food, has its Baroque Room turned over to dancing with Val Olman's orchestra.

And with Jimmy Walker back in town, most of us will crowd up the Casino in Central Park to see whether or not he *does* go to night clubs. The Casino has undergone a few changes, both as to management and décor.

Tavern keepers wondering why Sherman Billingsley has to put up the ropes and make the overflow wait to get a chance at his Stork Club bar might study his methods. Mr. Billingsley has a slick trick of sending a corsage of orchids to tables where ladies are being entertained. And Mr. Billingsley has been known to suggest one on the house, an old-fashioned custom that many of the newer generation seem never to have read about.

At El Morocco, 154 East 54th, Ernie Holst's orchestra and Gustavo Martell's tango band is still the high spot for the swankier night clubbers . . . The New Montmartre, atop the Winter Garden, offers among other things more of Beatrice Lillie, and most of us can't get too much of that . . . Leon and Eddie's, at 33 West 52nd, is too well known to mention . . . Mon Paris, at 142 East 53rd St., has gone in for Cobina Wright with Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell . . . Barney Gallant's new place at 161 East 54th St., has all the charm of Barney's old place and most of his old customers. Marianne Davis entertains the after-theatre crowd . . . If any one travels down-town these nights it's probably to see the terrible things that might happen at Jimmy Kelly's in the Village. . . . There is El Chico, at 80 Grove St., well worth your time, especially if you like Spanish food . . . There is also 1 Fifth Avenue, where the southern heart is warmed by all the southern specialties, including the better punches. . . . Bill Hardy's silver-dollared "Gay Nineties," 57 East 54th Street an authentic reminder of the Mauve Decade, offers atmosphere for high bicycles and gas lamps. His friends keep sending him theater programs reminiscent of the bustle era, to decorate the walls. There is Madeline's at 6 East 52nd St. . . . The Kit Kat Club has gone lavish at 152 East 55th St. . . . And we almost forgot the Versailles, 151 East 50th. The parade of stars continues with Libby Holman, exotic singer of the blues, being followed by Marian Chase and Elsa Maxwell. You couldn't get your union card to the sophisticates unless you had tried the Versailles.

Versailles
A Continental Rendezvous for
LUNCH • COCKTAIL HOUR
DINNER • SUPPER
presents
twice nightly after theatre: Sun at 10 & 12
GALA SHOW
151 EAST 50TH ST., N.Y.
Tea Dances Every Saturday Afternoon
Reservations ELdorado 5-8028-9

L. Saltzman
PROUDLY PRESENTS
CAFE LOYALE
LUNCHEON 75¢
DINNER $1
521 FIFTH AVE. – 1 EAST 43RD ST.
DANCING SIX TO TEN
Private Dining Rooms for Parties, Weddings, etc.
Music, Dancing without additional cost.

THE CAUCASIAN EAGLE
"Where Russian Society Meets"
Gypsy music—Entertainment
Blini — Caviar
Luncheon—Cocktails
Dinner — Supper
112 E. 55th St. at Park Ave.
ELdorado 5-8072

BILL'S GAY NINETIES
WISHES ITS PATRONS
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
57 EAST 54TH ST. NEW YORK

wine, dine
cocktail
dance
5 P. M. 'til 2 A. M.
The Madison offers the utmost in entertainment and good living. There are a few apartment suites available.
the
MADISON
15 East 58th Street, New York

Starting Businesses from the Cradle!

Lord & Thomas, we believe, have a unique record in this field, where the mortality rate is high

IT IS one thing to develop new winning sales ideas for an advertiser already established. It is much more difficult to start from scratch and advertise an infant industry into a robust and profitable maturity.

Yet Lord & Thomas are unique here, where the mortality rate is high. Many infant products christened by us are household words today.

Some such clients have been with us 10, 20, 30 years. They won for the sole reason that *right* advertising has delivered intrenched leadership and rich rewards year after year. It is the only kind of advertising that Lord & Thomas recognize—gauged by *net profits.*

It is this principle which guides us in our work for new advertisers—advertisers who, we believe, will be leaders 10, 20 and 30 years hence.

What this means in Experience

Pioneering in new fields over 63 years has brought rich rewards not only to our advertisers, but invaluable experience to Lord & Thomas.

We have learned what *fails* as well as what *succeeds.* While we are the last to claim infallibility, we have capitalized our failures—they are not repeated.

In copy-testing, in radio showmanship, and in many other sound practices which are accepted today as fundamentals in advertising, Lord & Thomas were the pioneers who developed them to their greatest effectiveness.

There are many well-known businesses in whose inception we were privileged to play a leading part. Their problems, as with most new industries, embraced not only Salesmanship-in-Print, but merchandising, distribution, markets and dealers.

We are proud that these diverse businesses — now grown to a robust and outstanding maturity—still entrust their advertising to Lord & Thomas.

We are equally proud that among our new clients today, several are starting fresh from the cradle. And they bid fair to repeat the success of the others.

Here are a few Examples

—*Seven months ago* a brand new challenger made its appearance on the horizon of the most bitterly contested ground in the drug business. Strategy was planned with the help of Lord & Thomas. Within 60 days, nation-wide distribution and display was an accomplished fact. Sixteen radio announcements brought requests for more than 2,000,000 samples. Sales volume today exceeds $40,000 a month, and is on the rise at a geometric rate!

* * *

—*Twenty-eight years ago,* Lord & Thomas assisted a group of western fruit growers in forming a Cooperative. An original venture of $3000 in Iowa—a test campaign—marked their entrance into advertising. Today, this client has seen the per capita consumption of oranges increased from *32 to 72 a year.*

* * *

—*Twenty years ago,* Lord & Thomas were asked to advise on the launching of a new dentifrice. Our counsel was sought not only along the line of advertising, but in regard to fundamental strategy of manufacture, merchandising and distribution. Aggressive Salesmanship-in-Print lifted it to the top of the sales field—a world position which it has steadily maintained despite increasingly stiff competition.

* * *

—*Twelve years ago a client's adroit mind* discovered merchandising possibilities in one of his by-products. Today, it has created a whole new industry, with hundreds of imitators, but true Salesmanship-in-Print continues to maintain its dominance.

A Product Need Not be New

These are the stories of a few of the many advertisers who continue to reap the rewards of Salesmanship-in-Print, as practiced by Lord & Thomas.

Nor does a product have to be *new*—like these mentioned—to yield new advertising ideas. Men with *feel* for ideas that *sell* often dig great advertising success out of seemingly barren ground. Some of our greatest successes are made with products in which others fail to find the winning *Reason-Why.*

LORD & THOMAS • *advertising*

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND homes constantly running out of everything from soap to soup—that's a big enough market to merit the serious attention of anybody with goods to sell.

When this market is made up of the more than 400,000 able-to-buy homes in which The Chicago Daily News is the preferred newspaper and trusted buying guide, then you have a market second to none in buying power and responsiveness—a market no advertiser can afford to ignore.

The Chicago Daily News sells more goods than any other daily newspaper in Chicago because it has the most home coverage where the most goods are bought—in the best residential districts of Chicago and suburbs.

In the class A and B rental areas of Chicago live 49% of the city's families. These families represent the real buying power of Chicago. They earn 70% of Chicago's income, pay 65% of the rentals and, incidentally, represent 70% of The Daily News' home coverage in Chicago.

To sell more goods in Chicago at lower advertising cost concentrate your advertising in The Chicago Daily News, where you reach the most people with the most money to spend—at home—in the evening—when they have time to read the whole newspaper, including the advertising, and when one copy covers the whole family!

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

—Chicago's Home Newspaper

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives, NEW YORK—CHICAGO—PHILADELPHIA—DETROIT—SAN FRANCISCO

How to make Folks say:

"Just what I wanted!"

and mean it!

Here are the gifts for best friends. Fine, soft-flavored old whiskies brought forth with skill and pride and patience—a truly royal family of bonded whiskies, and a distilled gin worthy of its place among them. All from the 77-year-old house of Hiram Walker of Peoria, Illinois; Walkerville, Ontario.

Walker's
DE LUXE
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Produced in Canada
Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD
Canadian Club
Straight Whisky
Produced in Canada
Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
PRIVATE STOCK
Straight Whisky
STODART'S
Rare Old Highland
Blended Scotch Whisky
All Over Eight Years Old
Jas & Geo. Stodart Ltd
Glasgow Scotland
Established 1835
Hiram Walker's
Hiram Walker's
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN

Hiram Walker's

"DE LUXE" STRAIGHT BOURBON

Luxuriously smooth and hearty whiskey. 100 proof, 6 years old, and Bottled in Bond in Canada. Also a "De Luxe" Straight Rye.

Hiram Walker's

"CANADIAN CLUB"

A different and tastier whiskey, delightfully light in body. It is Bottled in Bond in Canada, after 6 years of aging in the wood.

Hiram Walker's

"PRIVATE STOCK"

Every drop is 10 years old. Bottled in Bond under Canadian Government supervision. Here is a real aristocrat of grand old whiskies.

JAS. & GEO. STODART'S
"RARE OLD HIGHLAND"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

It is the Scotch that Scotchmen choose. All over 8 years old. Bottled in Bond in Scotland, for you who take your Scotch seriously.

Hiram Walker's

LONDON DRY GIN

Distilled from grain by the exclusive "Controlled Condensation" process that insures uniform smoothness and flavor. 90 proof.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Ralph Cannon (*I'd Die for Dear Old Dollars*, page 54) was born at Pittsfield, Illinois. He attended James Millikin University, and played on the basketball and baseball teams there. While laid up with an attack of blood poisoning from a spike wound in the ankle he became interested in literature from reading Mark Twain, Kipling, Bret Harte, O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis. In 1920 he was graduated from the University of Chicago, and went to work in the sport department of the old Chicago *Evening Journal*. He now writes for the Chicago *Daily News* sports page. He has written a football novel, *Grid Star*. His ambition is to write literary novels entirely outside of the field of sport.

•

Norman Corwin (*Three Poems*, page 112) says: "Bostonian, 25, I find it increasingly difficult to remember when I wasn't a newspaperman, having been in the game since 1917. Chores included sports, radio and literary editorships, column-writing, movie-reviewing, news-broadcasting. At 19 was co-editor of a book I'd rather not mention now, thanks just the same. Have had the support of David Morton, Robert P. Tristram Coffin and others in a long and unsuccessful campaign to acquaint the radio public with sterner stuff than Eddie Guest and Tony Wons. In spite of this crusade, have never written much poetry, and *Candid Cameragraphs* are my first to be published. At present, am a feature writer on the staff of the *Springfield Republican*."

•

David Leavitt, author of *Attack: Worm's-Eye View* on page 99, was a sergeant in Machine Gun Company, 138th Infantry, 35th Division, A.E.F. He is a mural painter by profession, and has not previously written for publication. He lives in Chicago.

•

Frank O'Connor (*Orpheus and His Lute*, page 92) was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1903. Says he has had no education worth speaking of, and few ambitions except to be a writer. At the age of twelve, he began to prepare a collected edition of his own works. He learned to speak Irish when he was quite young, and saturated himself in Gaelic poetry, music and legend. While he was interned by the Free State Government, he learned several languages and believes on this account alone the civil war was not fought in vain. After his release he won a prize for a study of Turgenev—written in Irish. Then he met A. E. who published poems, stories and translations by him in *The Irish Statesman*. He caused consternation in his native city by producing plays by Ibsen and Chekhov. Local clergyman remarked that 'Mike the Moke' (meaning the Producer) would go down to posterity at the head of the pagan Dublin muses. Ladies in the local literary society threatened to resign when he mentioned the name of James Joyce. He left his native city. By profession and inclination, he is a librarian. Otherwise his interests are mainly musical. His favorite composers are Mozart and Carolan (Carolan, he explains to us men on the street, is not the name of a brand of whiskey but that of an eighteenth-century Irish composer who wrote, among other things, enchanting dance music).

Frank O'Connor

Joseph Jastrow has been a lecturer at the New School for Social Research in New York City since he retired from the University of Wisconsin in 1927 with the title of Professor Emeritus. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1863, received his A. B. from the University of Pennsylvania, his Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins, and his LL. D. at Wittenberg. He was in charge of the Psychological Section of the Chicago Exposition of 1893. He is *Keeping Mentally Fit, Wish and Wisdom*, and the author of twelve books on psychology, including *Effective Thinking*.

•

John P. Fort is the author of three melancholy novels, *Light in the Window*, *Stone Daugherty* and *God in the Straw Pen*. He has, he says, had some melancholy poems and articles published and while serving as editorial writer for a newspaper, gained recognition only because of his melancholy viewpoint. Yet he considers himself personally as a carefree sort, given to conviviality and laughter. "Thank God," he writes, "for Grandpappy Say. I hope that I shall never look at a typewriter again and weep, as was my custom." He is forty-six years old, married, and has three college degrees and three children. He lives on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

•

Charles O'Neill, (*Cry to the Living*, page 66) was editor of the Dartmouth *Jack O'Lantern*, occupying one desk with Art Editor Abner Dean. He edited summer magazines in New Hampshire, spent '31 and '32 in Europe, "reading newspapers, catching small colored fish, hunting for traces of The Trouble in Ireland and the Revolution in Spain." He worked on the Bridgeport *Herald*, his first assignment "shovelling in zero weather on Connecticut CWA projects to see how they were going. Found out they weren't." Among his questionable achievements he counts starting the shorts nonsense at Dartmouth, taking the County Waterford swimming championship, losing amateur standing gladly for a three-and-a-half dollar pound, and Phi Beta Kappa. His stories have been published in various magazines, including *Vanity Fair*, *Story*, *New Yorker*, *Pagany* and *Contact*.

•

Austin Carroll (*The Amateur*, page 60) obtained his degree in law from McGill University, but has never practiced. He worked in the publicity department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then joined an advertising agency, and has done advertising or newspaper writing until recently when he began writing sports articles under the signature of Dink Carroll, as he was known at McGill.

•

Richard R. Smith (*Master Finger Printer*, page 69) was born at Beloit, Wisconsin in 1885. He was president and first publisher of *The American Spectator*, and now acts as an author's agent in New York City. He has been a bank director, president of an automobile sales agency, an airplane sales agency, and president of a public library. His first magazine writing was "ghosting" some articles for Esquire, which he did so well that we persuaded him to come out in the open and write for himself. He says that after all his years as an editor and publisher, he now sits on the other side of the desk some of the time, and waits eagerly for the check or the rejection slip, and that there is no poetic justice is shown by the fact that to date he has not had a single rejection slip.

•

William B. Powell (*If You Say It With Flowers*, page 84) is a world traveler in search of civilization and sophistication. He not only finds them, but he also makes them pay. Amherst is his Alma Mater and Cleveland his birthplace, but he has lived in New York City for many years. In New York he has been called "a man about town" but never to his face.

•

Byron Fish (*Fun on the Rope*, page 71) was born in Los Angeles in 1908, graduated from the University of Washington, lives in Seattle, has never been married and says he's still hoping to be discovered. He has written and performed for radio, he says, so unprofitably as to make loss of amateur standing almost a technicality, and wrote and directed two motion picture shorts with the same financial success.

•

Fletcher Pratt (*The Misfortunes of the Fox*, page 64) was born at Buffalo in 1897. He left Hobart College after one year to become a truck-driver and left truck-driving to become a librarian. He has written for trade journals, newspapers, and various magazines. His books include *The Heroic Years* and *Ordeal by Fire*.

David Frederick McCord (*Crackpot Chronicles*, page 81) was born in Indiana, but grew up at Vandalia, where it is said Lincoln jumped out of the State House window to break a quorum and stop a vote he didn't want taken. He has written several unpublished novels, and has since used the mss. for scratchpaper. He says, "I am one of that little band of wilful men who still admire and read Mencken and Cabell. I am interested in murder, suicide, witchcraft, the black arts in general, cats, comic strips, and curiosa."

•

The author of *What Makes Musicians Wild*, page 50, is a well known music critic who has cagily decided to remain anonymous.

•

A. R. Beverley-Giddings (*Faithful to Byron*, page 47) is British born and was educated with a view to making the Army a career. He says he would have been well along the road by now to becoming a testy and liverish Colonel of Cavalry had it not been for a grandmother with a sense of humor who believed in giving potential writers enough rope to, etc. He came to the U. S. in 1919, and married a girl from New Orleans. After selling his first fiction to Curtis Publications in 1927, he went to New York to join an advertising agency, and has since retired to free-lance. He wants the world to know that he likes East Indian Curries, Mary Astor's looks, Jack Benny because he has fun, Fred Astaire's dancing. He dislikes amateur hours, Broadway and practically all masters of ceremonies.

•

Alan Barth (*For Madmen Only*, page 83) says: "Born 1906 in New York City. Schooling, Andover and Yale, class of '29. I lived abroad for a year, principally in France and Switzerland. For four years I was in business here—the building business. Nowadays I catalogue myself a writer, exclusively. I'm keenly interested in winter sports—interested in watching them. Esquire bought my first short story, called *Hew to the Line*."

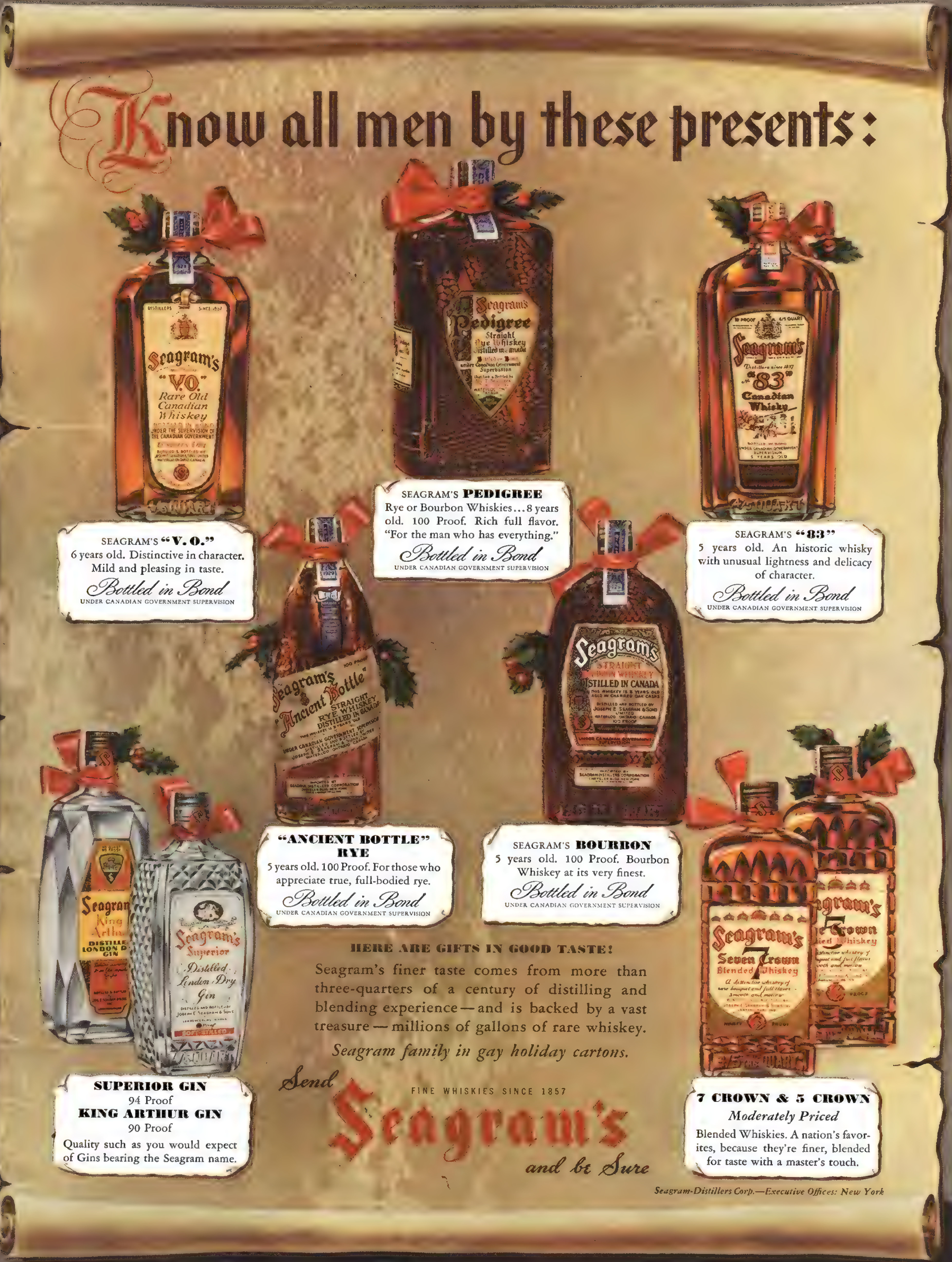
•

When we asked **H. H. Kroll** (*My Father*, page 72) whether we might class him as a Discovery, he wrote: "Like G. Washington, I can't tell a dam lie, much as I'd like to if it would sell you this story. I'm caught with the hatchet, and if you don't see it it's because somebody slipped it into my hip pocket. I've written stories—Sunday School Stories, by hell—and eaten off 'em through the panic. I've written Pulps, by damn, and sent 'em out and seen 'em come back except one now and then that kept me from starving. I've written magazine fiction and seen it all come back, by grabs. If I can't write this kind of thing and sell it, I'm going out and graze off lichens growing on Tennessee limestone. I wrote *Cabin in the Cotton* and saw it become a best seller and go to pictures, and then my publisher go bankrupt, and the flavor of big-time money I was drooling my mouth over, like Annie, don't live here no more. But it's a good story, just the same. You wouldn't hate to see it go unpublished nearly as bad as I."

•

Joseph A. Ecclesine is our **Discovery of the Month.** He is 28, a rewrite man on the *Bronx Home News*, lives in White Plains, New York, and is *not* writing a novel. He has been writing for fifteen years and feels it's about time he began going places. His first published story, *It's a Small, Brave World*, is on page 53.

Joseph A. Ecclesine


Seagram's "V.O." Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
Seagram's Pedigree Straight Rye Whiskey
Seagram's "83" Canadian Whisky
Seagram's Ancient Bottle Straight Rye Whiskey
Seagram's Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled in Canada
Seagram's King Arthur London Dry Gin
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Know all men by these presents:

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Quality such as you would expect of Gins bearing the Seagram name.

HERE ARE GIFTS IN GOOD TASTE!

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Moderately Priced
Blended Whiskies. A nation's favorites, because they're finer, blended for taste with a master's touch.

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THIS YEAR'S GIFT SENSATION BECAUSE THEY *whipped human nature*

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The new Lektrolites, as smart as they are sturdy, are the essence of mechanical simplicity. With nothing to get out of order, they are guaranteed foolproof.

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Surely these exceptional lighters are distinctly worth giving.

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THE TWINS . . .

● Flameless for those who like cigarettes—flame for those who smoke cigars or pipes.

These ultra smart lighters in a rich pigskin, satin, and chromium case, dignified yet practical, solve your gift problem. The Twins, in chrome and enamel, $10; in sterling and enamel, $25; in gold and enamel, $100.

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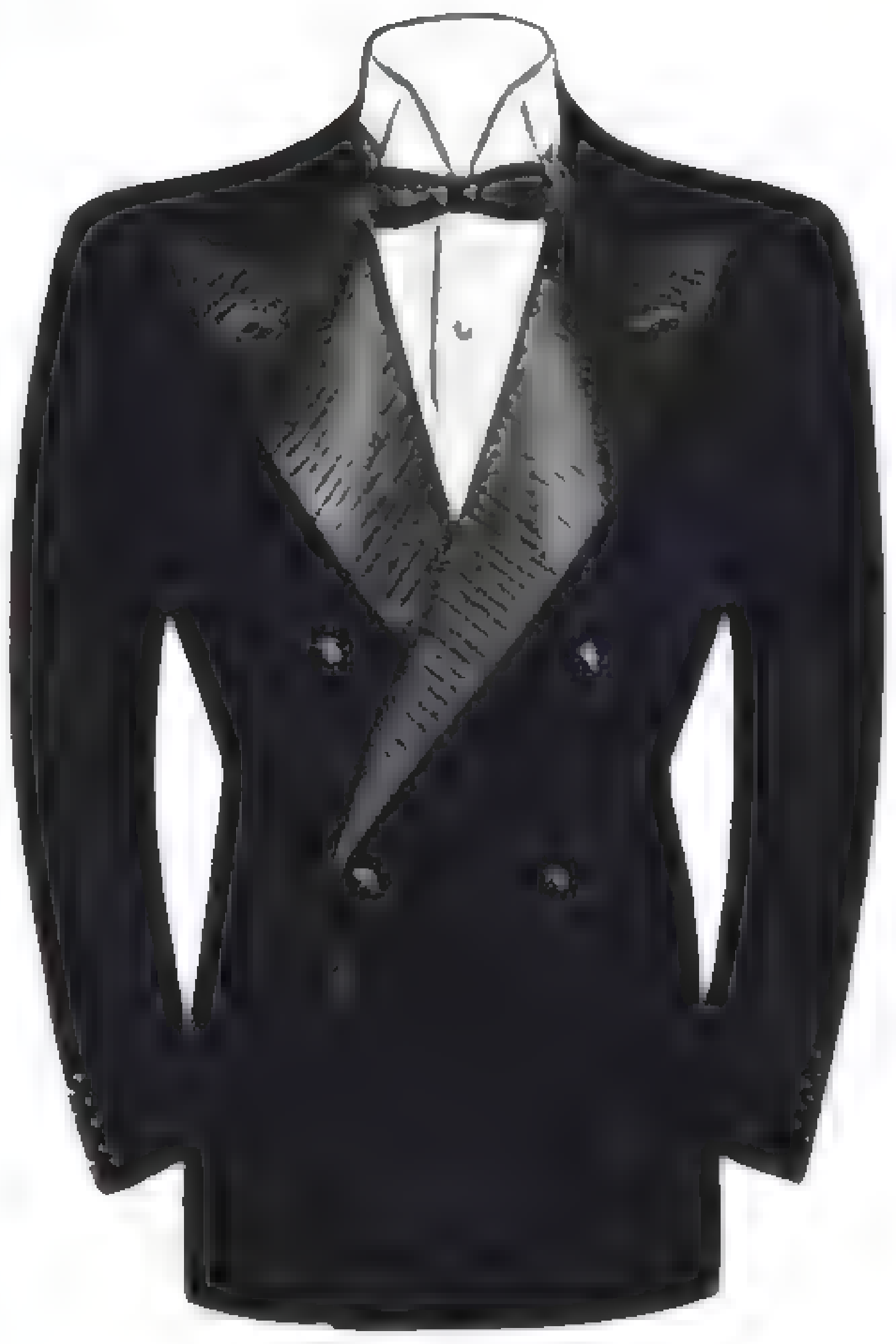
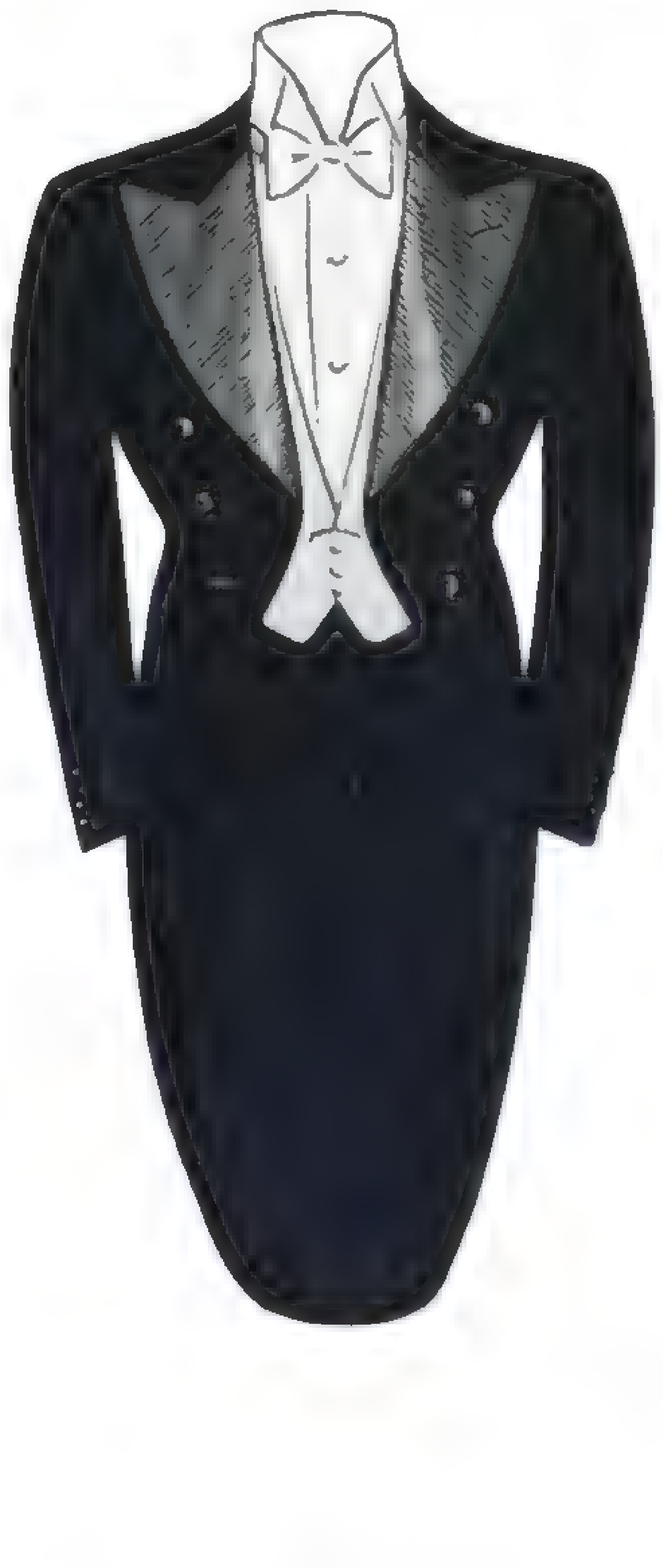
"I sorta hate leaving that Hart Schaffner & Marx suit"

FASHION authorities frown on the combination of top hats with orchid pajamas this holiday season. For more formal exits and entrances than the one shown at left we suggest Hart Schaffner & Marx dinner coats and tailcoats in Midnight Blue. It's the new color sensation, blacker than black by candle light, electric light or moonlight. And here are the new models, exemplifying the most important style-advances in years. See them at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's . . . you'll sorta hate to leave *without* one!



"NIGHT CLUB:" Designed expressly for young men who want the appearance of ease and naturalness in dinner clothes. This new double-breasted model is as comfortable as it is smart.



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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR — *A BIG THING TO FIND*

Wings Always Over Africa

An ornithological letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A RECENT dispatch from Port Said reported the passing in one week of six ships with 9,476 wounded and sick Italian soldiers returning through the Suez Canal from the field of honor in Ethiopia. The dispatch did not give the names of any of these soldiers nor the names of the cities or villages that they left to go fight in Africa. Nor did it state that they were being sent to one of the Italian island hospital concentration camps where the sick and wounded are being delivered in order that their return to Italy shall not depress the morale of their relatives who sent them off. Italian morale is as easily depressed as it is elevated and any one who has ever seen an Italian laborer threatening or attempting to kill a physician who attends his dying child in the event of the child's death will appreciate the wisdom of Mussolini in not allowing the citizens of his corporate state to see the eggs broken in the making of his imperial omelet.

The principal expression that one recalls as hearing from the lips, mouths, or throats of wounded Italians was the words, "*Mamma mia! Oh mamma mia!*" and this admirable filial devotion in times of physical suffering could be counted on to receive reciprocation if the mother of the wounded or sick soldier were allowed to see him. There can only be a certain amount of *mamma mia*-ing in an army and have that army hold together and Mussolini is to be congratulated on keeping it one sided.

An Italian soldier can be so fired by propaganda that he will go to battle wanting only to die for Il Duce and convinced that it is better to live one day as a lion than a hundred years as a sheep and, hit in the buttocks, the fleshy part of the thigh, or the calf of the leg, all comparatively painless wounds, he is capable of uttering the most noble sentiments and of saying, "Duce! I salute you Duce! I am happy to die for you, Oh Duce!"

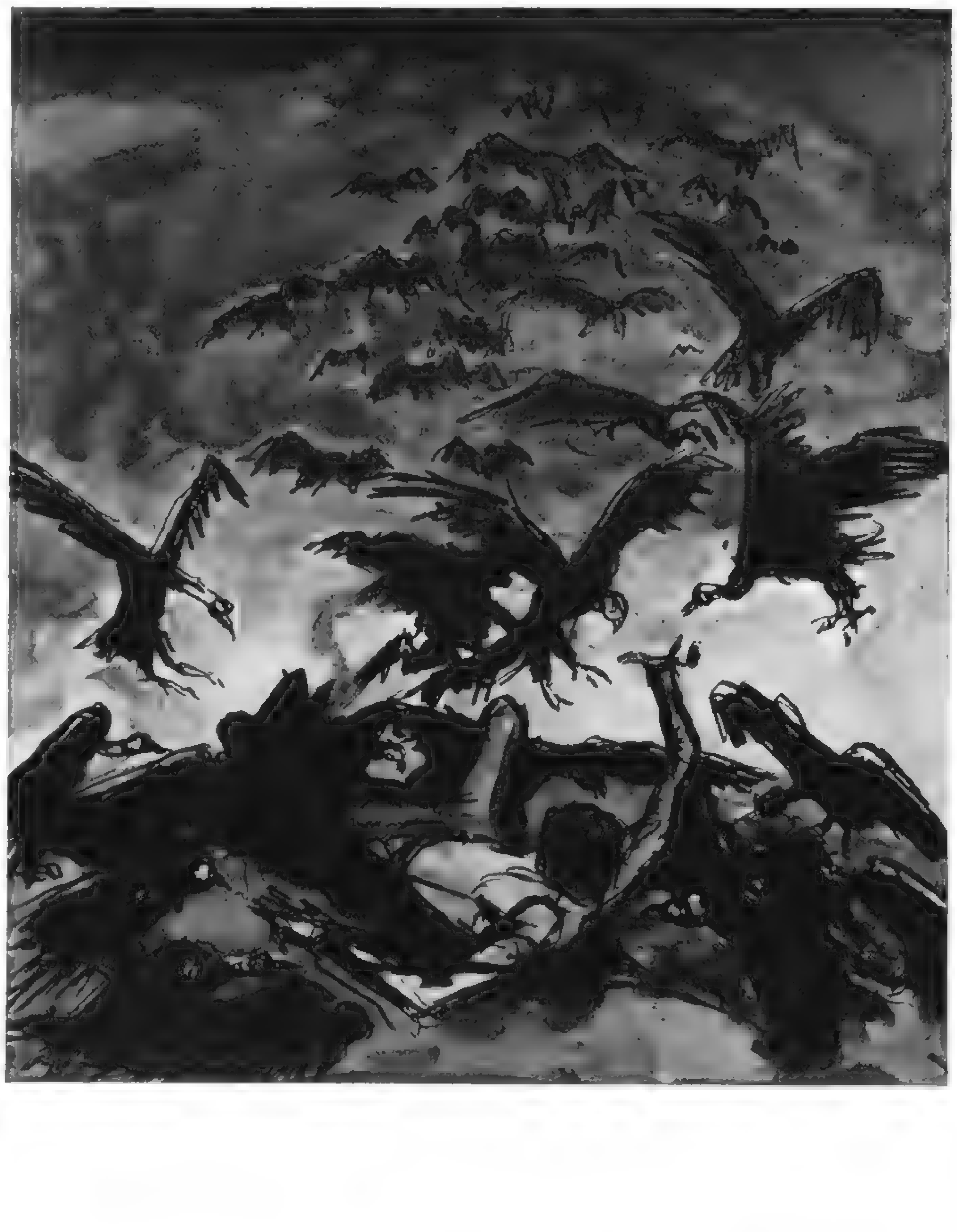
But hit in the belly, or if the bullet breaks bone, or if it happens to hit a nerve he will say, "*Oh Mamma mia!*" and the Duce will be far from his thoughts. Malaria and dysentery are even less capable of arousing patriotic fervor and jaundice, as I recall it, which gives a man the sensation of having been kicked in the vicinity of the interstitial glands, produces almost no patriotic fervor at all.

There is an aspect of war in Africa which Il Duce will do well to keep censored out of his newspapers and that is the part played in it by birds. In all of the territory of Ethiopia where the Italians are fighting there are five birds which prey upon the dead and wounded. These are the black and white crow which flies near to the ground and probably depends on its sense of smell to find a wounded man or a body; the ordinary buzzard which is never far from the ground and may hunt by both sight and smell; the red faced small vulture looking rather like our turkey buzzard which flies fairly high and hunts by sight; the huge, obscene looking bare necked vulture which circles almost out of sight and falls like a whishing feathered projectile when a carcass or a fallen man is sighted and comes hopping and waddling forward to peck at anything that is alive or dead provided it is defenceless; and the great, ugly, marabou stork that wheels out of sight, high above the highest vultures, and wheels down when he sees the vultures dropping. There are only five main varieties of these birds but five hundred of them will come to a single wounded man when he lies in the open.

What happens to a man, once he is dead, is of little matter, but the carrion birds of Africa will hit a wounded man, lying in the open, as quickly as they will a dead man. I have seen them leave nothing of a zebra but the bones and a greasy black circle covered with feathers twenty minutes from the time the animal was killed provided the belly skin was slit open so they could get an opening. That same night the hyenas would so crack and devour the bones that in the morning you could not see where the zebra had been except for a black, oily looking blotch on the plain. Since a dead man is smaller and has no thick hide to protect him they will deal with him much quicker. There is no need in Africa to bury your dead for sanitary reasons.

But it is not the fact that a dead soldier may end up in a vulture's stomach that Il Duce needs to conceal from his troops, but the way that the vultures and the marabous have with the wounded. The first thing an Italian soldier should be told is to roll over on his face if he is hit and cannot keep moving. There is a man alive today who did not know that rule during the fighting of the last war in German East Africa. While he was unconscious the vultures got his eyes and he woke in the stabbing blinding pain with the stinking, feathered shuffle over him and, beating at them, rolled onto his face in time to save half of it. They were pecking his clothing away to get at his kidneys when the stretcher bearers came up and drove them off. If you ever want to see how long it takes them to come to a live man lie down under a tree, perfectly still, and watch them, first circling so high they look as small as specks, then coming, dropping in concentric circles, then plummeting down in a whish of rushing wings to deal with you. You sit up and the ring jumps back raising their wings. But what about if you could not sit up?

So far the Ethiopians have not fought. They have retreated and let the Italians advance. Because Ethiopia has always been a country of strong, rival feudal chieftains the Italians have been able to buy over certain of these chiefs who have ambitions of their own or feuds with the Negus. In all the reports it reads as though Italy were occupying the country almost without a struggle. But Italy needs to win a battle to be in a position to negotiate with the powers for an approval of her retaining her captured territory and, perhaps, being given a protectorate over



Continued on page 174

The End of the Circle

Time stands still under a surgeon's hand, to resume its dull shuffling measure as death, cheated, retreats

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

“Quit y' shovin', see.”

“Move on up there!”

“Listen. Ye ain't gonna git no quicker if ye stand on yer head.”

“I'm as hungry as you are.”

“Get this. I ass y' t' quit shovin'. Now quit shovin' or I'll knock your face down your throat.”

“Slum.”

“So I says to me wife, ‘Let's settle this once and fer all of who's boss of the dump.’ So she kicks me in the shin and flings the coffee pot at me. This here is heaven to what I'm use to.”

“Thought you was stemmin', Charlie. What you doin' down here?”

“It's the depression.”

“Hey. Lookit who's talkin' about the depression! Why, you wuz a bum in boom times.”

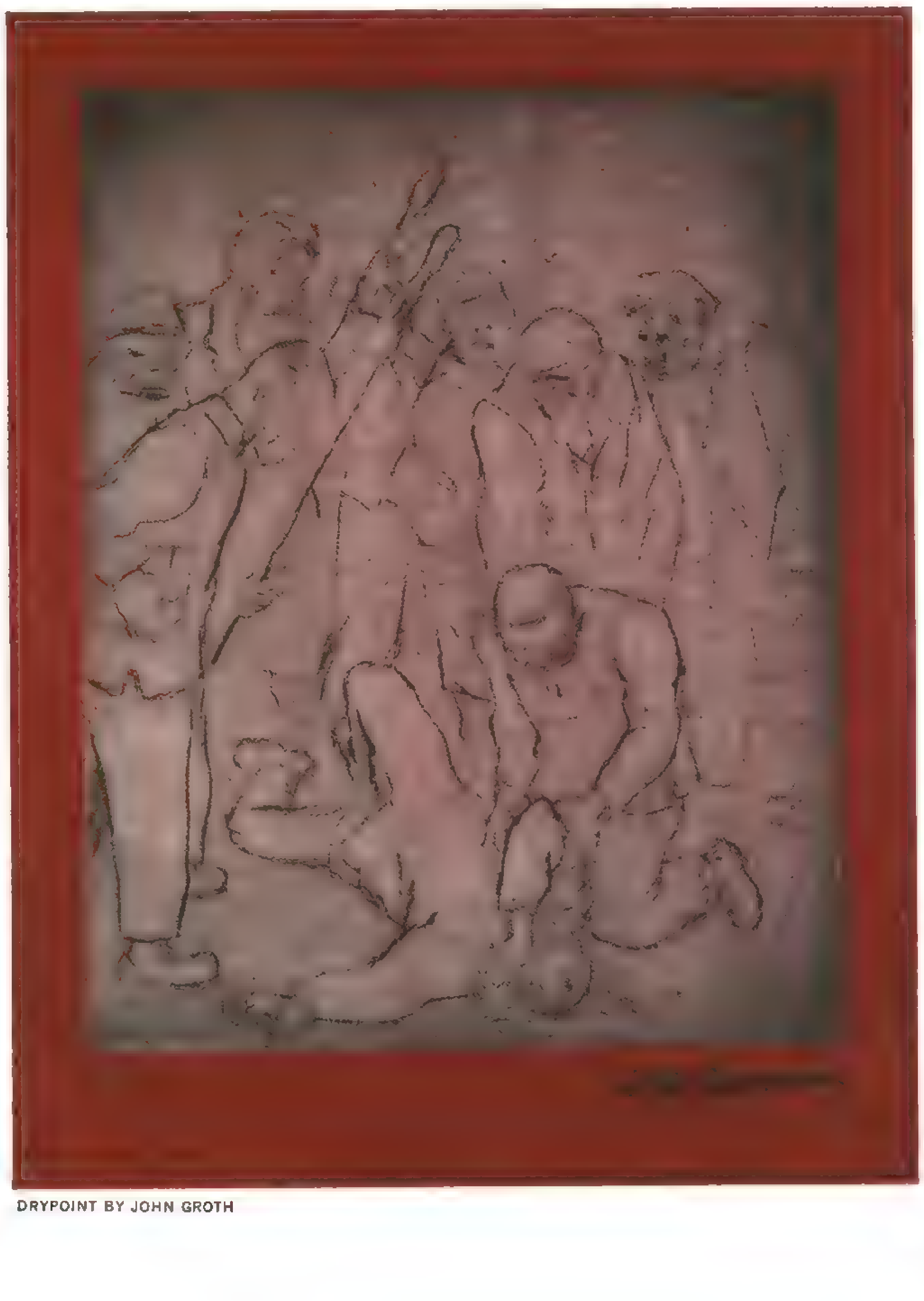
“What time y' got, Czwicski?”

“It's kinda gittin' cold.”

“Huh. Wait'll Febury. That's when it's cold. This here ain't nothin'. Why last year two guys froze t' deat' in line an' nobody found it out till they got up t' the kitchen and fell over.”

“I was woikin' last year.”

“Did I tell y' to quit shovin', mister, or didn't I? Now by God cut it out!”



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

“It's the bums ruin everything. Why, if this line was just for unemployed we'd have a snap.”

“Nuts. Any single guy that's been on this line fer six months is a bum. Don't tell me. I had a better job than any of you birds. Nice warm snap washin' dishes, steak every meal.”

The man who was being constantly shoved could stand it no longer. He wheeled furiously. “This time I'm gonna punch y'. I'm gonna punch y' in the snout.”

The little old fellow behind him stared blankly up. No longer granted the boon of support his knees wobbled, his eyes closed wearily, he put his hand to the back of his head and slumped down on the sidewalk.

“There's a guy folded up,” said someone.

“Hey!”

“Come an' git this guy.”

“Gossakes, no wonder! The poor egg starved to deat' waitin' on this here line. I'm gonna starve to deat' meself in a minute.”

“Git a cop.”

“Get an ambulance.”

“I guess he's passed out. The old guy's gone.”

“Here. Make way. What's the trouble?” The young blue-coated officer knelt down and felt the fallen man's pulse. It beat strongly enough. “Here, you two. Lift him up. Nobody's going to starve in the streets while I'm around. See if he can stand.”

It was no use. The little old fellow was as limp as a handkerchief. “Hold him. I'll get the hospital on the phone.”

In a moment an ambulance clanged up on the scene. A huge crowd had gathered about, and the white-jacketed men with the stretcher had to fight their way through the jam. They lifted the unconscious figure and slid the stretcher into the car. Away the ambulance swept, clanging furiously. Inside the two internes made a cursory examination.

“Another undernourished,” said the taller laconically.

“Not with a 99.8 temperature,” said the other, shaking his thermometer. He opened a brown leather case and doused a gauze sponge with spirits of ammonia. The patient fluttered his head and opened his eyes. Pain welled up through his consciousness. “Where's it hurt?” asked the interne.

“Here,” said the little old fellow, his brow wrinkling. He touched the back of his head with his fingers.

“Feel that, Joe,” said the interne.

“No doubt about that, huh? It hurt in your ear, too, mister?”

“Yeah. Terrible.”

“How long you had this?”

“Two months.”

“Whyn't you go to a doctor?”

“What's the use? I ain't worth nothin' nohow.” The old fellow fainted. The ambulance skidded up beneath the hospital portico. The medical men slid out the stretcher and a couple of orderlies took charge.

“Emergency operation,” said one of the internes.

“Let's go up and take a peek at it,” said the other. “I never saw a mastoid done. Hope we get Doctor Starr.”

“Emergency!”

“Operating Room No. 7.”

“Take these clothes up to the store room, Eddie.”

“This bum'll never come out of it.”

“Who's the anæsthetician in 7?”

“Transfusion. This is a transfusion job. Wake up. Take these plates down to the lab.”

“Who's operating?”

“Starr and Sienkewicz.”

“Big job, eh? Think I'll take a look in. Mastoid?”

“Burst. Up close to the brain. One chance in a thousand.”

“Hey, you'll have to get passes. No. 7 is jammed.”

“Listen. What the hell y' think I come to this joint and work my bloody head off for, anyway—to watch enema operations all my life?”

“No. 7.”

“I told you they didn't have time to make X-ray plates. It's going to be guesswork or a miracle or something.”

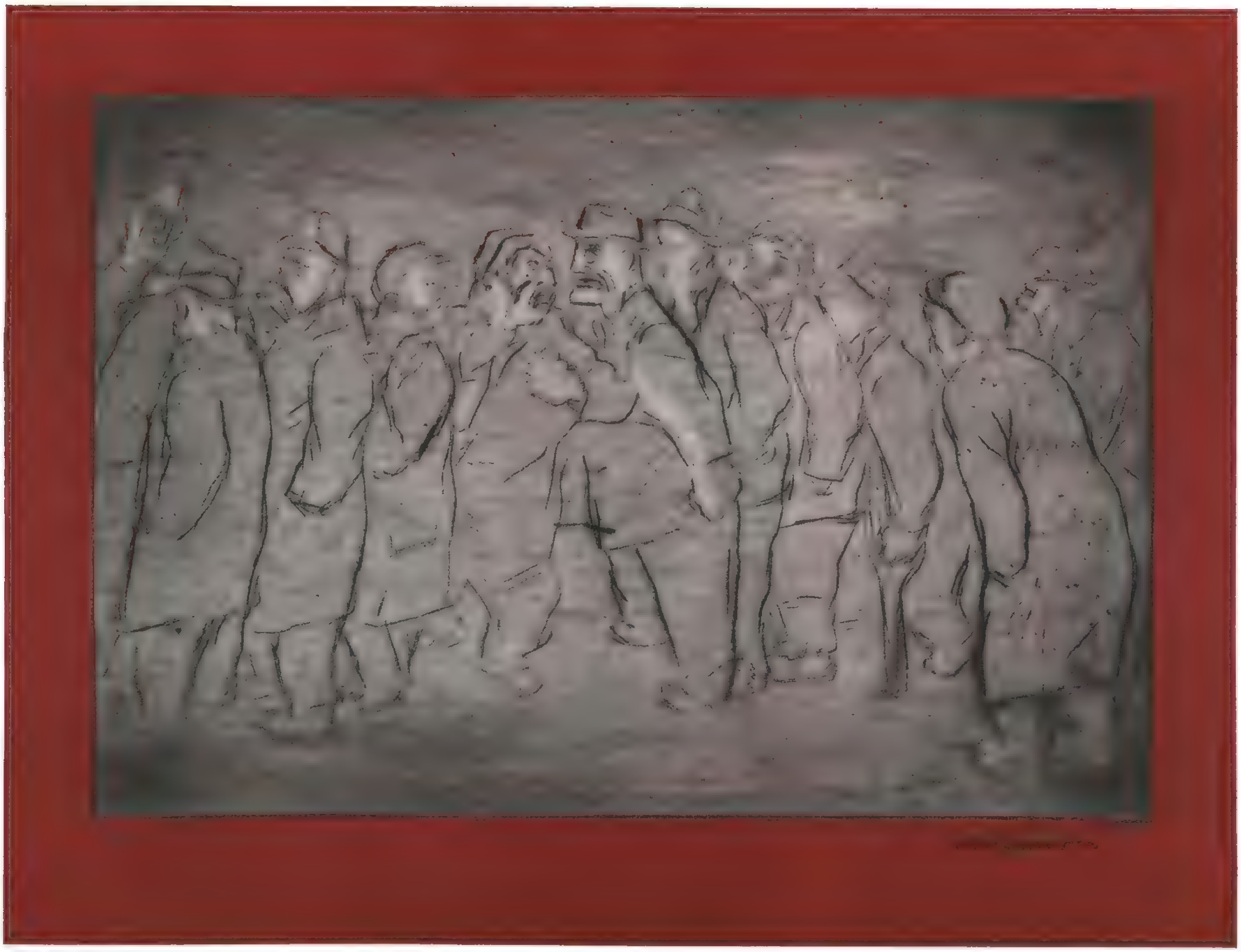
“So what did they do before they had X-ray?”

“They let 'em croak.”

“Listen. This Starr is just that. Ever see him work? Man, it's a pleasure.”

“Oh, Miss Abner. I'll be in No. 7.”

The gallery in No. 7 buzzed with excitement. The two internes who had brought the patient in the ambulance felt as though they had discovered gold. The technical nurse carefully arranged scalpels, shears, forceps, probes, sounds. A complicated apparatus was wheeled by the table by an interne who was to



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

supervise early indirect transfusions. Two orderlies stood over glistening sterilizers boiling spare sets of instruments. The surgeons discussed momentarily the line of attack; such a case required generalship of the first order. The patient, body under sheets, was arranged in an arc, his head twisted downward. His breathing came in long rhythmic periods and the anæsthetician nodded. A staff man pumped the bulb in the blood-pressure gauge. Quiet, somebody said. The gallery peered forward.

A nurse swabbed the surgeon's forehead with gauze sponges. The minute hand on the big electric clock went around noiselessly. Everyone held his breath. The operator had got underneath the skull projection and was going in. The hand went around. A wet red sponge missed the tin container. Someone's asthmatic breathing periodically shattered the dead silence. The surgeon hesitated.

"Take it off," he said to the anæsthetician. He glanced at the staff man.

"Ten."

"He's stuck," a voice murmured, and Dr. Starr wrinkled his brow without looking up.

"Can't you feel it?" asked Dr. Sienkewicz.

"No. It's pressed down between the muscular tissue. I've only got a fraction of an inch leeway. And two minutes at the most."

"Cut down laterally."

"What the devil do you think I'm doing?" Starr mumbled. His arm went up over his head. He ground his teeth, cut something with the long delicate surgical shears audibly, his eyes flirting with the blood-pressure gauge. Something came away. Starr asked for a large sponge. "Give him the can," he said, a thin note of triumph in his voice. "What's the pressure?" he asked, not daring to move his head.

"Up. One-ten. Now twenty. Twenty-five."

"Nice vitality. A little undernourished, but good stuff there."

"No pressure on the bone now?" asked Sienkewicz.

"No. One more transfusion. Syringe, nurse. The other. And Dobell's. Now the suture, No. 12."

"Want me to tie it up?" asked Sienkewicz.

"I'm in there now. You can see the ends. Blomberg wrote up one for the Journal, only this had the anterior nerve suspended."

"He's made it," said someone in the gallery.

"Marvelous."

"A whiz."

"What a man!"

"Now will you study instead of runnin' around with student nurses!"

"Cut it out."

"Two hours and forty minutes. Boy, my back is broke."

"Let's get out. I've got dressings at four."

"How's the pressure?" asked Starr.

"One-fifty and a fraction"

"No more can."

The anæsthetician lifted his head. He was a little gone from the stuff, and the concentration.

"Room 12," said Starr. "I want him under my personal supervision. I don't want to lose him."

They wheeled the carriage out. . . .

A few months later the little old fellow nudged his way into the bread line. Someone recognized him.

"How they goin', pop?"

"Aw right."

"Hoid you wuz sick."

"Yeah."

"All right now, huh?"

"Sure."

"Gittin' dam cold, ain't it."

"Yeah."

"Listen, you," said a husky voice up front to someone pressing too close, "Quit shovin', will you? You ack like you ain't never had nothin' to eat."

"'Bout the same gang," said the little old fellow's interrogator. "You look O.K. That overcoat ain't much you got on there, though. Look out you don't git cold."

"I feel fine."

"It's the depression," said someone.

"Nuts. There's a depression on all the time for some guys."

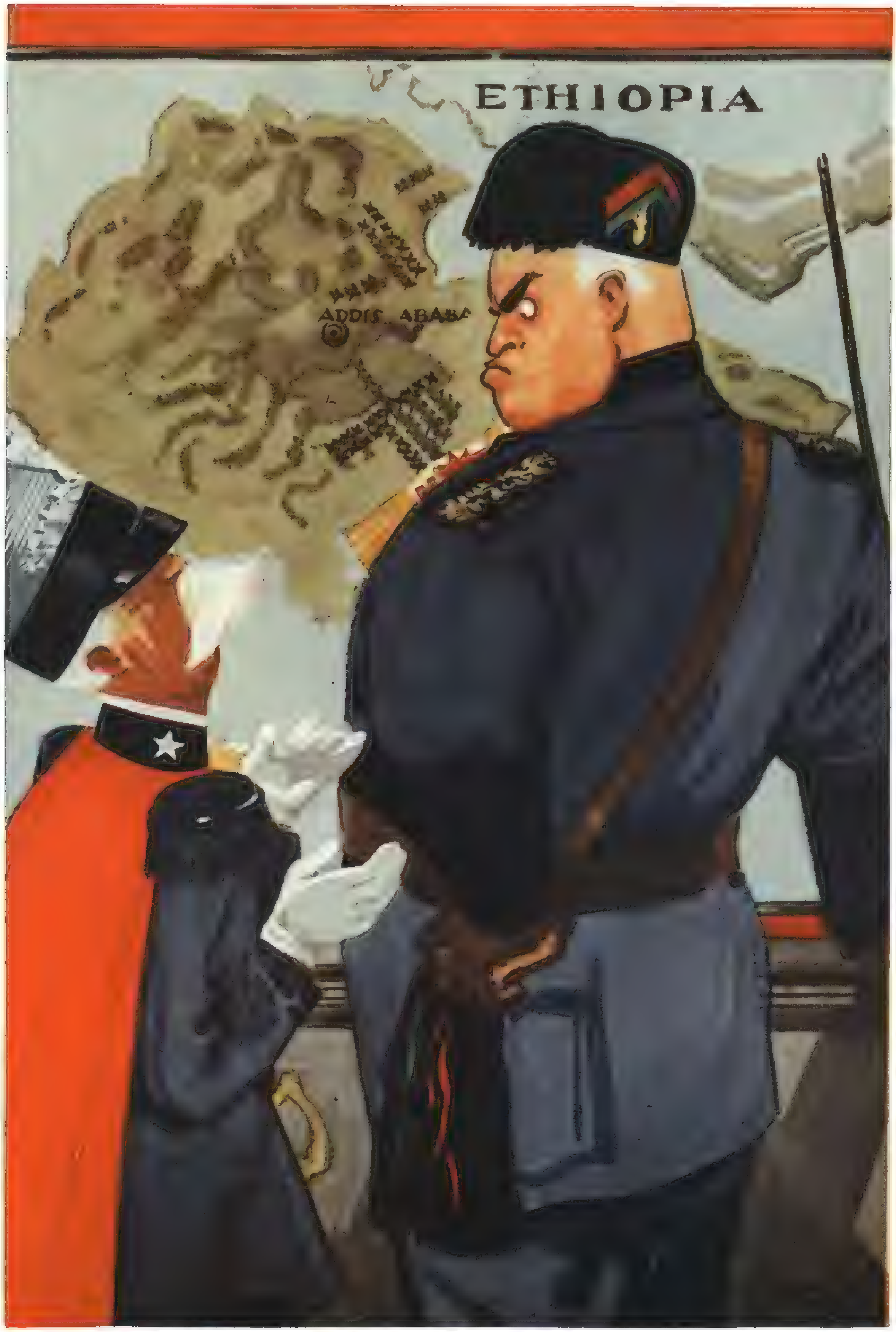
"Move on up there!"

"Cold, ain't it?"

"Say, this is nuttin'. Wait'll nex' mont', wit' the winds. They'll be fallin' outa line like nine-pins, froze solid."

"So she kicks me in the shins and throws the ironing board at me. This here is heaven to what I'm use to."

"I'm tellin' y' fer the last time—quit shovin', see!" #


ETHIOPIA
ADDIS ABABA

"—but can't I have something besides my picture on the sardine can?"

How to Save Business

Invoking social credit plus free economy to prove no man wants ten million washtubs

by EZRA POUND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

SAVE business? anybody WANT to *save* business? Any man not absolute solid teak wood from the neck up can find out how to save business with a few hours reflection,—OR study if he don't like to do original thinkin'.

Hoover, of the late "U and ME mining co." Og. Mills and Popsy Whitney do NOT want to save business. They jus' wanna git their OWN.

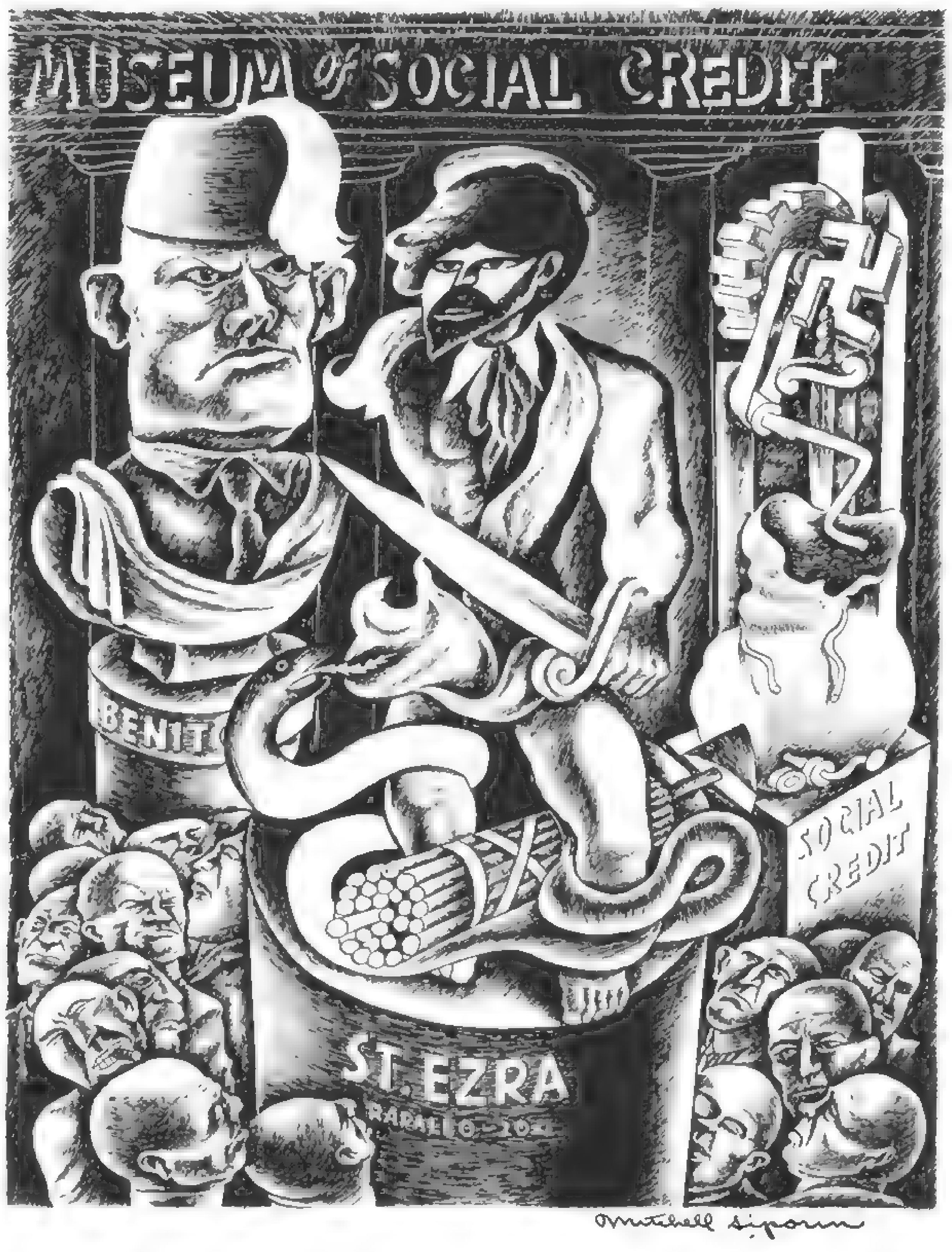
You can START savin' business by STOPPING to use one word to mean two different things. I mean, make it a habit. You can START savin' business by seeing OR learning the DIFFERENCE between *usura* and *partaggio*, I.E. between usury and sharing the results of association.

This is old as the law of Moses. The old testament forbids usury either of money or of goods. "OF" here meaning "*paid in*" money or goods.

If Henry Adams hadn't a been so reefeend and Bostonian, instead of weepin' about Chartres cathedral he might have wondered WHY the stone veinings in the valuted basement of Mont St Michel are so neat and tidy.

Any of these highbrow eeeesthetes MIGHT have wondered WHY San Zeno has a column signed by the architect himself and WHY he cd. *afford* to cut it by hand Meaning with his OWN hands.

These highbrows might have looked at the church of St Trophime in Arles, or St Hilaire in Poitiers and then wondered why St. Peters in Rome looks like a bum opera house, and has jerry-built windows ugly as any London slum windows. During one economic system you get romanesque cathedrals. During another you get heavy palace FACADES, and you get 'em more often than not on UNFINISHED buildings.



That was because "they" couldn't AFFORD to finish 'em.

And you can egg-chicken, chicken-egg about this, as much as you like, you can follow pop Eliot into original sin etc. BUT the immejit sin was USURA, usury.

The snow, the hop, the heroin of banking hysterics.

The sleep-stuff may be took'n in varying doses. Technocracy shows how it can be made more excitin' or swift in action. A little hop before a race may speed up a runner, but you don't take it steady before you go into a sluggin match. Neither Jack Johnson nor any other big pug ever trained steady on heroin. The same diet of roast beef and canteloupes has its economic analogy. There is almost nothing NEW in economics. But there are in sane economics things that have been known AND forgotten.

THREE different and serious attempts to SAVE BUSINESS began about 1918, or say two began then and that Gesell had started earlier.

ONE of these three OUGHT to suit ANY possible taste. Gesell offers the MINIMUM of governmental control. Douglas also avoids ANY need of state control of PRODUCTION.

The maxim of Italian policy for the past 13 years has been: shoot the tiger first and then tackle the jackal. (Or, in Harvardian) "Of two evils, choose the less."

I mean Benito M. started by cleaning up as much of the mess, day by day, as he cd. figger a means of cleanin'.

Italy HAD to start with production. It is only within the past year that Odon Por, of the Instituto di Politica Internazionale, Rome, has been printing the BEST and clearest monthly review of contemporary economics that appear anywhere in Europe, asserting that the corporate state has tackled almost everything but the monetary and credit system. This tackling was ORDERED by the Boss himself in a speech made in the Piazza del Duomo, Milan, Oct. 6 of last year (1934).

The corporate state grows out of Proudhom and was predicted by Le Marquis La Tour du Pin.

Very little precise knowledge of it has been transmitted through the foreign press. And at any rate I am not going to write about Italy but about how to save AMERICAN business. I merely assert that, if you know WHAT you want to DO, it might be worth yr. while seeing how Benito has managed in a PARTICULAR case, dealing with 40 million human beings in Italy, and not with abstract ideas in a vacuum.

If bankers WON'T learn sound banking from the ONE bank that has been SOUND longer than any other, we will have to learn FOR them.

Both Douglas and Gesell show how to conserve individual initiative. Neither of 'em in any way ham-strings it.

When Doug blew into Orage's office back in 1918 or whenever, none of us knew that the Mohamedans had once paid a national dividend. I picked up that bit of historic bric-a-brac readin' Amari's *Storia dei Mussulmani*. I don't suppose Gesell had ever heard of Bracteates.

A man may be a dam good hunter, but he needn't suppose he is the FIRST killer of a rhinoceros.

At least one company with 20 million capital KNOWS and SAYS that Social Credit will SAVE their business. Larkin KNOWS that a sane issue of government money and a sane use of the nation's credit will NOT injure his business.

Hen Ford OUGHT to see it. He probably WOULD see it, if any informed social creditor cd. get near him. Henry suffers a bit from Upton-itis. What he haint leerned fer himself, there aint no one can tell him.

He knows he is where he is because he most usually aint had to RENT any money.

You wd. THINK he wd. be able to MOVE on from there to a national policy. I mean WOT'S good fer the Ford company might conceivably be good for the whole NATION.

You can start saving BUSINESS by refusing to accept bunk from writers who AVOID a certain set of questions. There are a dozen leagues and foundations doing this, there are thousands of editors and journalists doing it.

Continued in center of page 195

Men About Hitler

Forthright portrayal of Nazi aims and of several of the men who help to shape them

by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

Hitler, confronted with a hostile world, has had to survey his objectives with great caution. His tactics were based on the sound theory of taking one step at a time. He made the friendship treaty with Poland—in order to be free to deal with Austria. He failed in Austria, then permitted Austria a pause, in order to strengthen his military arm.

German policy had gone far toward redressing the dictates of Versailles before Hitler came to power. Foreign military control was abolished early in the republic. The Rhineland was evacuated under Stresemann. Reparations dwindled under Brüning and Papen. And the allies accepted Germany's theoretical right to military equality under Papen-Schleicher.

Since becoming Chancellor, Hitler has contributed to foreign policy as follows:

1. He gave up German claims on the Polish Corridor for ten years, in the famous non-aggression pact with Poland, thus stabilizing all but the Lithuanian section of his eastern frontier.
2. His frontal assault on Austria failed; even so thousands upon thousands of Austrians—also Germans in Czecho-Slovakia and other border regions—went Nazi.
3. He left the League of Nations.
4. He regained the Saar. (Any German Chancellor would have regained it, of course.)
5. He made England sign a Naval Pact with him.

These accomplishments have been achieved only at great cost. Their net result was to make Hitler about as popular internationally as smallpox. He alienated Mussolini, who might have been his friend; he frightened and annoyed Denmark, Holland, Switzerland; he united France, because "the French right hates Germany, the left hates Hitler"; he lost Austria, just when it should have dropped into his lap; he knit the Soviet Union, the Little Entente, and France into a league against him; he has impeded the growth of Fascism in other countries, for instance England, where even Lord Rothermere could not stomach the events of June 30; above all, he brought the U. S. S. R. into the league of Nations. Hitler housebroke Litvinov, and made Mussolini (until the Abyssinian adventure) respectable. Such were the miracles which Naziism brought to the world.

WAR?

It may be said, on the basis of several arguments, that war is impossible for Hitler. Let us explore:

First, one may argue that Germany has not enough money to make a war. But poverty has never prevented conflict. It may make the war hard to carry on, but a desperate country, already poverty-stricken, has less to lose by war than the rich countries which oppose it. The economic crisis in Italy did not prevent Mussolini's attack on Abyssinia, but spurred it.

Second, one may argue that Germany has not enough raw materials to make a war. The answer to this is she probably has as good an equipment of war materials today as in 1914. When, despite blockade, she managed to fight a very good war for four long years.

Third, one may argue that opposition to Hitler within the Reich is too strong; that the workers would not mobilize; that they would shoot in the wrong direction. But the lesson of the totalitarian state is that each year it stays in power the strength of opposition lessens. Look at Soviet Russia. And Mussolini's mobilization, though at first unpopular, was successfully accomplished. Good propaganda can make anything popular—even death.

There are also certain tactical difficulties. His major objectives are, and for some time are likely to be, Austria, and Memel. Hitler is blocked off from Austria by the Italian army on the Brenner Pass: for, paradoxical as it may seem, the *preliminary* result of Mussolini's Abyssinian campaign was to strengthen, not weaken, the Italian forces actually in Italy. Hitler is blocked from a *Putsch* in Memel—according to all the imperatives of reason—by his alliance with Poland. The Poles do not want Memel interfered with. Memel is Lithuanian territory. And the Poles have the sensible idea that no one is going to be allowed any rape of Lithuania except themselves. Hitler could make a *coup d'état* in Memel (Danzig also) only at the risk of breaking the Polish alliance, something he cannot afford to do.

Hitler's enmity to Soviet Russia is ineffaceable. He said to a recent interviewer: "We will not sign a multilateral pact of mutual assistance in the East, for in no circumstances would Germans fight for Bolsheviks. In such a fight our nation simply would not march. Rather than sign such a pact, I would hang myself." These are, of course, cheap words. No one is asking Hitler to fight for Bolsheviks. Nor is it easy for him to fight against them. Hitler is deeply accustomed both to give up things he hasn't got, and to threaten countries he cannot attack. Germany and Russia are not contiguous; Germany could invade Russia only through Poland, which would not allow troops of any nationality to invade its territory.

On the other hand, Germany's will to war is shown by an impressive list of factors. For one thing, the creation of the new German army and air force. For another, the fact that essential German ambitions to expand in the east or in Central Europe can only be achieved by war. The inevitable consequence of Nazi policy, if it succeeds, is the predominance of Germany in Europe. Can Europe endure the steady outward pressure of the Reich without resistance? Underground aggression in Austria, threats against Lithuania, agitation and intrigue among Germans everywhere—in Switzerland, Holland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Scandinavia, the Baltic States—show the latent explosive force of the Nazi revolution. All the frontiers of Germany tingle from the aggressive strain inside.

Again, Naziism, essentially a militarist creed, has produced in Germany a renascence of incorrigibly belligerent Wotanism that may burst outward whether Hitler so desires or not. This factor is intensified by the possibility of economic breakdown. The lesson of the Abyssinian adventure is that dictatorships, if they are in danger of breaking down, break out. May not Lithuania, five years hence, be Hitler's Abyssinia? What will happen when Dr. Schacht can no longer purchase raw materials?

Hitler stands to gain, and the chances of war are increased, by unsettlement anywhere in Europe. This was, in the autumn of 1935, the greatest peril to peace in Mussolini's Abyssinian campaign. The basic problem of European foreign affairs is, What does Hitler intend? The crisis between Britain and Italy over Ethiopia was so particularly dangerous because of the fear that Hitler might take advantage of it to create disturbances in Central Europe.

Hitler himself has said:

> "It must be understood that in general the will of the German nation should no longer be limited to mere passive defence, but on the contrary, should be steeled for a final, active settlement with France in a death grapple for the realization of German aims.
>
> "In the annihilation of France, Germany sees merely the means for our nation to obtain full development in another direction. Our foreign policy will only have been correct when there are 250,000,000 Germans, not crowded like coolies in a factory, but free peasants and workers.
>
> "Almighty God, bless our weapons! Judge if we have merited freedom. Lord, bless our combat!" (*These passages are expurgated from the foreign editions of "Mein Kampf." It may be argued that Hitler wrote them, in hot blood, ten years ago. But he has steadily refused to repudiate them.*)

The dilemma for the rest of the world is obvious, and like all obvious dilemmas is perplexing in the extreme. What should be done is to allow Germany to become strong but not too strong. Germany should, manifestly, be allowed recovery of her self-respect. But if Germany grows too strong, and demands a new war as price for former defeat—what then?

Germany has been "unjustly" treated. Granted. The Germans have a perfectly good case, in that the Allies foisted on the world the myth of exclusive war-guilt, invaded the Ruhr, and themselves refused to disarm in accordance with the terms of the treaty which at the same time they imposed on Germany. But it is interesting to note that Germany was just as militaristic in 1914 when it could not complain of "unjust" treatment.

The analogies between the international situation in the summer of 1914 and the autumn of 1935 are, indeed, astounding. A homosexual camarilla surrounded Wilhelm II as it did Hitler. William II talked of "shining armour"; Hitler talks of "race renascent." William II challenged Britain with a fleet; Goering challenged Britain with an air force. Lord Haldane went to Berlin in 1912 on a mission precisely analogous to that of Sir John Simon in 1935. For Agadir, read Dollfuss; for Sarajevo, read—what?

How difficult it is for a nation, like an individual, to keep from being itself!

Hitler himself vigorously and even passionately denies that he wants a war. Listen:

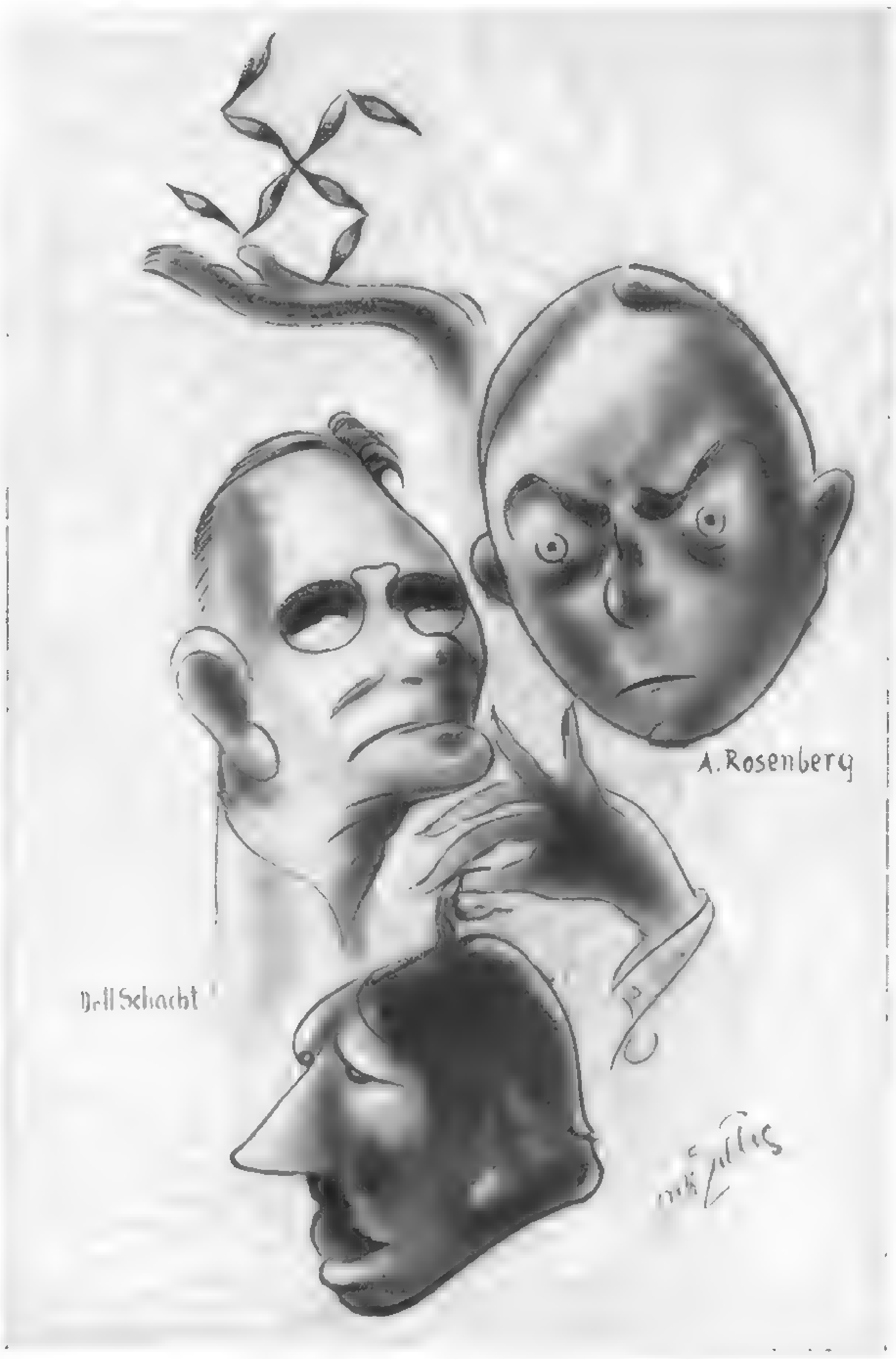
> "There is no dispute in Europe sufficiently important to justify a war. . . . I am not quite mad—a war would not settle anything; it would only make matters worse—it would mark the end of our races, which are the élite of humanity, and in time Asia and Bolshevism would rule Europe. . . . I have a great deal of work to do at home. I have restored the German's sense of honor; I want to restore his joy in life. I shall need years to restore Germany's prosperity. Do you really think I want to upset my work with a new war?"—*Interview with a French journalist, "Bulletin of International News," Vol. X, No. 17.*

And of course he doesn't want a war if he can achieve his aims without one. And of course he is not ready for war—yet.

PHILOSOPHER ROSENBERG

From the point of view of underlying and eventual realities, the well-known Rosenberg, "the philosopher with the sour stomach," is probably more important than Foreign Minister von Neurath or Ambassador-at-Large von Ribbentrop. Rosenberg is the *Nazi* specialist in foreign affairs. He is one of Hitler's closest and most intimate associates; he is editor of Hitler's newspaper, the *Völkische Beobachter;* he heads the foreign political bureau of the Nazi party, and he is "director of philosophical outlook"* for the Reich. Rosenberg is the most disliked man in Germany. His personality is unpleasant. He is a prude and a prig. He is suspicious, close-minded, arrogant, ingrown. Like Hitler, he is a bachelor and "a moral athlete." The Leader got probably fifty per cent of his ideology from him, so it is important to see exactly what he stands for. Hitler promised him the foreign ministry, then reneged—which may account for Rosenberg's persistent surliness.

Alfred Rosenberg was born on January 12, 1893, in Reval, which was then in Russia and which is now capital of the border-state, Esthonia. He is thus a Balt. He is a "German by descent, but a Russian in mentality," as Heiden puts it. A White Russian. Not a Red Russian. Rosenberg's whole philosophy, ideology, and career are based on a psychopathically intense hatred of the Soviet Union. He studied architecture (as Hitler wanted to) and for a time was an instructor in draftsmanship; he went to school first in Riga, then in Moscow. The revolution intervened and a period of mystery followed: some say Rosenberg was drafted into the Russian army and fought against the Germans; others have it that he got across the frontier, enlisted with German troops, and took part in the campaigns in East Prussia; some say he was, of all places, in Paris—as a spy.



He arrived in Munich in 1919 where so many riff-raff of the wars assembled. He was at that time more Russian than German; he seemed to be just another White Russian refugee. He met Dietrich Eckart, the first "poet" of the Nazi movement, and then Hitler. Promptly he intoxicated Hitler's imagination by his dream of a German empire in the east, and became the chief prophet of German expansionism and imperialism.

Rosenberg is the nightmare dreamer of Naziism. When he attempts to put his dreams into practice, he is a miserable, grotesque failure. His only adventure into practical politics occurred in May, 1933, when he took it upon himself to make a good-will visit to England. One of his first acts was to lay a Swastika flag on the Cenotaph! The British, sensitive about such things, roared in indignation; Rosenberg, his tail between his legs, scurried back to Berlin, and has not been outside Germany since.

Rosenberg's major opus (and, subconsciously, he must have written it as a rival to *Mein Kampf*) is an enormous book called *Der Mythus des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts* (Myth of the Twentieth Century). It is a torpid, florid, gusty, grandiloquent discourse on race, politics, and Germanism. Pages and pages of it make no sense whatever.

What is known as the "Rosenberg plan" is the project of eastward expansion which Hitler has never repudiated. Germany and Poland should, according to the plan, attack Russia: Germany should take the Baltic States as spoils, and Poland would get a share of the Ukraine—till Germany took it back again.

Goering's dislike of Rosenberg is notorious. At a party meeting in Hamburg in 1925, he said to Gregor Strasser: "Let that damned Rosenberg tell us what he *did* do in Paris during the war." In 1935 Rosenberg decided to erect a monument to the 4,000 Saxons slain by Charlemagne. For each Saxon he wanted to provide a granite block of a peculiar sort, very old and pure geologically, found only in North Prussia. (The Aryan principle applied to petrology!) Goering got wind of the plan and promptly ordered that no stone of this kind might be quarried.

Rosenberg burned his fingers once by including in a book called *The November Criminals* a malignant portrait of Dr. Schacht. He accused Schacht of personal corruption, and dared him to sue for libel.

But this was in the year 1927, long before Schacht had listened to the voice of Hitler. Now the sketch of Schacht is omitted from the book.

Rosenberg's strength is, like that of so many Nazis, his undeviating single-mindedness, his obsessive devotion to an *idée fixe.* With Goering, it is the air force; with Streicher, the Jews; with Rosenberg, anti-sovietism.

Unpopular as he is—except with Hitler—Rosenberg's influence is very great. He is a party force of the first magnitude. It was, for instance, his private bodyguard of S. A., mostly composed of White Russian guardists, which Hitler chose for the delicate honor of standing guard on the dying Hindenburg.

His strength is founded on Hitler's great affection for him and the Leader's dependence on his "ideas."

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*The full title is imposing: *Beauftragter der Führeres Zur Uberwachung der weltanschaulichen Erziehung der nationalsoz. Bewegung.*

Cool and Calculating

A few logical problems for the delectation of enigma eaters whose minds hop, skip and jump

by J. C. FURNAS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

ONE consequence of mortising together for print what the editor of ESQUIRE called "a ripe bunch of enigmas" was wholesale protest from people who resented having their pet gags conspicuously broadcast. After the article was published, they complained bitterly that each new dog they tried an old favorite on had already heard it and, what was worse, remembered the answer. That first article did pretty well skim off the cream of the self-cocking variety of enigma. But there is still damage to be done. For people who don't mind a slightly laborious touch to their mental gymnastics, there remains the straight logic problem, simple or complex—and often quite pretty.

For example the elementary teaser about the seven amoebae in the bottom of the bowl. You have probably met the amoeba stolidly wobbling round at the other end of a microscope—a unicellular, colorless little creature, the Caspar Milquetoast of the world of ditchwater. His (or her, or its) reproductive habits are uninspiring, consisting of splitting in two to make two amoebae grow where one grew before. These amoebae in the bowl each split in two every minute, with the resulting new members immediately growing to full size. Those conditions will disgust biologists, since not even the most lustful amoeba is up to any such incontinence as that, and it takes some while for them to reach maturity after being born—if the word can be used at all. But, take it or leave it, these amoebae split every minute and, in the same instant, were full size. At the end of forty minutes, the bowl was full of amoebae. How long did it take it to get half full?

That kind of problem does smell a little too much like example No. 6 in Exercise XIV on page 97 of an elementary mathematical textbook. By this time, however, your school-days should be far enough behind for your horror of pencil and paper to have lost some of its edge. If you are the sort of person who remembers the formula for geometric progression, work it out stodgily and see where the halfway mark comes. But that's quite unnecessary, so that those who would definitely prefer not to remember such things have the bulge for once. Mere gumption will do you more good than figuring. The dilemma of the cigarette fiend in Zion City also goes in the gumption class. He was out of cigarettes—and you can't buy cigarettes in Zion City. Desperately he hunted through his hotel-room, where he had been illegally smoking, and collected a total of thirty-six dead butts, too short to be smokeable. By experiment, however, he found that, with newspaper and ingenuity, he could make a more or less satisfactory cigarette out of every six butts. So he made and smoked as many cigarettes as he possibly could, at the rate of six butts per. How many did he smoke?

One young woman, when introduced to that problem, retired with a pencil and a pad and returned after half an hour saying she finally had the answer—six cigarettes. That is obviously wrong, if only because so obviously right. These are not examples in third-grade arithmetic.

Perhaps only a rabid mathematician would feel thoroughly at home with the difficulties of the man who had ten young trees to plant and an *idée fixe* as to how they ought to be planted. He wanted them arranged in five rows, with four trees in each row, and he could afford only ten trees. Work that one out. It can be done.

The first piece on enigmas produced several indignant inquiries as to why the problem of the three candidates for public office had not been included. It was new to the writer, but even after a thorough acquaintance with it, he does not feel very hospitable toward it.* If you like that brand of juggling, however, try your luck on the business of the congenital liars.

In a certain country the whole population consists of either noblemen or huntsmen, much as that may sound like the beginning of an old-time operetta. By definition the huntsmen are all incapable of telling the truth and the noblemen all equally incapable of telling a lie, which betrays the bourgeois ideology of the unknown genius who invented the story. Three men, all natives, are walking down the road in this country. The man on the left says something to the man in the middle, identifying himself. The man in the middle turns to the man on the right and says: "He says he's a nobleman." The man on the right says to the man in the middle: "He's not a nobleman—he's a huntsman." At that point with a little ingenuity and some hard breathing you should be able to make out how many noblemen and how many huntsmen there were in the party. People who fail to think it through will sometimes tell you that one under the delusion that you can also make out the relative positions of noblemen and huntsmen from left to right. As a matter of fact you can't. And be careful in telling it, for, if you switch the dialogue to read: "He say's he's a huntsman"—"He's not a huntsman—he's a lord"—you can't even get to first base.

By this time you may be sufficiently inured to mild cerebration to try something fairly gruelling, and move on into a kind of problem which requires the care of a graduate pharmacist filling a prescription. If your sense of logic stays with you, however—and if you like that sort of thing to begin with—you'll wind up with the satisfaction of a very pretty solution.

Take the crew of the railroad train to break in on. A brakeman, fireman and engineer are employed on a train. Their names are Robinson, Smith and Jones, *not respectively*. On this train are three passengers with the same names—Robinson, Smith and Jones—hereafter referred to as Mr. to distinguish them from the employees.

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit.
2. The brakeman lives halfway between Detroit and Chicago.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly $2000 a year.
4. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
5. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, one of the above passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman.

Continued on page 167

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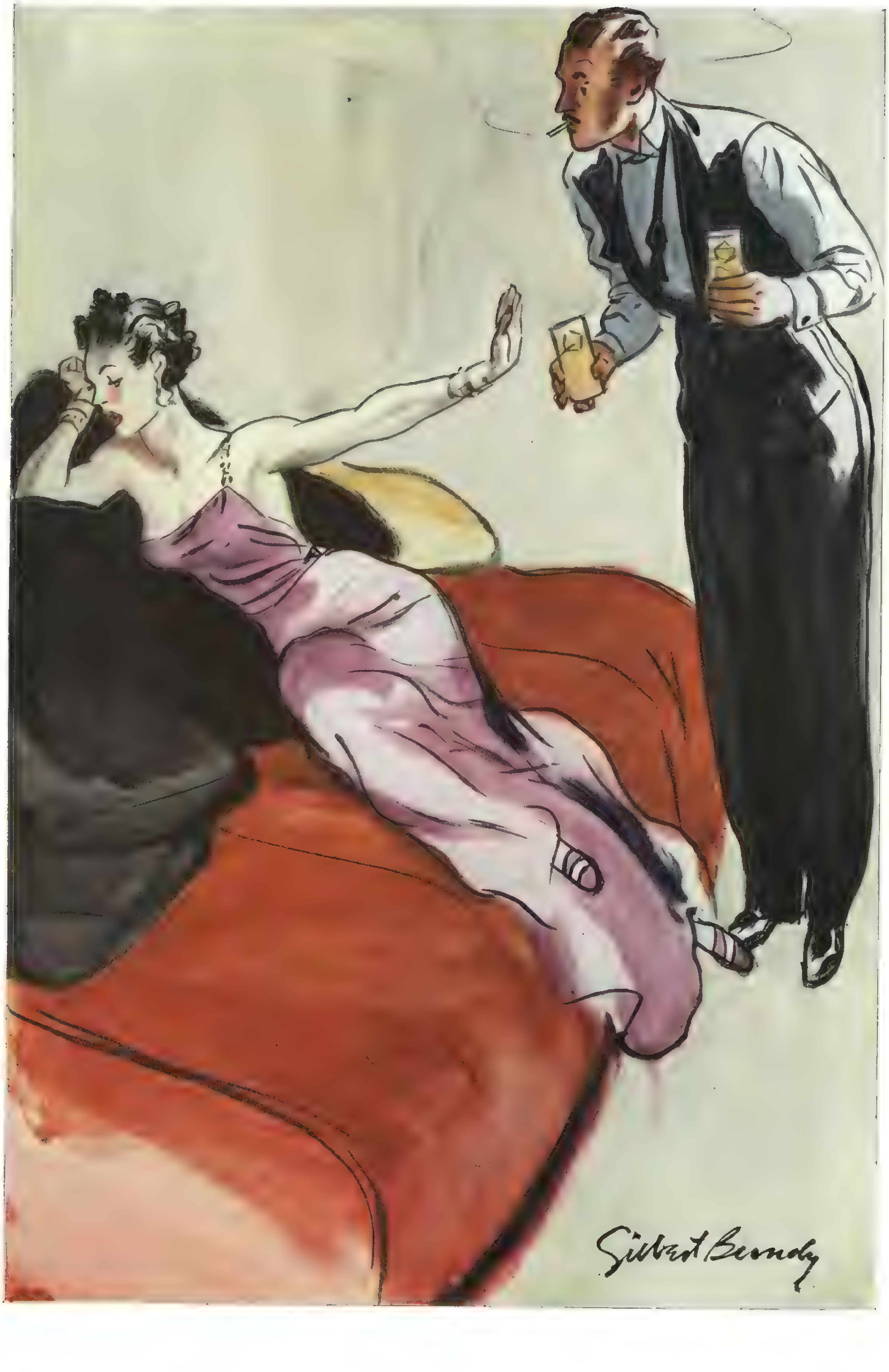
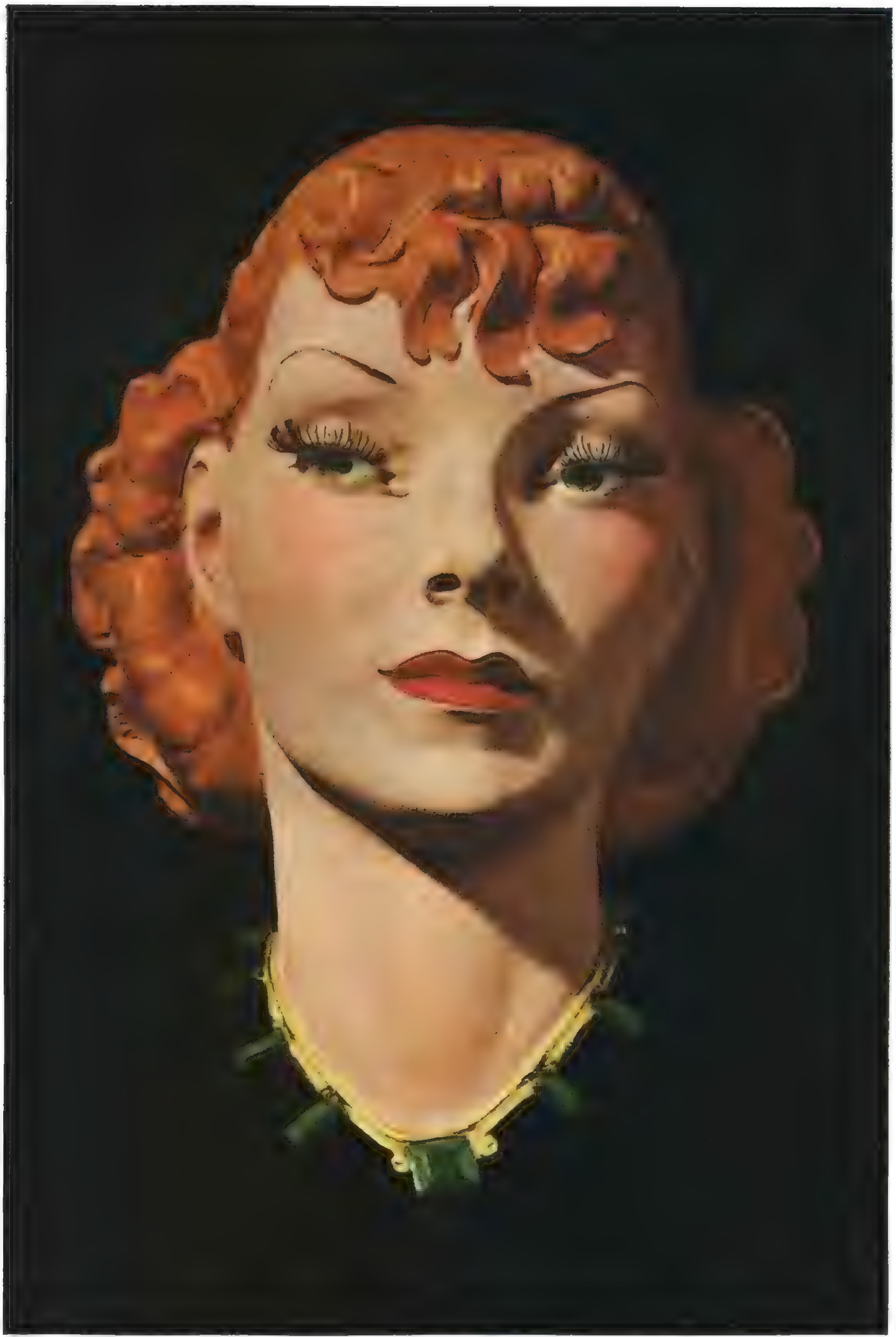
*One version concerns marks on foreheads, the other, as published in THE SOUND AND THE FURY for October, 1935, red and blue hats. The first count against it is that the solution is so laborious, quite unlike the sudden, flash-of-lightning solution which characterizes the prime enigma. The second is that, unless the problem states that all foreheads were marked or all hats red, there are two alternate situations to be solved for. Thus the winning candidate can discover his own situation only through assuming that, unless all three hats were red or all three foreheads marked, his rivals would have been able to dope the answer out ahead of him—which implies previous knowledge of their mental abilities which the outsider does not derive from the problem. The intrusion of a psychological judgment is probably bad medicine. Here is the marked forehead version, however, cleaned up as far as possible:

"In a certain community everyone laughs when and only when he sees a spot on someone's forehead. Three men enter a room by separate doors, with the understanding that any man who knows definitely that he has a spot on his own forehead is to leave the room. Each of the three actually does have a spot on his forehead. All start laughing at once. After a certain time one leaves the room. Why?"


Gilbert Bundy

"Please go away—I want to think"



MASK BY H. LIEDLOFF

FEMININE FACE CARDS, NO. 1: GIACONDA OF THE NIGHT CLUBS

SHE's not, somehow, the girl you would expect to see in a night club, and yet, somehow, you never see her anywhere else. Her beauty is a curious and tantalizing blend of the eternal and the momentary, as ageless as Aphrodite, as moded as a magazine cover. Her almost-smile is Mona Lisa's, and her eyelids are a trifle weary, but her brows are Greta Garbo's, and her eyes, if you can only watch them long enough, are as calculating as comptometers. But her jewels, you would swear to it, are both as real and as much her own as her hair. Surely she could have got them only from her mother. Heirlooms, perhaps, in new settings. And yet you wonder . . .

Model Wanted

Five artists and a girl in Tony's restaurant present a little study in economics

by ALBERT HALPER

• FICTION •

The five of us were sitting in the back room of Tony's, taking it easy. Johnson, as usual, was doing most of the talking. He was saying that all the mural painters in the United States of America were worth about sixty-nine cents, without the sales tax. Seeing that he himself was a mural painter, I did not argue.

After we were sitting around a while Tony, who had been standing at the door looking up and down the street to see if any cops or dicks were around, gave the okay signal: "All right." Pete, Tony's assistant, reached in back of the sink and brought out the wine. He placed five coffee cups on the table and then did the pouring. George Samson, who was sitting next to Johnson, regarded this ritual critically and made some comment on the quality of technique. Pete filled the coffee cups sloppily to the top, then put the jug back.

We all sat looking at the very dark red color of the wine, then, one at a time, we started drinking.

It was powerful, as usual, powerful and tangy. Tony's sister, over on First Avenue, made it herself. The grapes had been good last year and this vintage was especially fine and potent.

Tony kept standing at the door, his back toward us, keeping out some of the light.

"Hey, Tony," said Johnson, "when are you getting a bulb back here?"

"He's afraid we might see the flies swimming on top of the wine," said Perry.

"No, it's not that," said Tony's sister who had been standing at the back. "You see, the license costs so much and he can't afford one and has to be careful. The state liquor license is so high that—"

But we didn't listen to her finish. We had heard her say it so often we knew it all by heart ourselves.

After a while she put her hat and coat on and went out shopping, heading over for the push-carts on First Avenue for cheap vegetables and stuff. Today was Thursday and on Thursdays Tony usually ran a bean soup special for supper.

We were sitting in the back, not in the restaurant itself. In the back Tony sold wine, to people he knew. In the front he ran a six-course dinner for fifty-five cents and a lunch for forty cents. Business, however, was rotten, Pete, the sloppy waiter, not having a chance to complain of fallen arches.

The way we got to know Tony's was through Johnson. Johnson had done the murals on the side walls. Tony had paid him ten dollars and the rest of it Johnson took out on meals and wine. The Swede had wanted to do a classy job, as the wall appealed to him, but Tony gave one look at the preliminary sketches and said nothing doing. Tony said he wanted to have six panels, all of Italy—one of Mount Vesuvius, one of Florence and one of Sienna. The other three he was not so particular about. He had relatives only in Naples, Florence and Sienna and didn't care much about the other Italian towns.

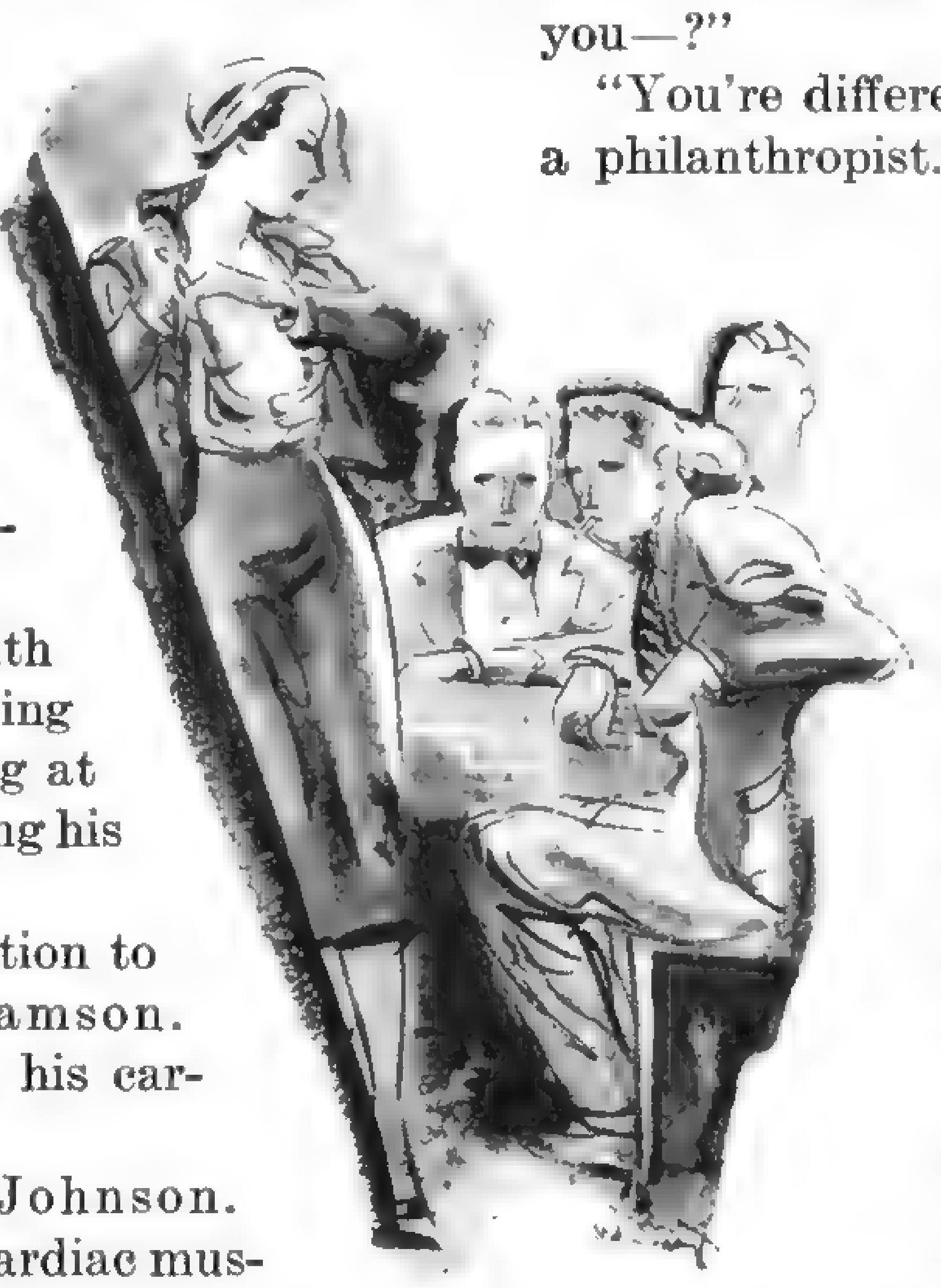
So Johnson had given Tony what he had wanted, painting the stereotyped stuff one sees in all the litte East Side Italian basement joints in New York.

As we sat drinking slowly wise-guy George Samson stared lazily at the walls.

"Hot stuff," he said sarcastically.

That's the way with painters, gentlemen if it kills 'em.

"Hot stuff," George said again, with sarcasm.



It was a dirty dig because everybody present knew the job had been painted as per instructions, but painters are painters and you can't change the breed.

"Hot stuff yourself," said Johnson, boiling, "hot stuff to your hotstuff, kid."

"What's the matter with Tony?" said Perry, speaking low. "He's still standing at the door, but he's wiggling his ears like he's crazy."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said George Samson. "He's merely exercising his cardiac muscles."

"His what?" said Johnson.

"You heard me. His cardiac muscles. If you knew your anatomy as well as I do, you wouldn't have to ask."

"Only doughnuts have cardiac muscles," said Johnson. "Doughnuts and bananas."

The boys were off, so I turned my head toward the front. The partition door in the back where we were sitting was open, and I could see, by turning, all the way through the small narrow store to the street. Tony's hands, not his ears, were wiggling behind his back as if in frenzy, so we stopped our kidding and tossed off the rest of the wine, then quickly put the cups beneath the table. We started playing cards, in ye old yacht club manner.

A few seconds later a big man in a dark suit came slowly by the windows. He spoke to Tony for a few moments, looking inside at the empty store in an offhand fashion, then moved on. All of us knew he was a dick.

"He's not looking for wine imbibers," George Samson said sarcastically. "What could he get from a shake-down from Tony? Nothing. He smelling around the garage next door. They get um hot cars and they do a right smart business."

Tony came back, looking small and gloomy.

"Listen," said George, "you made us gulp the wine down so damn fast we couldn't taste it. How about another round on the house to make up for it?"

Tony stood small and gloomy, standing in his tracks. He began to get out of it, saying business was rotten. "Honest to God—" he began.

"Let him alone," said Johnson. "Sure his business is rotten. Can't you see, no one is in the place and it's noon. He owes me fifteen dollars yet for the murals but you don't see me stepping on his feet, do you—?"

"You're different," said George. "You're a philanthropist."

Johnson cut him short, then looked at Tony. "All right, let's have another round, but I'm paying for it, see?"

We took our coffee cups from under the table and Pete, who had been dozing near the wall, got up and filled them up again. Tony went slowly toward the front of the store, once more standing near the door.

"I don't like this place any more," said Samson. "This place doth breed foreboding."

"I don't like it either," said Frank, who had done hardly any talking.

"And why not?" asked Johnson.

Frank, who has about as much originality as a beer-sign, even in his painting, put on a frown. "Because it doth breeds foreboding." Even George had to tell

Continued on page 182B

None But the Brave

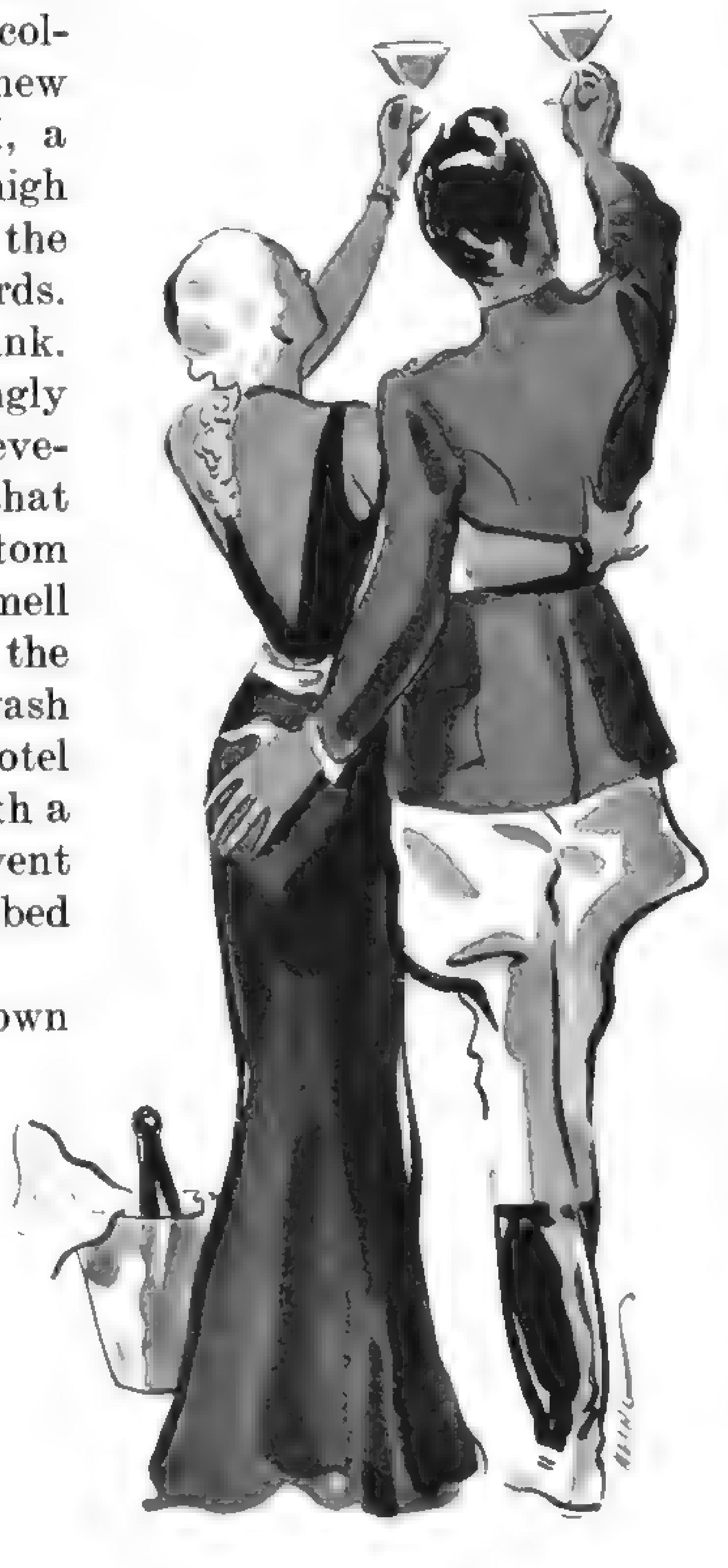
The band was playing Dardanella and homing heroes got a gulp of American beauty and of gin

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

FICTION

The ratfaced bellboy put down the bags, tried the faucets of the washbowl, opened the window a little, put the key on the inside of the door and then stood at something like attention and said "Anything else, Lootenant?" This is the life, thought Charley and fished a quarter out of his breeches pocket. "Thank you, sir, Lootenant." The bellboy shuffled his feet and cleared his throat. "It must have been terrible overseas, Lootenant." Charley laughed: "Oh, it was all right." "I wish I coulda gone, Lootenant." The boy showed a couple of ratteeth in a chinless grin. "It must be wonderful to be a hero," he said and backed out the door.

Charley stood looking out the window as he unbuttoned his tunic. He was high up. Through a street of grimy square buildings he could see some columns and the roofs of the new Penn Station and, beyond, a blurred sun setting behind high ground the other side of the Hudson across the trainyards. Overhead was purple and pink. An L train clattered raspingly through the empty Sunday evening streets. The wind that streamed through the bottom of the window had a gritty smell of coal ashes. Charley put the window down and went to wash his face and hands. The hotel towel felt soft and thick with a little whiff of chlorides. He went to the lookingglass and combed his hair. Now what?



He was walking up and down the room fidgetting with a cigarette, watching the sky go dark outside the window, when the jangle of the phone startled him. It was Ollie Taylor's polite fuddled voice. "I thought maybe you wouldn't know where to get a drink. Do you want to come around to the club?" "Check . . . that's nice of you Ollie, I was just wonderin' what a feller could do with himself in this man's town." "You know it's quite dreadful here," Ollie's voice went on. "Prohibition and all that, it's worse than the wildest imagination could conceive. I'll come and pick you up with a cab."

Charley put on his tunic, remembered to leave off his Sam Brown belt, straightened his scrubby sandy hair again, and went down into the lobby. He sat down in a deep chair facing the revolving doors. There was music coming from somewhere in back. The lobby was crowded. He sat there listening to the dancetunes, looking at the silk stockings and the high heels and the furcoats and the pretty girls' faces pinched a little by the wind as they came in off the street. There was an expensive jingle and crinkle to everything. Gosh it was great. The girls left little trails of perfume and the warm smell of furs as they passed him. Need *beaucoup* jack in this man's town. He started counting up how much he had. He had a draft for three hundred bucks he'd saved out of his pay, four yellowbacked twenties in the wallet in his inside pocket he'd won at poker on the boat, a couple of tens in his back pocket, and let's see how much change. The coins clinked in his pocket as he fingered them over.

Ollie Taylor's red face was nodding to him above a big camelshair coat. "My dear boy, New York's a wreck . . . They are pouring icecream sodas in the Knickerbocker Bar . . ." When they got into the cab and he turned towards Charley a reek of highgrade rye whiskey came from him. "Charley, I've promised to take you along to dinner with me . . . just up to ole Nat Benton's you won't mind . . . he's a good scout. The ladies want to see a real flying aviator with palms."

At the club everybody seemed to know Ollie Taylor. They stood a long time drinking Manhattans at a dark panelled bar in a group of whitehaired old gents with a barroom tan on their faces. It was Major this and Major that and Lieutenant every time anybody spoke to Charley. Charley was getting to be afraid Ollie would get too much of a load on to go to dinner at anybody's house. At last it turned out to be seven-thirty, and leaving the final round of cocktails, they got into a cab again, each of them munching a clove, and started uptown.

There was a terrible lot of marble and doormen in green at the apartmenthouse where they went out to dinner and the elevator was all panelled in different kinds of woods. Nat Benton, Ollie whispered while they were waiting for the mahogany door to open, was a Wall Street broker. Everybody was in eveningdress waiting for them for dinner in a pinkishcolored drawingroom. They were evidently old friends of Ollie's because they made a great fuss over him and they were very cordial to Charley and brought out cocktails right away, and Charley felt like the cock of the walk.

There was a girl named Miss Humphries who was as pretty as a picture. The minute Charley set eyes on her Charley decided that was who he was going to talk to. Her eyes and her fluffy pale green dress and the powder in the little hollow between her shoulderblades made him feel a little dizzy so that he didn't dare stand too close to her. Ollie saw the two of them together and came up and pinched her ear. "Doris you've grown up to be a raving beauty." He stood beaming, teetering a little on his short legs. "Check on that," said Charley.

"Isn't he a darling?" she said when Ollie turned away. "We used to be great sweethearts when I was about six and he was a collegeboy."

When they were all ready to go into dinner, Ollie who'd had a couple more cocktails, spread out his arms and made a speech. "Look at them, lovely, intelligent, lively American women . . . There was nothing like that on the other side, was there Charley? Three things you can't get anywhere else in the world, a good cocktail, a decent breakfast and an American Girl, God bless 'em."

"Oh, he's such a darling," whispered Miss Humphries in Charley's ear.

There was silverware in rows and rows on the table and a Chinese bowl with roses in the middle of it, and a group of gilt-stemmed wineglasses at each place. Charley was relieved when he found he was sitting next to Miss Humphries. She was smiling up at him. "Gosh," he said grinning into her face, "I hardly know how to act."

"It must be a change . . . from over there. But just act natural. That's what I do."

"Oh no a feller always gets into trouble when he acts natural."

She laughed. "Maybe you're right . . . Oh do tell me what it was really like over there . . . Nobody'll ever tell me everything." She pointed to the palms on his Croix de Guerre. "Oh Lieutenant Anderson you must tell me about those."

They had white wine with the fish and red wine with the roast beef and a dessert all full of whipped cream. Charley kept telling himself he mustn't drink too much so that he'd be sure to behave right. Miss Humphries' first name was Doris. Mrs. Benton called her that. She'd spent a year in a convent in Paris before the war and asked him about places she'd known, the church of the Madeleine and Rumpelmeyers and the pastryshop opposite the Comédie

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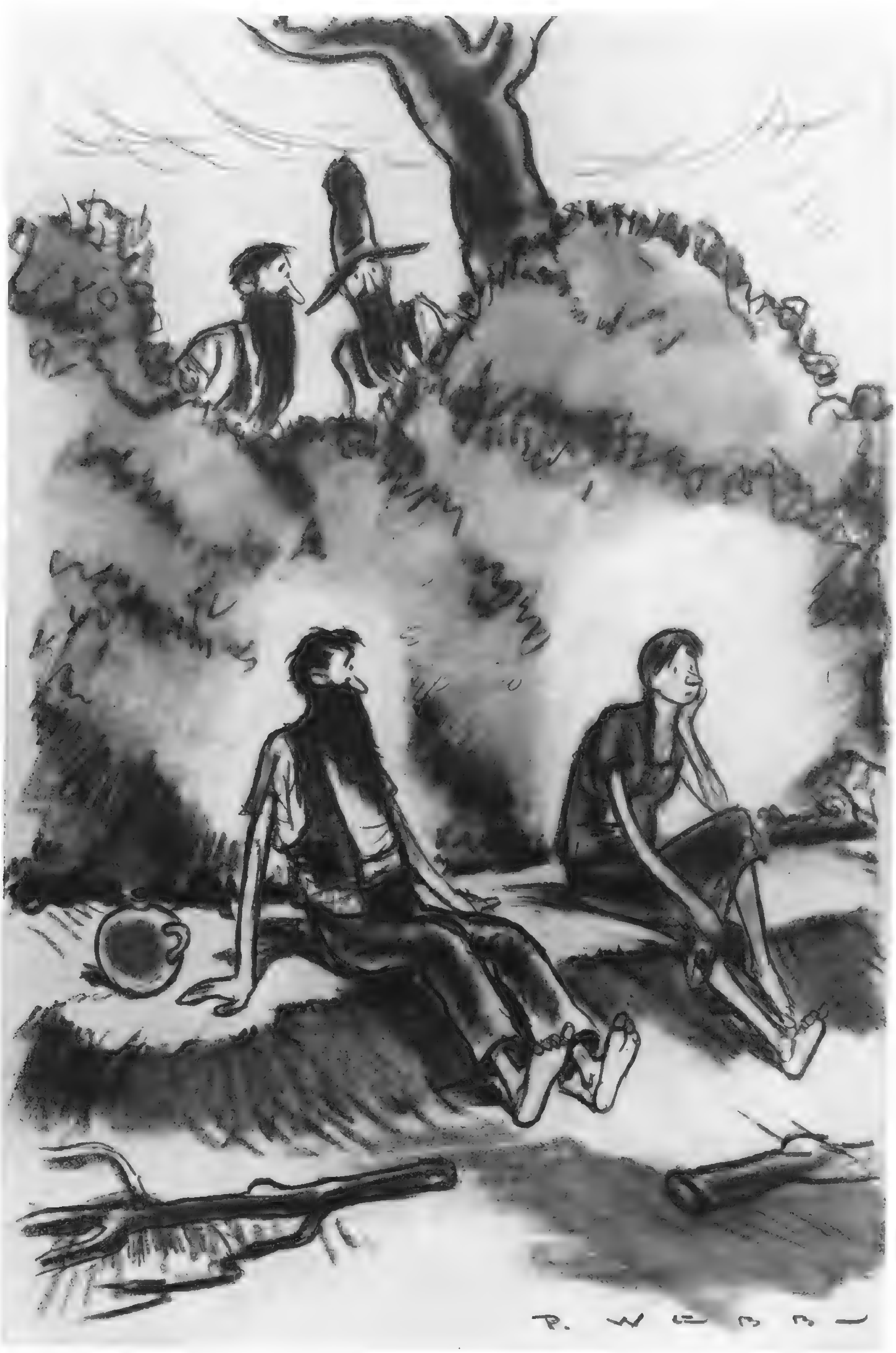


"I reckon Willy's aimin' fer t'kiss 'er — I seen him chuck away his quid"

Shadows Before

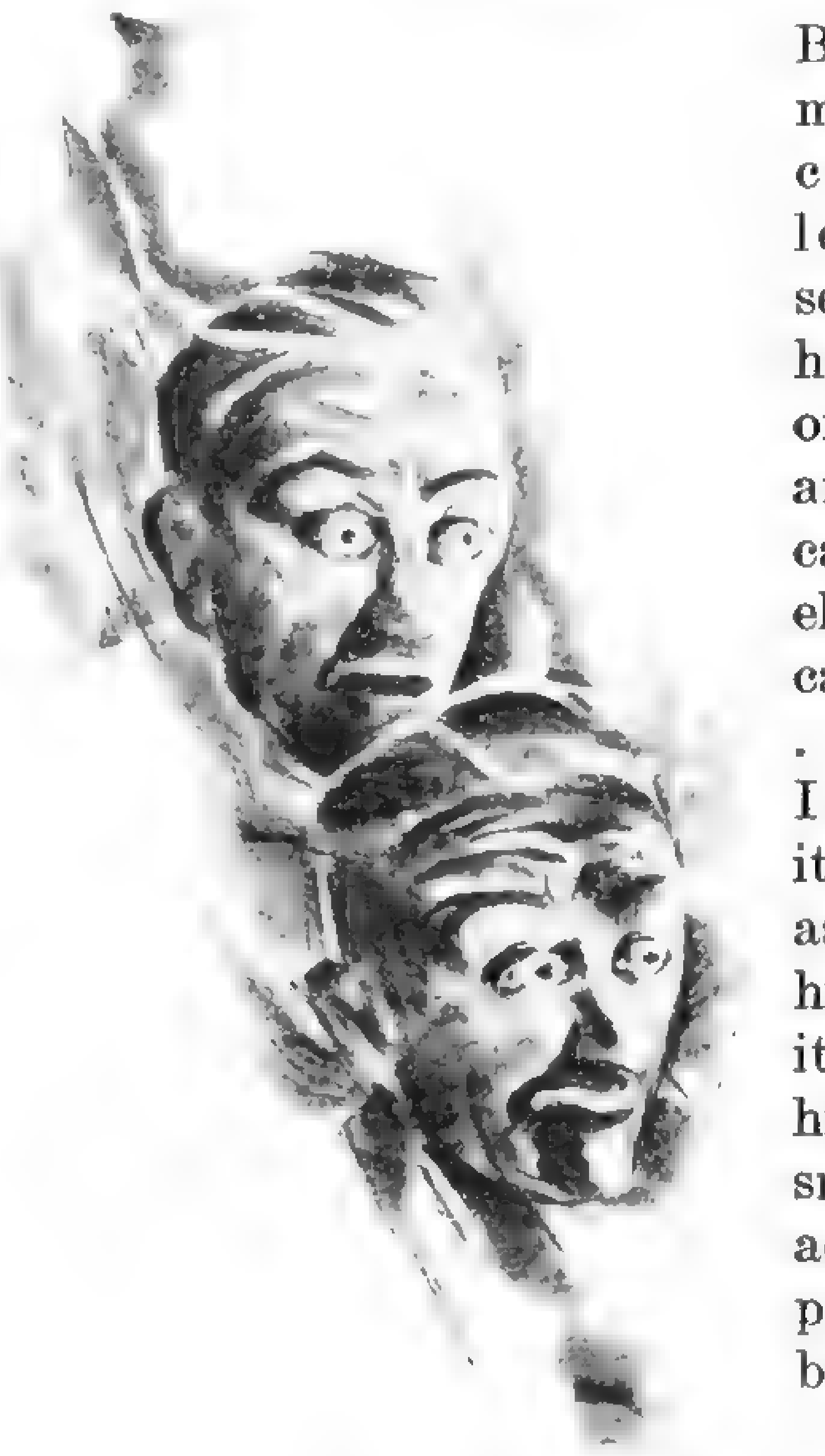
An eerie turn to our ideas of time, hinting that ghosts do not always come out of the past

by WALTER DURANTY

▪ FICTION ▪

BOBBY POORE's own explanation of what happened to him in a Greek hotel is that he is unusually sensitive to smells. I could accept that as far as Bobby is concerned because he is sensitive about everything, far more than any reporter has need to be.

But Lester Wales, the American airman, is as tough as a rhinoceros, and I have heard his story too, which makes a difference.



Bobby had a strange childhood . . . his parents were killed in a train wreck when he was five years old and he was brought up by a great-uncle in the wilds of Lincolnshire who collected English china and prints and cared about nothing else. For the first few years he hardly seemed aware that Bobby was alive . . . left him to a governess and the servants, but later he taught him to know china and prints by sense of touch and to have a real enjoyment of their beauty. To this day Bobby can detect a fake porcelain by running his fingers over it, and the same about prints. He says he was never unhappy in his uncle's house and that the most wonderful thing that ever happened to him was when he was allowed to touch things in the "Master's collect room," as the servants called it, and learn the feel of their texture and surface, teaching him to share an old man's passion for pieces of the Past.

And of course he was sensitive about his name. Everyone calls him Bobby, but his real name is Bobadil. One of his little friends at school found it out when he was eleven or so, and they kidded him until he hated his godfather and godmother, or whoever was responsible, and hated his little friends and hated himself too. Bobby says he was twenty-three before he stopped hating his name. It was the middle of the War and he was working for the New York "Universe" in Paris and wrote a story which they liked and wanted him to sign. He was second man in the office and his boss said, "Haven't you got a middle initial or something you can use because Robert Poore sounds rather flat. Why not call yourself Robert E. Poore . . . that will remind them of General Lee."

Bobby went pink and his boss said, "Well, isn't Robert your name?"

"No sir," said Bobby, pinker still. "It's Bobadil. Ain't it awful?"

"Good God," said his boss, "you lucky young devil. What more do you want? Bobadil Poore . . . that's like Rudyard Kipling. Don't you understand that anyone can be called Tom, Dick or Harry, but what a reporter wants when they begin to sign his stuff is a name people will remember. Bobadil Poore" . . . he repeated the syllables with savor. "You're lucky, I tell you; that's a name they'll remember."

"He was right," said Bobby, but I've noticed many a time that if anyone called him Bobadil, he looked sick and never seemed to like them somehow, whether they were men or women. You see, names are frightfully personal. You can get away from anything else except your name, because after all that's you . . . your label in the world. I know Bobby now realizes its value as a professional asset, but that can't make him forget the earlier shame it caused him. That made him sensitive, not only to smells, but none of it can account for the Lester Wales part of the story, as I said before.

It happened . . . this Greek business . . . in the spring of '33. Bobby Poore had been three months in Russia, traveling about to investigate the results of the First Five-Year Plan. There was a food shortage that winter and a lot of typhus and other diseases, and what with bad food and hard traveling Bobby was in pretty low shape when he came to Athens in May for a month's holiday.

He stayed at the Hotel Grand Bretagne, which is good as European hotels go but not exciting, and the second day he was there he slipped on the steps of the Acropolis and sprained his ankle severely, which did not make him feel more cheerful. He knew some of the people excavating in the Agora but he did not like the touch of the antique pottery they got so excited about when they dug it up. Even the marble head which they thought might have been by Praxiteles, or anyway one of his pupils, gave Bobby no pleasure whatever. The features were all worn away by time and weather so that it felt shiny and smooth like a skull. And the nights were hot and he slept badly.

Lester Wales was a godsend when he came in. Bobby had known him during the War, first in the Lafayette Escadrille, then with the American Army, and later flying for the French in Morocco, a big fellow, hard as nails and a "natural" pilot, no nerves, a dead-shot with any weapon and one of the extremely rare people who get a genuine kick from danger. Unlike most of the War-time fliers he didn't drink . . . not more than a glass or two . . . and he didn't talk too much and wasn't boastful.

Wales was in Athens to demonstrate an American plane for the Greek government. "They say it's civil stuff," he told Bobby, "regular service to Crete and the islands, but the real deal is bombers . . . I understand it's one of the conditions of their joining this Balkan Pact with Turkey. They must buy a given number of bomb planes, and the French are putting up the money. I guess they thought the Greeks would buy them in France, but the trouble with the French bombers is that they are out of date, and the Greeks were too smart for them. They got a clause in saying they could buy anywhere unless the French could show a better performance for the same price. Which they can't, and that's why I'm here. Unless something slips somewhere, I'll have an order for fifty of these new jobs of ours within the next few weeks. I'm putting on a show for the Army people tomorrow and the next day, beginning with a non-stop run to Crete. You can come along if you want to. Maybe you'd like to see the diggings down there at Cnossos . . . you're interested in pottery and what not, aren't you?"

If he had not said that, Bobby might have gone, but he'd had too much of it from his friends in the Agora. "Thanks a lot," he said, "but I have another idea. I found a little hotel out along the coast towards Corinth, lunched there the other day, nice place, quite clean and modern. I think I'll stay there for a week or two and nurse my ankle . . . swimming is the best thing for it . . . and lie on the beach in the sun. The food's quite good and they have a little annex where I can get an apartment very cheap and comfortable. It's only half an hour from Athens . . . on the regular motor-bus route. Why don't you join me when you get back?"

"I'd like to," said Lester . . . "let's see, today's Monday . . . I'll be back Wednesday morning, and then I suppose it will take them two or three days to think things over . . . yes, I might be able to swing it. Anyway give me a ring here Wednesday and I'll let you know."

Poore had meant to go to the Coast Hotel the following morning, but as it happened some people he knew landed early from a Mediterranean cruise steamer, and he spent

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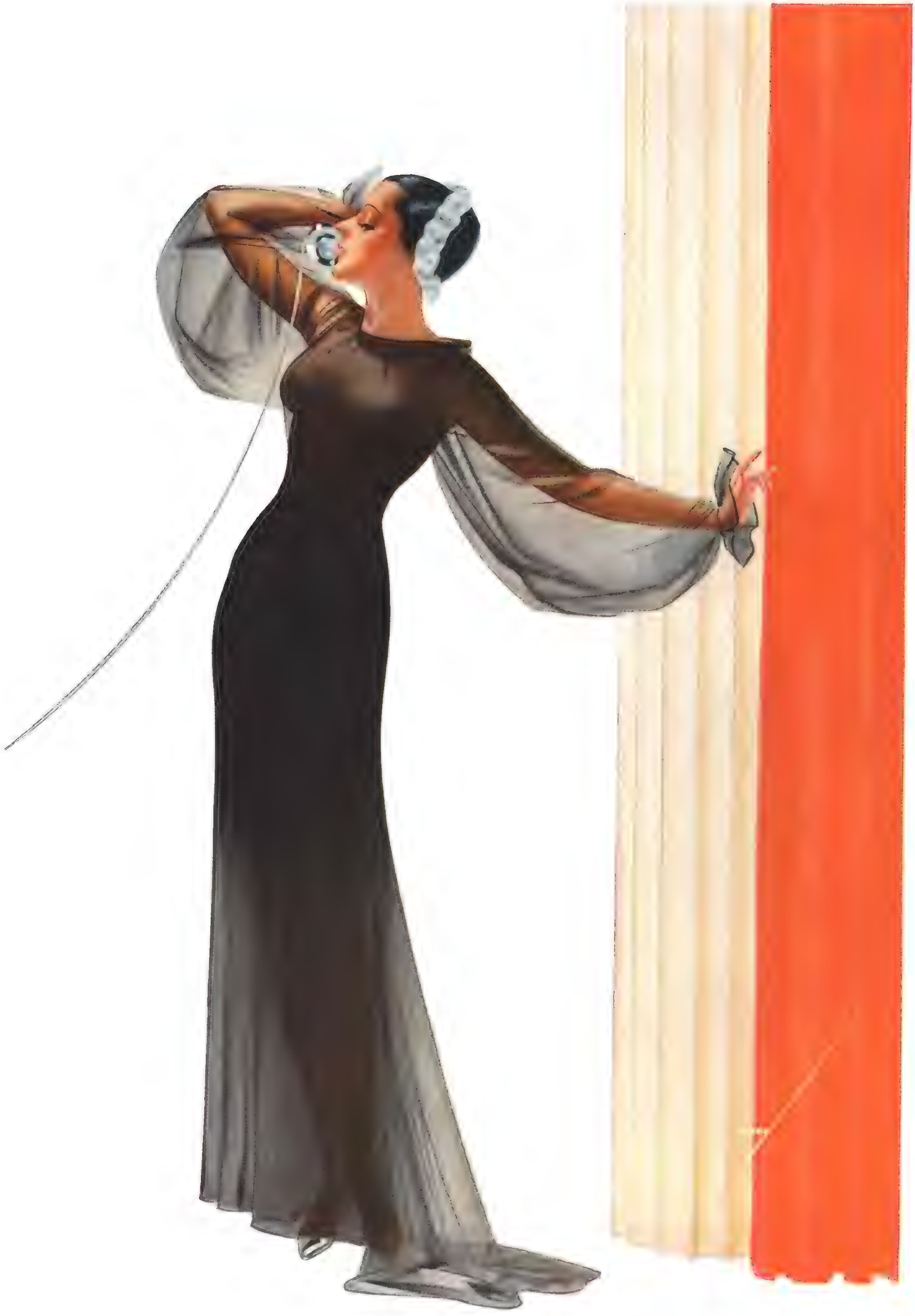
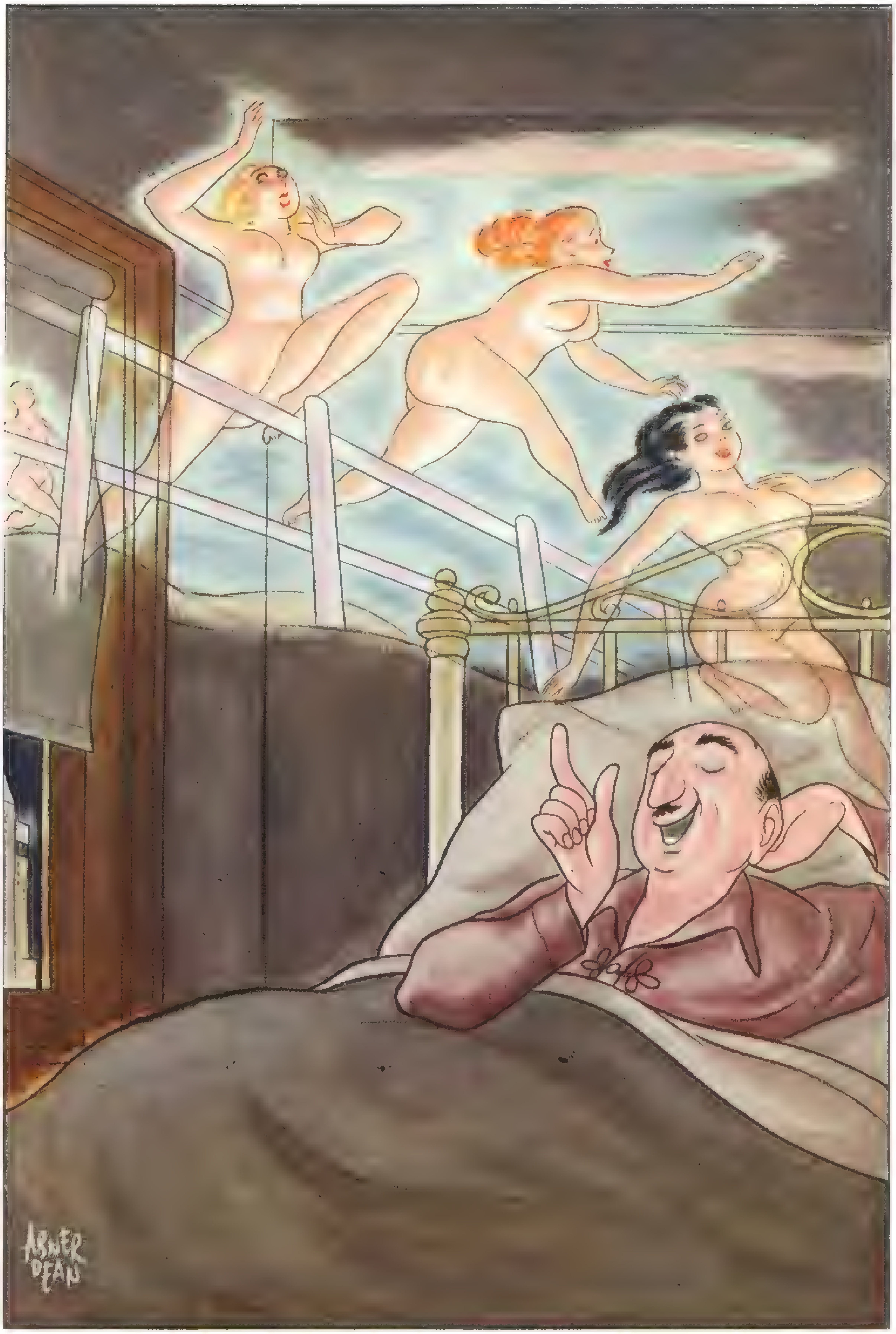


"Union Depot? Mr. Smith wants to make a cancellation"



"—11, 12, 13, 14,—"

Faithful to Byron

A cue from a spiritual minded lady may prove useful to those who would savor terrestrial joys

by A. R. BEVERLEY-GIDDINGS

• SATIRE •

EGBERT PATTEN's principal interest in life was not his business, as so many thought. It was trout-fishing. He was a mild thin man of perhaps thirty-five, with indeterminate features except for deep, dreamy eyes of an incredible, corn-flower blue which just managed to save his appearance from being nondescript. The business he had inherited from his father was sufficiently thriving to allow him an unrestricted indulgence in his passion for the few months yearly which the season endured. The balance of the year he was indefatigible in furthering his business interests—as though his lust for fishing weighed heavily on his conscience. Perhaps it did. He had that type of conscience.

Canada, Maine—such places were not for him. He liked the friendly New England brooks; a modicum of solitude, not vast forested lonely spaces. Brooks which foamed down through rugged hills, with farmhouses perched on the hilltops; brooks which flowed through placid meadows where cows grazed. Brooks alder-fringed and hemlock-shaded, with pleasant villages just out of sight.

He came at the close of one fragrant June day along a lane which led to a white, saltbox house standing well back from the highroad. The territory was new to him but it was essentially the friendlier New England if less mild than the parts he usually frequented. Mountains closed in the valley. The brook paralleling the road was stronger than most brooks he knew and boiled down into eddies, pockets and pools in a smother of foam. But there were villages near at hand; farmsteads in the valley and on the gentler slopes, and the mountains though steep and cragged were not unfriendly. So with the brook. It merely sang with a louder joviality.

A gentle rain was pattering down from a mild sky. It drew from the dust of the road an odor that was pleasantly earthy. It freshened the lilacs still in bloom in the neat yard; it lacquered the leaves of the gnarled apple trees. Somewhere a robin sang.

Egbert drove into the driveway at the rear of the house. A young man came to meet him—obviously the hired man. Egbert eyed him with faint disapproval. He would know nothing of trout. It took gentle, philosophical, loquacious men—seasoned men—to be wise in the ways of trout. This man was dour. One saw it in his darkly handsome face. Egbert said shortly: "My name is Patten. I'm to board with Miss Ina Peabody for a fortnight."

The man gestured toward the barn. "Run your car in there," he said. Speech dropped from his lips in terse, brittle, unwilling dabs. Yet he was curious. He added at once: "How did you find out 'bout Miss Peabody?"

"A friend's recommendation," Egbert answered.

The man considered this. "My name's Brad Lipse . . . What friend?"

Egbert was conscious of a quick anger but he managed to say quietly enough: "Mr. Burlington."

"Him." Lipse's pale eyes flamed. "I remember him. He painted pictures. He painted the brook. He didn't fish much. You fish?"

"That's what I came here for," Egbert returned coldly.

"So long as you fish," Lipse said and his tone was a threat.

A woman came out on the back porch. She had been listening, evidently. Her tone was angry as she called: "Go 'bout your business, Brad." She walked toward Egbert, ignoring the shower. "Come in, Mr. Patten," she said cordially. "I'm Martha Lipse, Miss Peabody's cook. We're all ready for you." Her voice sharpened. "You Brad! Run Mr. Patten's car into the barn. Then bring in the luggage."

Lipse cringed before her. Egbert turned his back on him and followed Martha into the house.

"My brother," she explained, jerking one hand over her shoulder. "His disposition ain't good. He ain't what you'd call congenial." She laughed at her own irritation. Egbert, warming to her, answered her smile. "Miss Peabody?" he enquired.

"Upstairs," Martha answered. "She'll be down directly. I've saved some supper for you. You could wash up here 'stead of your room, if you want."

"I'd like to," Egbert confessed. "I'm fearfully hungry."

HA
HA
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HO

While he splashed in a tin basin she busied herself with preparations for his dinner. She led him, when he had finished, to the dining room. "This is a good year for trout," she said idly.

"I'm very glad to hear that," he responded in his gentle voice.

Her remark, he realized in a moment, was a preliminary to more important matters. She went on presently: "Mr. Burlington sent you here, didn't he?" She added without waiting for a reply: "Did he tell you 'bout Miss Peabody?"

"Nothing," Egbert replied, "beyond the fact that she was a very satisfactory hostess. He mentioned that the fishing was usually excellent. You see, our conversation was over the telephone. Is there anything else he should have told me?"

Martha's eyes lifted from the table and met his. "Nothing to be alarmed about," she said quickly. "Miss Peabody is a little queer in some ways . . . Wait a minute. Don't misunderstand. She's perfectly sane. She's lovely. *You'll* like her."

Egbert asked slowly: "What's queer about her?"

"She's in love," Martha replied, "with a poet."

Egbert laughed. "With a poet," he repeated. "I gather from your tone that you consider this somewhat precarious."

"With Byron," Martha said.

"Byron?" Egbert's jaw sagged a trifle. He finished weakly, "But Byron's dead!"

"Yes. That's what makes it queer."

"I think I understand," Egbert said after a moment's thought. "It's a phenomenon not unusual among a certain type of elderly spinsters. Soulmates, you see, and all that—" His voice trailed away into vagueness.

"Miss Peabody is not elderly. She's twenty-six." Martha took up her tray and went back to the kitchen.

Egbert busied himself with his dinner. He was not alarmed over the state of Miss Peabody's affection for a long-dead poet. It did seem to him, on such meager consideration as he had been able to give the matter, that there must be a certain futility connected with such a love. A spiritual essence might be present. Of course, he assured himself, he understood the fundamental

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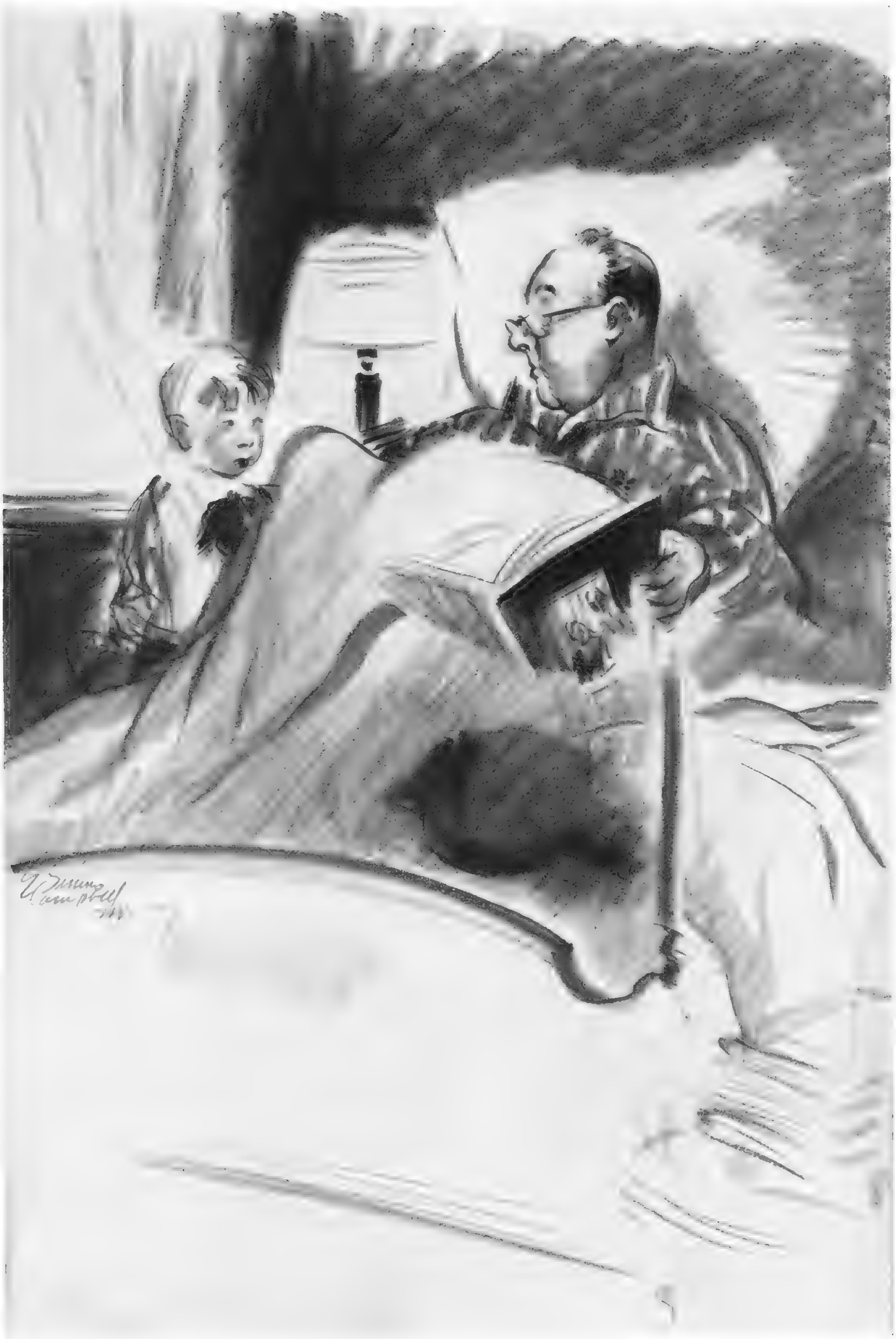


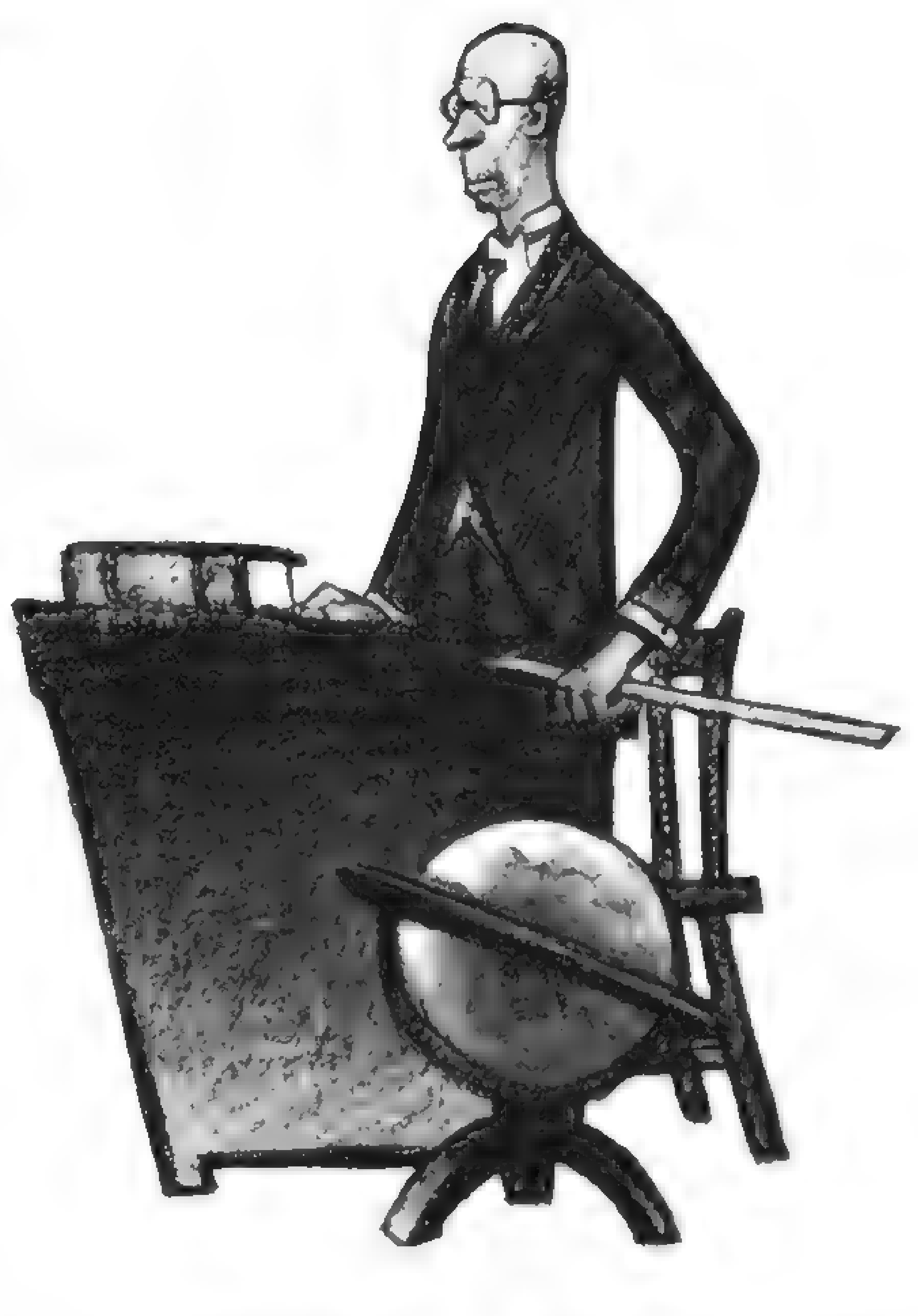
"If you're sick, Uncle Frank — who'll Mom get t'play Santa Claus this year?"

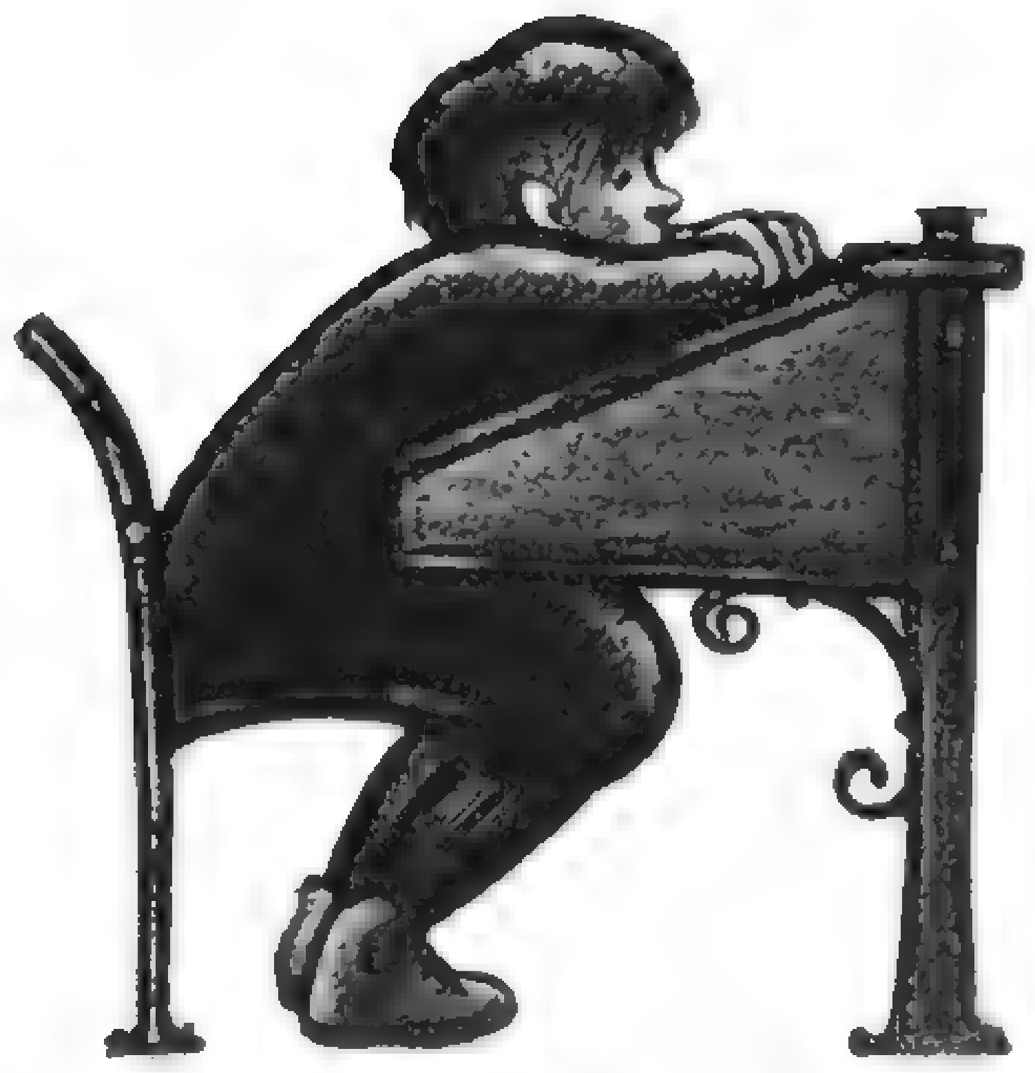
Jonah and Bruno

Of the frenzied and brutal battle between a teacher and a child of indomitable will

by H. E. BATES

• FICTION •





Jonah slowly rested his elbows on the high teacher's desk, first one and then with the same deliberation the other, tucking his white cuffs into his jacket sleeves at the same time. He looked at the class dangerously. It was the second lesson of the morning, but the windows of the classroom were north and south, so that we had no sun, a half glass partition on the eastern side cutting us off from Miss Salt and standard five. We could see Miss Salt's iron-colored hair, done up in a magnificent dome, if she moved across her room towards us, and in silent intervals we could hear her voice in haughty command, "Pens *down*, fold *arms*, sit *straight!*" and the scuffle of obedience in answer. And sometimes Jonah or Miss Salt would write pencil notes to each other on the torn-out pages of exercise books and then hold them flat on the glass for each other to read, Miss Salt's neck reddening, Jonah's mouth leering up to one side under his stiff whitish moustache.

"India is the central peninsular of southern Asia." Jonah began to articulate the words slowly and significantly, his grey eyes transfixing us. We sat still, forty of us, two to a desk, in a paralysis of attention. Jonah was about fifty, his flesh the color of pork, a greyish white, his knuckles standing out almost like white raw bone under the drawn skin, his almost fleshless nose thin and very long, with a faint twist in it, a perpetual sneer of contempt at us. "Extensive irrigation is practised. The crops include wheat, maize, cotton, coffee, tea, rice—"

"Pudden," whispered Bruno.

"Opium poppy, spices, sugar-cane and so on. There are large tracts of jungle." Jonah went on without a pause or change of voice.

Bruno sat next to me, in the same narrow desk. He had hair like a lion, yellow, with tawnier streaks in it. As always, it needed cutting; it hung over his collar in fierce little curls of yellow and flopped down like a mane over his thick-skinned face whenever he bent over the desk. It was his hair that gave Bruno the untamed look as he sat sullenly listening to Jonah, his lips pouched.

"Precious metals are found in the provinces of Burma and Assam. There are mines of coal, iron, manganese ore, copper—"

"Nob," Bruno said. He spoke out of the corner of his mouth, so that we could just hear. "Copper nob."

We sat tense, half-laughing inside ourselves, watching Jonah. There was no sign. He went on reciting, the tops of his fingers pressed together, forming a cage of bone. "Tin and other metals. Then we come to one of the most important assets of India, its forests. Its forests." He paused for a moment. "Its forests." He waited, spoke slightly louder. "Its forests." His lips pressed themselves into the formation of a smile. "If God had intended our friend Clarke to look out of the back of his head he would have given him eyes there." Nobby came around like a shot, the blood in his face. Jonah relaxed his lips. "Now that our friend Clarke is listening—its forests." His hands slowly unformed and then formed the cage again. "Characteristic trees are, teak, sandalwood, ebony, rubber—"

"Soles," Bruno whispered.

"Bamboo, deodar, and the banyan tree." He finished speaking, made a pause. And then suddenly, like an unexpected shot:

"Did I hear you say something, Bruno?"

"Nosir."

"It is curious, as I think I have remarked before, how my ears deceive me. I thought you spoke."

"Nosir."

"Curious. What are the trees of Indian forests, Bruno?"

"Teak, sandalwood, ebony, rubber, bamboo, deodar and the banyan tree." Bruno spoke fast, producing the words in a mechanical strip, like a tape machine. His head was up, bold and sullen, his yellow hair flung back.

"One other tree, I think, Bruno."

"Nosir."

"I think so, Bruno."

"Nosir."

Jonah did not speak. He sat looking at Bruno, his fingers lightly caged, an expression of ironical sweetness on his face, his eyes like stone. The class, caught up in a new tension of fear and expectation, sat as still as tightened wire.

Suddenly Jonah spoke again. "My mistake," he sneered. Almost simultaneously he got up quickly, went to the window behind the desk and shut it.

It was the fatal sign; we knew it at once. When he turned back to us from the window the sweetish look had already vanished from Jonah's face, and the irony was also beginning to vanish, melted by a rush of anger. And now when Jonah was standing, upright, away from the desk, we realized how tall he was. He stood stiff and thin and ungiving, like a post of iron.

"I give you one more chance, Bruno," he said dangerously.

Bruno was silent.

"Then stand up!"

Bruno sat motionless. His gaze had lowered a little now; it was more sullen; the tawny lion hair hung half down in his eyes.

"Stand up!"

There was no movement that Jonah could see; but underneath the desk I could see a movement of Bruno's hands, as they tightened on the seat of the desk.

An instant later Jonah was down on him. He came in long strides of fury down the gangway between the desks. His face was like bone, quite bloodless, the neck-muscles bulging against his come-to-Jesus collar. And now for the first time his voice was lifted:

"Will you stand up?" he shouted.

Bruno, staring now at the desk, never stirred. And suddenly Jonah seized him. He caught him at the back of the neck, by the collar of his jacket, and in one single movement of fury half-lifted him off the seat. The desk lid, caught by Bruno's body, flapped open and shut again like a shot. "Stand up!" Jonah shouted. "Stand up, can't you? Stand up!" I felt the desk lifting bodily at each of Jonah's shouts. By this time Bruno had locked his feet round the iron stays of the desk and his fingers were like iron champs on the seat and Jonah could not move him. The desk went up and down with a dull clanging of wood and iron, like some stubborn animal that Bruno was riding and trying to tame. And all the time Bruno's hands were so clenched and his feet so locked that Jonah could not move him. His jacket was wrenched half-way up his back, so that I could see his shirt, but each time he came down on the seat again, locking his feet tighter.

Then all at once Jonah hit him. He struck him full across one ear, knocking his head to one side like an aunt Sally, and then across the other, knocking his head back again. He

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What Makes Musicians Wild

The sacred frenzy of the artist works everywhere except against a deaf stagehand with a broom

ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"What," asked a friend of mine, who takes a certain interest in the odder manifestations of the musical world, "makes musicians so wild?"

What makes them wild? Consider the following. It is not fiction but history.

The scene is a courtroom, where, before the bar of justice, accused and accuser face each other. The accused is neither murderer, white slaver, or dope peddler. He is a very great musician of noble and fiery mien. He is a man whose name and baton spell magic the world over.

He is, in fact, Arturo Toscanini, accounted by many the greatest orchestral conductor the world has known. There he stands, facing the charge.

The charge? Assault and battery upon a second violinist—assault so swift, sudden and unexpected, battery so merciless, representing such an unleashing of the passions that the unfortunate musician, under this attack, nearly lost an eye.

Rehearsing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Toscanini, beside himself at the indifference and listlessness of the player, had repeatedly but ineffectually admonished him. At last, the conductor saw red. He leaped tigerishly from his stand. He struck with his baton, so violently that the violinist's bow snapped in two. The point of it dug into his forehead, making an ugly gash, but, fortunately, missing the eye. The man so struck was an Italian, as hotblooded as his chief, so that very soon in that rehearsal things were lively. The day after came the trial.

Fortunately for Toscanini, there had been present at the rehearsal a noted psychologist, Annibale Pastore. In the courtroom he delivered an opinion which may be read by the curious in the archives of Turin's Department of Justice, and which saved the conductor from legal penalty. The opinion, in part, ran as follows:

"The musical sacro furore (sacred frenzy) is frequently capable of causing such intense excitation as fully to eliminate the normal personality . . .

"The Dionysiac mood—essential to musical life—might be described as orgiastic transfiguration, during which every inhibitive force is suppressed, and the impulsive power exaggerated to the point of paroxysm.

"Toscanini in this case is absolutely guiltless. His unlawful act is not immoral or intentional; it was purely involuntary and unmoral. In his almost indescribable emotional state at that rehearsal, Toscanini's act was typical of the unconsciousness of genius, breaking with all the surface conventionalities of normal life. To condemn him for it would be as bad as condemnation of musical genius."

Aside from his scores, Toscanini is, in his daily life, quiet and unassuming and adorable; very collected and precise in his habits, with a place for everything and everything in its place; full of affection for family and friends. In rehearsal he is a melomaniac, intent at whatever cost upon the truth and beauty of masterpieces.

Ah, but it's good to find a man who can be wild like that, in such a holy cause: as when, one day at a rehearsal, utterly discouraged and frustrated because he couldn't get the effect he wanted, he flung down the baton, and collapsed, his head in his hands, on one of the platforms at the feet of a player, until a first 'cellist picked up the discarded stick, and said gently, "Please, maestro, let's try just once more." As when, the horns have flatted in the funeral march of *Götterdämmerung*, he rushed wild-eyed, in a perspiration, with neither hat nor coat, crying distractedly, "they always do that on me"—rushed out of the dressing-room, out of Carnegie Hall, into the cold winter night, and almost in front of the taxi of a pursuing friend, and most miraculously did not succumb to galloping pneumonia, and thus deprive the world of men of that without which they would die: the ever-renewing and creating power of genius. As when, exasperated at the audience applauding for the repetition of a singer's aria in the midst of an opera performance, Toscanini turned, took his baton in his fist, flung it furiously in the public's face, rushed from the theatre, and took a boat the next morning for Buenos Aires, refusing for years to return to the environment which had so irritated him.

The orchestra men used to hate him for his sharp and merciless tongue, and the cruel strain of his rehearsals, until they travelled with him on a European tour of the Philharmonic Symphony which made history. They found then that Toscanini refused a cabin any better than theirs on the boat; that Toscanini went at night through the whole train to be sure his artists were properly cared for; that before salvos of applause Toscanini gratefully signalled to the audience his obligation to the orchestra. They found, in short, that the devil of the rehearsal-room was a man pathetically tortured by the intensity of his emotion and the exactions of his imperious inspiration, and craving affection, and full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness. After that they stood his frenzies and came to adore him, especially on the rare occasions when they accomplished exactly what he longed for, or when they knew that he, suffering for the good of art, has also suffered himself for the names he had called them! And when the maestro repented, and when he smiled that adorable and childlike smile—

One morning last winter he was rehearsing the Philarmonic-Symphony for a radio concert to be broadcast from Radio City. In the rear of the room stood respectfully a group of radio executives and representatives of the sponsor. Near the orchestra, just behind Toscanini's back, sat Signora Toscanini and her daughter. In the lap of Signora Toscanini was the Toscanini dog. No doubt he was musically sensitive, since, after a specially violent outburst of his master, who was calling the men "school-children," "idiots," etc., the sympathetic animal emitted a savage growl. It was the last straw. Beside himself, Toscanini yelled, "Who has that damned dog? Take it out at once, at once!" Mme. Toscanini quietly retreated with the dog toward the door, but the fat was now fairly in the fire. After repeated outbursts against the incompetents whom he claimed nothing could teach, as indeed who could teach imbeciles, and worse, murderers, betrayers, calumniators of the great masters, Toscanini dismissed the orchestra.

Next morning was another rehearsal, for the regular subscription concerts of the week. The sun had risen. Toscanini came gently, smilingly, and a little repentantly, to the conductor's stand. He addressed the players: "Gentlemen, you are musicians. I trust you implicitly. I know you will play for me magnificently on Thursday night. You are excused. There will be no rehearsal this morning." Thanks to a growling dog!

If there is anything more intolerable to this glorious madman than a performance that doesn't reach the perfection he dreams of, it's applause for an interpretation that doesn't satisfy him. One night when Toscanini was especially disgusted, the audience kept applauding and shouting for him to come back to the stage. He refused to return until he was overruled by a large,

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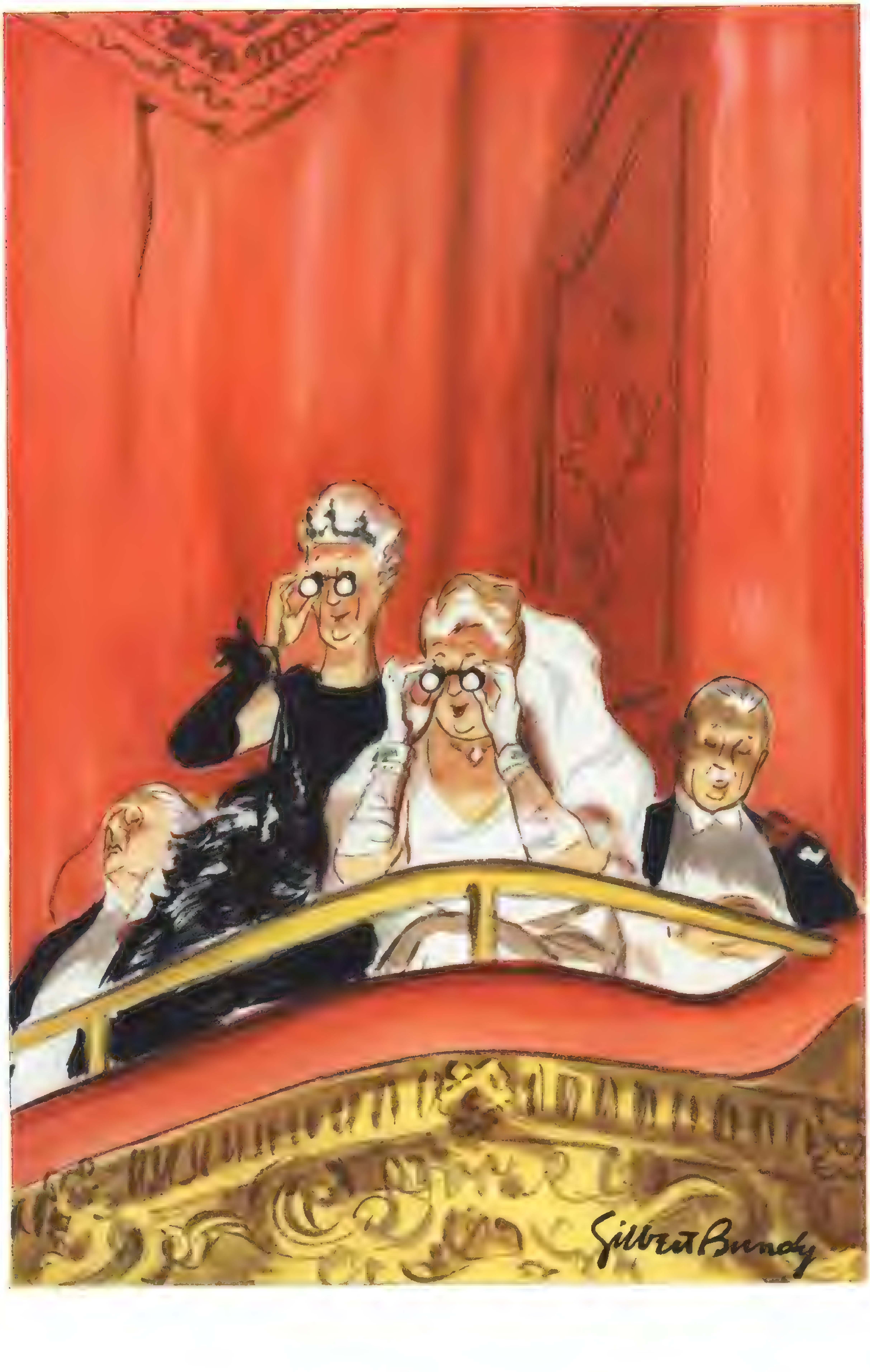
Gilbert Bundy

"You're right, Agnes—Faust's trousers are slipping"

Gilbert Bundy

"I don't know his name, but I got his license number"

It's a Small, Brave World

Excursion ticket to an American honeymoon, from Pittsburgh to New York, saving carfare home

by JOSEPH A. ECCLESINE

▪ FICTION ▪

THE six brass slugs came to fifty cents, and John paid for them with a hard-earned dollar bill, one of the thirty he had set aside for the big week-end.

The slugs were a little bigger than a penny and a little smaller than a nickel, and had a triangle-shaped hole in the center. One side bore a relief of a trolley car, with the legend "Pittsburgh Railways Co." The other side, in large letters, said, "Good For One Fare." Slanting rays, as if from a sun, emanated in all directions from the triangular hole on each face.

The first two slugs took John and Mary to the church just off Smithfield Street, a scant mile from John's grimy flat on the South Side. He had called for Mary at her parents' home and they had gone on ahead together, quite casually, as if it were just an ordinary Saturday afternoon date, leaving the folks to come along later with Mary's brother and sister.

The second pair of slugs went into the box of the orange trolley numbered Forty-Eight which took them to the cavernous Pennsy depot after the wedding.

Then there was the matter of thirteen dollars, six-fifty each, for the tickets for the New York excursion train, and the minister's fee and incidentals.

John reckoned, as he sat in the waiting room with his bride, that he had some thirteen bucks left, plus the two brass slugs.

He studied the discs abstractedly.

The slugs would take the two of them to the flat on Monday morning. From there they could easily walk to work, John to the drygoods emporium on Smithfield Street that was the first port of call on the shopping lists of residents of the tablelands around Pittsburgh, and Mary to the five-and-ten basement three doors down the street.

John was assistant to Mr. McMasters in Gents' Furnishings, and might have been somewhere by this time, if it hadn't been for the depression. Mary was in the kitchenware, and had been getting fourteen dollars a week for six years, six dollars less than John.

Now they were Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, bound for New York on thirteen dollars and an excursion train, a man and wife who had decided there wasn't any sense in waiting any longer for the depression to subside.

John put the discs carefully in the left-hand vest pocket.

The way things looked, he told himself, the slugs would be about all he'd have left on Monday morning.

They were among the first in line when the station agent threw open the gate, and walked up to the front car of the train, the first one opened.

John carried Mary's week-end bag and his own small Boston bag. His contained a shirt and tie, a fresh pair of sox and a couple of handkerchiefs, while Mary's equipment, all new, included a simple dress, a pair of chiffon stockings that were the most expensive things she'd ever owned, and a vanity case, all gifts from friends at the store.

While waiting for the brakeman to open the second car they sat together in a green plush seat, holding hands, smiling every now and then, looking into each other's eyes.

Somehow they didn't feel like talking.

Fifteen minutes more and the excursion would leave, taking them away on their brief jaunt into unreality.

It didn't seem much different, to either of them, from the five or six other excursion trips they'd taken together in the last couple of years, except that it had New York for its goal instead of Gettysburg, Philadelphia or Baltimore.

There was just this pleasant glow on the two of them, the solemn gladness that at last they'd become partners, man and wife.

When the brakeman opened the next car, John and Mary made a bee-line for seats, in the manner of experienced excursion-goers. There was plenty of competition, but they had a good lead on the others. Mary found a seat in the center of the car and John took a separate seat behind her.

It was part of the excursion technique.

They must hold the two chairs against all comers as far as Greensburg and pose before the conductor as absolute strangers to each other. Then, after Greensburg, they could turn the front seat forward and improvise a bed from the two facing seats.

The railroad rules said that you had to buy three tickets to hold two facing seats, but nobody who knew the ropes ever did.

Only one person asked John to share his place, and John said he was sorry, he was expecting his wife at Johnstown. The man went on. Nobody approached Mary.

John wanted desperately to sit beside Mary, but strained hard to try and appear interested in his copy of the *Sun-Telegraph*. The conductors know about the seat racket and are usually on the lookout for couples trying to work it, so it doesn't pay to take any chances.

At East Liberty, the first stop out of Pittsburgh, they almost spoke to each other, but the conductor was in the front of the car.

It was when the woman opposite, with the little girl, tried to get into the women's compartment in front of the car with the child, only to find it locked while the train was in the station.

Anxiously, she brought the kid back to the seat, hesitated, then asked the man in the seat in front of her whether he'd mind taking the kid into the men's room, if it was open.

"I'm afraid she can't wait," the woman explained simply. "All you have to do is let down her whaddayacallits—do you mind?"

John squirmed uncomfortably at that and his annoyance increased when the man returned and said that the men's room, too, was locked, and that he guessed the kid would just have to wait.

"They'll be pulling out of here in a minute," the man grinned. "Tell her she's got to try and make the grade."

Mary had turned, then, for the briefest instant, and winked at John, smiling. John fumed in silence. He wondered why women didn't feel annoyed at things like that.

After Greensburg, they turned their seats facing each other, took the backs off them, rearranged the seat cushions and assembled the four plush-covered surfaces on the chair frameworks, making what passes among experienced excursion-train travelers for a bed.

John used Mary's square week-end case for a pillow, giving her the Boston bag, which was softer, less uncomfortable.

They bought coffee and ham sandwiches from the Cuban train butcher who came through the swaying aisles with his wares every half hour or so, and fell finally into fitful slumber, stretched out on the hard makeshift bed facing each other, holding hands, John shielding his eyes from the baleful lights overhead with his hat.

As the train was pulling out of Philadelphia early in the morning he came to, saw Mary sleeping peacefully at his side. The two end lights were the only ones turned on and the car was strangely dim and quiet. Sleep had overtaken the last noisy holdout and the train plunged along through the blackness like something empty moving through an equally silent emptiness.

The distant wail of the

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"I'd Die for Dear Old Dollars!"

Crossing out every argument professional football advances against the old college try

by RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

Back in the Gay Nineties, when football at least was more black and blue than mauve, Princeton and Rutgers met one taupe autumn afternoon in their annual game of football. These two schools had staged the first intercollegiate game of history in 1869, and by 1892 their contest had become one of the annual classics.

Football was in its canvas-back stage, the players wearing moleskins, shin guards and mustaches; and mass play was the vogue, featuring flying wedges, tandems-on-tackle and center rush melees, with the result that almost every scrimmage brought the stretcher-bearers jogging onto the field to carry off the carnage.

After one of these pyramidal pile-ups, another Rutgers hero was toted off the field of honor, his leg dangling with a broken bone. Things were going badly for his team, anyway. Princeton was running up a 30-to-0 score, and little Rutgers was about all out of substitutes.

"Tie it up and let me keep on playing," gamely groaned "Pop" Grant, like a hardy Spartan of old.

"Why man," he was told, "your leg's broke. If you'd try to play now, you'd be a cripple for life."

"I don't care," muttered Grant, heroic from the pain and the excitement of the hot struggle. "I'd die for dear old Rutgers."

As usual with great immortal sayings, nobody thought much of Frank K. "Pop" Grant's inspired remark at the time, but with the mounting years it gradually grew in dimensions in American sporting lore, until today it is recognized as a classic and cryptic summary of the very essence and spirit of football.

In addition to that, there was in that impulsive, agonized utterance something of the stark hunger of the primitive, something stern and sombre and Lincolnesque. It told of the natural vigor of the pioneer in our national psychology of the moment.

For many years no one thought that there was anything funny in so deep an emotion in a young football player enraptured by his game. But since the war there has come a change in our national attitude. As a counter-reaction to that hysterical wave of idealism, has come a descent into realism as brittle sophistication succeeded the old-fashioned emotions of loyalty and self-sacrifice. So today when anyone refers to "Pop" Grant's classic remark, he is supposed to smile, thus relegating that entire spirit into the limbo of the lost. Today one smartly expresses the same thought, ostensibly, in the blunt parlance of sport as merely "the old college try."

Riding the current of this new point of view, while at the same time augmenting and spurring it on, has come the glitter of the parade of professional football, which has found it profitable, in the campaign to win over pay customers, to disparage the spirit of college football because that spirit can not be duplicated by professional athletic entertainers.

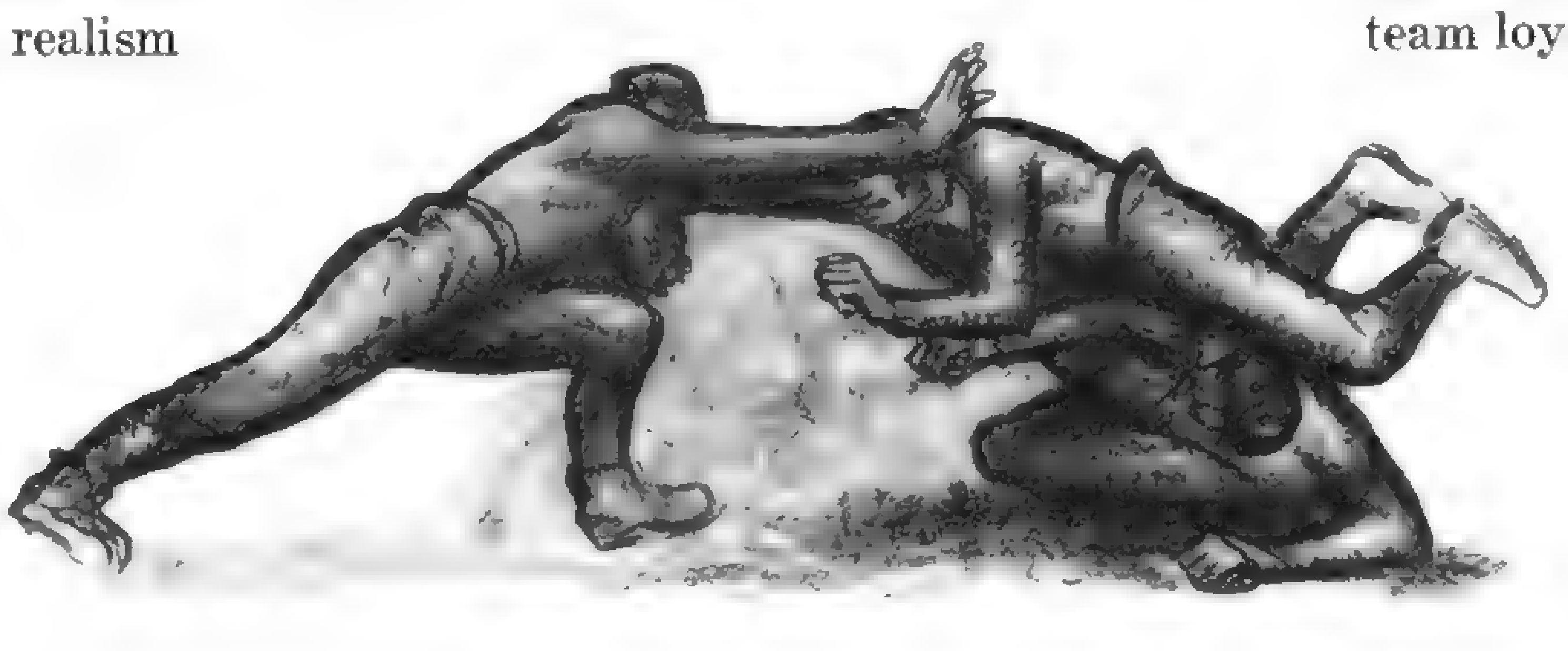
In order to "sell" their exhibitions, it was necessary for the promoters of professional football to convince the paying public that their game was better and more thrilling than the college contests. Trick rules were introduced, calculated to open up their game and provide long runs and long passes to entertain the spectators; and at the same time "the old college try" was given a good sound kidding by players who "knew when to loaf" rather than dissipating their flagging energies in desperate but futile attempts at plays.

But still finding their exhibitions drawing approximately a third of the college turnouts all along the line, another step was made in an effort to establish testimony that their game was stronger and better. An exhibition game was arranged between the professional champions, a team that had been playing together for a number of years, and a pick-up collection of post-graduate college players. Obviously it would have been more fair to pit a collection of former college players against a similar all-star team selected from the pro ranks, but that suggestion did not fit in with the purpose of the contest. Nevertheless, when the game was played under lamplight at Chicago in 1934, the result was a scoreless tie in which the Collegians had all the best of it, and the vaunted Chicago Bears' offensive failed to net even a first down by rushing. It was a sad moment in the build-up of professional football. But they were not through!

In 1935 the game was repeated, with some refinements in the matter of arrangements. In this exhibition the professional Bears scored a field goal and a safety to win, 5 to 0 from an all-star collection liberally sprinkled with unknown wonders from Illinois Wesleyan and San Francisco U., while such famous offensive stars as Duane Purvis and Jim Carter of Purdue, "Cotton" Warburton of Southern California and "Buzz" Borries of Navy were thoughtfully withheld from action by the group of four second-flight coaches in command, one of whom finds it curiously convenient throughout the fall to spend his Sunday afternoons on the bench of the Bears.

Thus, with their supremacy finally established, the pros went out to pack 'em in. But just how completely was the pro supremacy established by even this game, which was set-up by the pro promoters? It is a part of their propaganda to speak of the "perfect football" they play. In that respect it is interesting to consider that in their championship season of 1934, the Bears scored 301 points in 14 league games, or an average of 21.5 points per game, practically three touchdowns; and still they could not scrimmage for a first down against a team of college boys who had no motive for playing the game in the first place, and nothing of the team spirit that makes college football supreme. In the second All-star vs. Pro game, the professionals still were unable to make a touchdown. The scoreless tie of 1934 was the only game in 26 exhibitions in which the Bears were unable to tally.

But why shouldn't professional football players put up a better game than amateurs, the same as in any other game, the unwitting bystander asks? The answer is simply that football is a game apart. It is not a game of practiced skill primarily, but instead a game of emotion, enthusiasm, team loyalty and drive. It is the "infantry" of sports because of its direct impact, its hand-to-hand struggle of massed groups. Charlie Daley, the old Harvard and West Point All-American quarterback, long ago said it is "a game of war within the limitations of rules and of sportsmanship." It is a game in which ten



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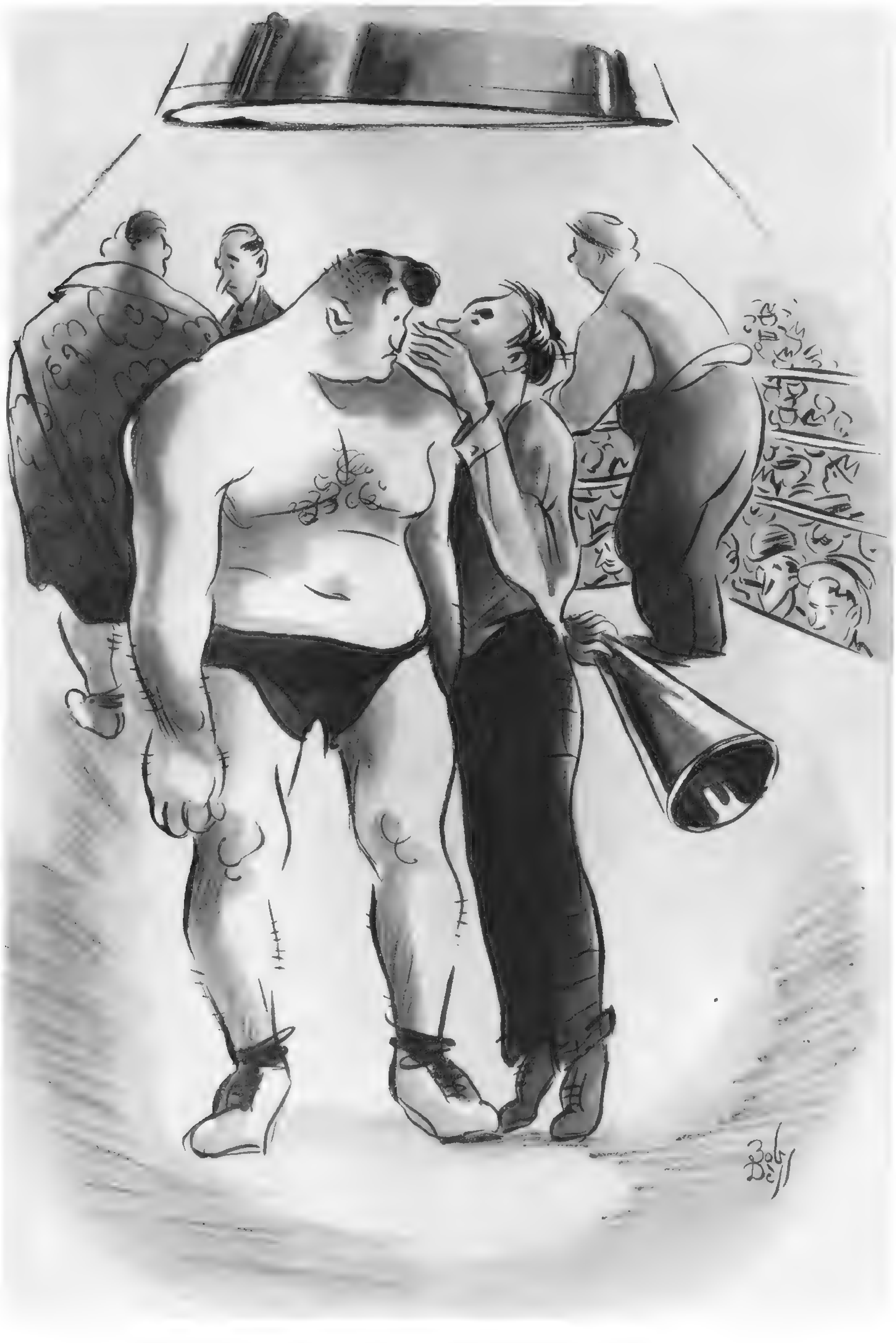

"We won't mention th' univoisity — that'll give youse prestige!"

Casanova on Ice

Picaresque goings-on of Lootevek the Lusty, in whose monkey business was shown his sound business sense

by PETER FREUCHEN

• FICTION •

Lootevek certainly considered himself in luck. He was at the end of a long, unprofitable winter, and also—what was more important—at the end of his tangible resources. He was in a bad way as far as credit at the trading post was concerned, too. I had been there myself on the previous day when he had come in and, in his usual glib manner, tried to charge some tobacco and a few groceries. Mr. Nielsen, behind the counter, did not even remove his pipe from his mouth to shake his head at the young Eskimo.

But now everything had cleared up, and here he was, paddling his *kayak* over the water to what he hoped was plenty of easy money. And as he glanced over at the beautiful white skin boat of Orfik, and his eyes took in the three girls who were rowing the older man, other ideas of what the journey might hold for him entered his carefree mind.

Only a man in Lootevek's desperate straits, perhaps, would consider his present connection enviable. My old friend, Orfik, had come to him that morning, squatting in front of Lootevek's mean little house and talking, presumably, to the air.

"One contemplates a small journey to some islands," he said, "and one needs a young man as a helper."

Lootevek also spoke to the air. "Good luck in one's difficulty," he said, and then was silent, but thinking rapidly.

He knew Orfik well. The older man had no reputation whatsoever as a hunter, but was considered shrewd and well able to provide for himself and his family. And this, in a community where a man's worth was judged solely on that basis, was enough for the adventurous Lootevek. He was to get all his food on the journey, and a share of the profits from the venture. When, in addition, he found that Orfik's daughter, Sara, and two other women were to go along, the balances were definitely swung. If he had known the chain of circumstances in which he was shortly to become involved as a result of these three females, he might have hesitated before accepting the proposition.

But now a strong wind was behind them speeding their trip westward to a small group of islands typical of those with which the coast of Greenland is dotted. As he paddled alongside the larger boat, Lootevek's glances further appraised the three women.

Sara, Orfik's daughter, was actually as ugly as a daughter could decently be, in spite of the fact that her father considered her a miracle of feminine beauty. So far did his paternal blindness extend, in fact, that he forbade her to go to the dances at the post, for fear that she would turn the heads of the young men to a point where they would become uncontrolled.

The other two women were, certainly, vigorous rowers, but the fact that they were older than Sara, yet still unmarried, indicated that they were by no means considered the belles of the settlement. But to Lootevek, against whom many doors were closed—since he was not considered a serious prospect for marriage—they seemed sufficiently desirable.

The islands which they reached were seldom visited, and as a result of this isolation were a haven for birds, whose nests were thick and easily accessible. The quantities of down with which these nests were lined had great commercial value—and the gathering of it was the purpose of Orfik's little expedition.

In the weeks of continuous, blinding sun which followed they worked ceaselessly. They stuffed the down into all of their belongings which could be used in any fashion as containers. The bags which they had brought were full; their blankets, underwear, stockings, pants—even their tents were crammed with the fluffy white substance. They snared many of the birds, and ate well. Crammed with food, Lootevek again considered himself to be very fortunate. He thought of the large cash share of the profits which would be his when they returned to the post; and despite his arduous labors he found an astonishing amount of time—when Orfik was taken to another part of the island—for delightful and indiscriminate love-making with the three females of the party.

Finally, as the summer was ending, Orfik decided that they had gathered as much down as they could possibly carry home, and he was impatient to make the trip back and cash in on his efforts. The return journey was made in high spirits. The girls laughed and sang as they rowed; Lootevek, in his *kayak*, feeling himself a great man, a Caesar, paddled around them in circles, played tricks, capsizing his small boat and righting it to the delighted shrieks of the women.

Impatient as Orfik was to get home, he could not resist one stop on the way so that he could show off a little, and start talk in a strange settlement about his prowess as a provider. So, when they reached Itooisalik, he decided to land and visit his friend, Itooi, an old bear hunter who lived there. It saddened him a little to find Itooi away on a trip of his own, but when the small party entered the hunter's house and found it well stocked with the rare delicacy of coffee and sugar, their dampened spirits immediately revived. They brewed and drank as much as they wanted; ate as much of Itooi's food as they could hold, and felt that life was very good, indeed.

This apparently small incident might have passed off as merely a pleasant interlude in the life of Lootevek—except for the after effects of one small circumstance. For when Orfik had again herded his party back into the boats, he suddenly had the thought that they might, perhaps, have forgotten something. He sent his daughter, Sara, back to the house of Itooi to make certain, and Lootevek, seizing what might be his last opportunity, went with her. Orfik was in a hurry to be away, and when they did not immediately reappear he shouted to them from the beach. They came out and ran down to the water—but in their haste they forgot to lock the door behind them. Before they were out of sight Itooi's dogs swarmed into his house, and started to finish off whatever the party had left. Eskimo dogs can, and do, eat everything. Itooi's dogs were no exception.

Lootevek's entrance into the trading post, loaded with bags of down, brought the pipe out of Mr. Nielsen's mouth.

"Well, Lootevek," he said, "I can hardly believe it, but it looks as though you might have been doing a little work."

"Oh, one has made a small trip," Lootevek

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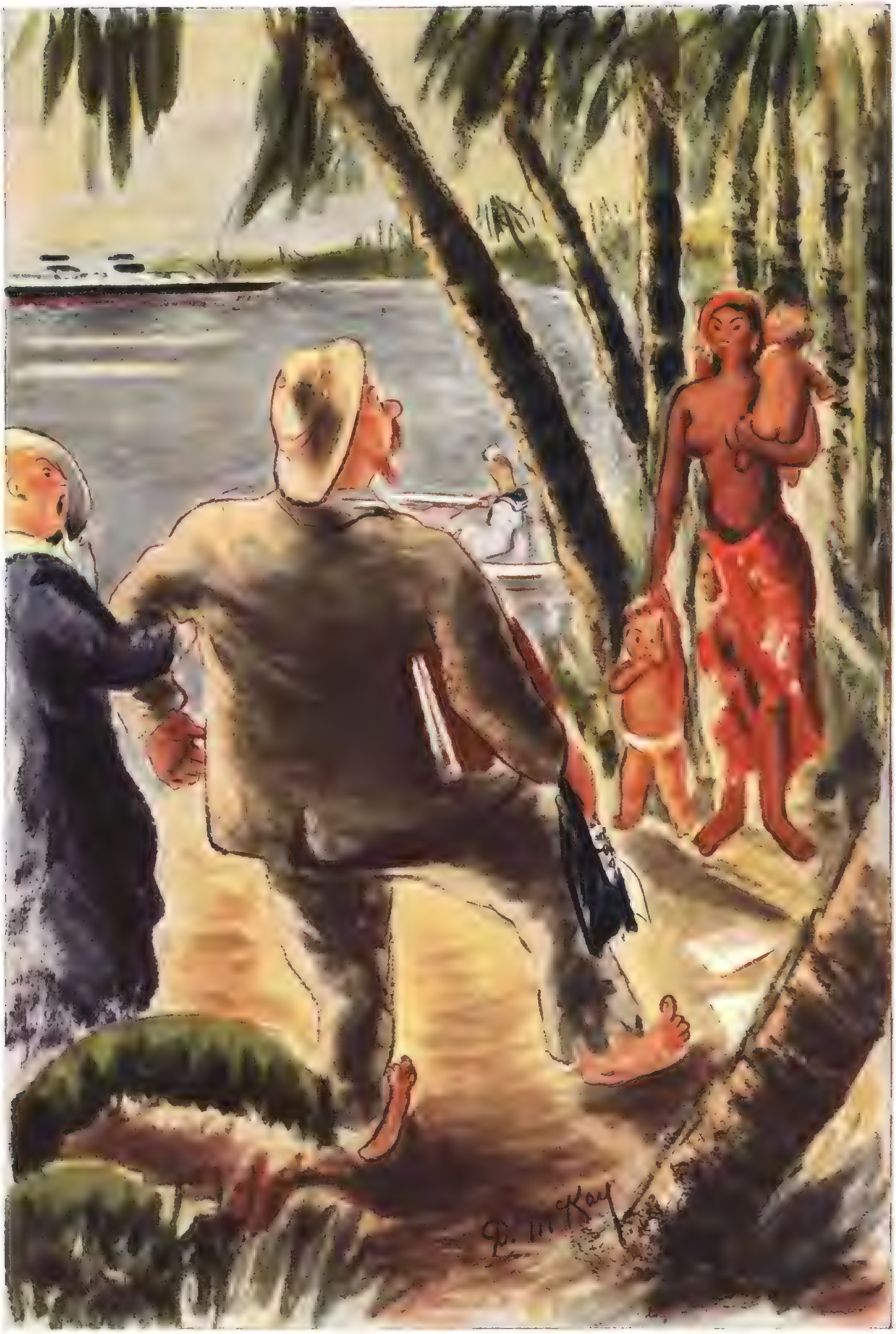
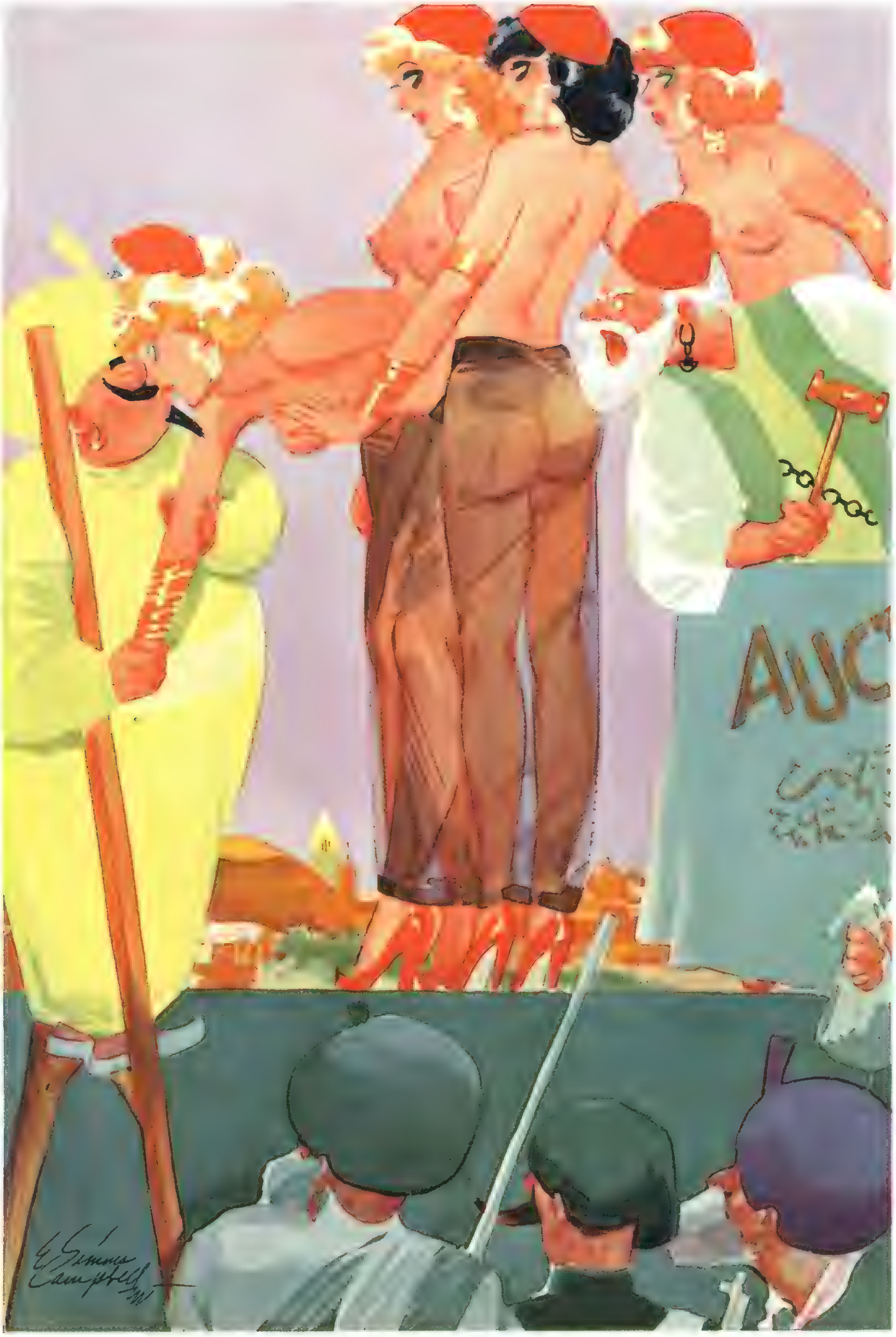


"*You've had* plenty *of time to write that book!*"


AUC
E. Simms Campbell

"Please do not handle the merchandise!"

Speed the Parting Guest

Expert and unfriendly advice by one who has been afflicted with the great error of hospitality

by RUBE GOLDBERG

▪ SATIRE ▪

ARE guests human beings? I do not think so because human beings can recognize ashtrays when they see them.

I point with pride to my varied collection of ashtrays. I have ornamental ash-receivers embossed with images of such sterling institutions as The Empire State Building, Ladies Reclining In The Nude, Grant's Tomb, The Leaning Tower of Pisa and The Lion of Lucerne. But where do my guests deposit their ashes and their butts? Right in my eye, on the rugs, under the sofa, between the piano keys, in the goldfish bowl, down my neck and in the bathroom basin.

I once invited a young lady with a beautiful contralto voice to come and entertain my guests. She sang "Give Me the Moonlight" with her hands extended in a supplicating gesture and finished the evening with one palm heaped with cigarette butts and the other with cigar ashes.

I pay a plumber a yearly retainer to attend all my parties disguised as a guest. He fixes the plumbing gadgets as soon as they are put out of commission by discarded cheroots, thereby saving me a substantial sum in telephone calls. My only regret is that I haven't a marriageable daughter. I would like very much to have a plumber in the family.

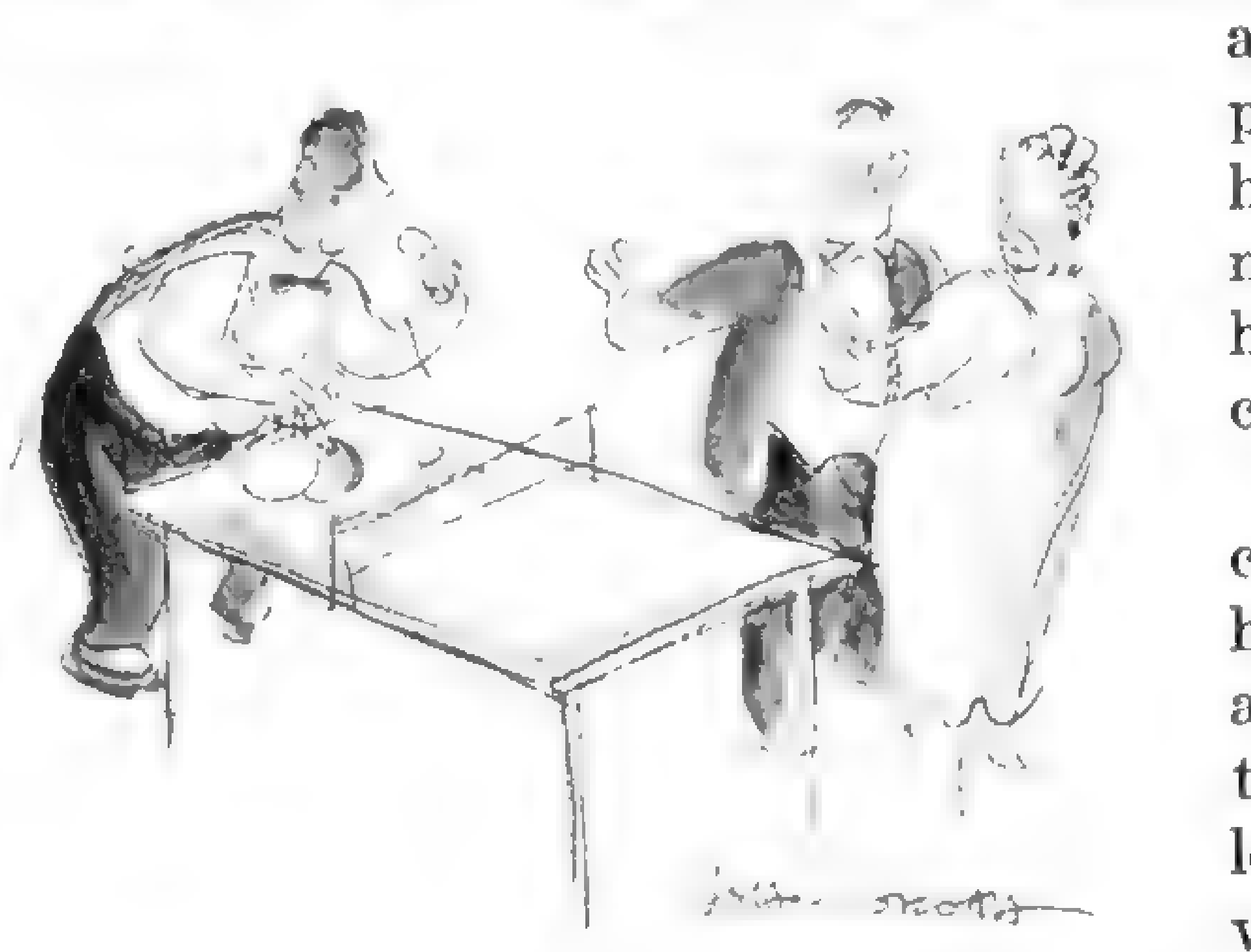
I shall pass over the pipe-knocking variety of guest very lightly because he is rather a rare specimen. He is the privileged type—you know, he wears a brown woolen shirt with no tie when all the others come in evening clothes. I am not annoyed very much by the smell of his pipe because, when we have a crowd, I always tell my wife to cook broccoli. This acts as a neutralizer to all the pipe odors, hair-tonic rancidity and shoe-polish assafetida. But when the man in the brown shirt starts knocking the ashes from his pipe by tapping it sharply against a freshly-enamelled lowboy on which is standing a delicately-carved onyx lamp I am sorry I invited him at all. Come to think of it, I didn't invite him. He crashed the party.

Lipstick, as I understand it, is a reddish preparation designed to mould every woman's mouth into a provocative Cupid's bow. But the female guests who come to my house are not satisfied with the simple beautifying qualities of the little crimson rivet. Once their lips are given the right artistic curve, they proceed to impart a vermilion glow to everything in the place. They smear rouge on the towels and on the bedspreads; they inflict bleeding red wounds on the lace-covered dressing table; and they strew the floor with soft stubs of lipstick so that the dog, innocently wading through the soft, gooey morass, leaves behind him a gory trail of Mephistophelean makeup. After a birthday party at my home the maid hung the parlor rug out the window to air. It was so red that passersby thought there was an auction going on inside. Before I could do anything about it half my furniture was sold at sacrifice prices.

Then there is Mister and Missus Deadpan who insist on calling but who refuse to cooperate. They have their minds made up not to enjoy their visit in spite of the fact that I tear myself to shreds trying to make them welcome.

When they enter the living room icicles form on the chandelier. Deadpan appropriates the most comfortable chair in the room and immediately complains of the draught. Mrs. Deadpan, out of a clear sky, asks for an aspirin. I generally try opening the conversation with a few droll cracks about the latest axe murder. Getting no reaction I switch to the Ukrainian budget and then to Max Baer's future plans. Their expressions remain as blank as Uncle Sam's page of paid-up foreign debts. Then I ask them if they play the Culbertson or the Sims. They reply that they hate those rare instruments and don't even play the piano.

I try maneuvering them into the playroom for a game of ping pong. They never learned to play ping pong and, what's more, they don't want to learn. They loathe backgammon. They can't listen to the radio. It makes Mrs. Deadpan sore to hear things she cannot see. She feels that she is being gypped. I wonder why they ever came in the first place. Maybe their furnace broke down and they came to my house to get warm.



I really love to have guests in my home. I love to have people around to limber up the upholstery and give the moths a chance to nibble on clothes other than my own. But I don't like them to stay so long that I have to adopt them. I have in mind a Mister Van Dunk whose acquaintance I made several years ago while both of us stood on the sidewalk looking at a fire. The chance meeting developed into a one-sided friendship. Van Dunk's love for me always assumed frightening proportions just before a world series or a big prize fight or an international skeet shooting contest. Cognizant of my newspaper affiliations he leaned on me for good tickets. He took me to lunch once a month with religious regularity and had me meet a bank president or two as an expression of his gratitude and pride.

One day he called up and said his doctor had told him to get away from it all—to get in his car and take a trip anywhere to avoid a nervous breakdown. He said he would drop in to see me on his way to the mythical land of forgetfulness. He drove up in his car just as we were sitting down to dinner. He ate with us and later in the evening discussed the following subjects:

1. The pain in *his* stomach.
2. *His* recent profits in the stock market.
3. *His* car and *his* tailor and *his* dentist.
4. The time *he* shook hands with Gene Tunney.
5. *His* first butterfly collection.
6. The beautiful girls who had loved *him* at different times.

At eleven o'clock I went out to his car and brought his suitcase into the guest room. He stayed two weeks. He took complete charge of my household. He showed the cook how to make veal cutlets; he rearranged the furniture in the living room; he phoned Los Angeles, Chicago and New Orleans; he sent fourteen shirts and seventeen pairs of socks to the laundry; he took the radio apart and forgot to put it together again; he got catsup all over my nicest books; and he killed the dog with cakes and candy.

I got him out by a clever ruse. I told him I was moving and had all the furniture in the house loaded on a big red van. I told the driver to keep driving the furniture around the block until my guest had left. Van Dunk's visit cost me exactly $275.67 and he made me a present of his nervous breakdown.

But, from observation and experience, I am inclined to believe that my friend, Mister Van Dunk, does not embody a social menace. He belongs chiefly to me and a few

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The Amateur

Sportsmen have been accused of professionalism but one great hockey star reversed the charge

by AUSTIN CARROLL

• FICTION •

As the manager of a professional hockey team I guess I'm supposed to string along with the owners, but it's never appealed to me that way and I've always believed in looking after my players first. I've never blamed the boys for holding out for everything they could get, because they haven't got so much time to get it in. A hockey player's an old man by the time he's thirty, and if he hasn't got it before then, he's not going to get it at all. Wilson and the rest of them are always hollering murder, but I've seen plenty of down-and-out hockey players and I've never yet seen one of these so-called magnates who was riding anything but easy. Honestly, though, I don't know what would have happened to a guy like Chick if some of us hadn't decided to look after him.

I remember the first time I ever got a look at him. We were down in Brant for pre-season training and one afternoon when I got back to the hotel from the rink there was this letter from Tom Page waiting for me. It's postmarked from a place called Lakeforth and is all about a kid playing on the town team. The kid's name is Hawke, and according to Tom he's the best prospect he's ever laid eyes on. He's got everything, Tom claims, and so far as he knows nobody else knows anything about him yet. He says the team plays its games on Friday nights, and if I don't get over to see this kid work I'll regret it, because somebody's sure to spot him.

That was on a Wednesday. I was having my troubles with the team that year. Benoit at centre was getting pretty old and couldn't go over the long stretches the way he used to, and we were terribly hard up for substitutes. They looked awful bad at the practice on Thursday morning and when I got back to the hotel at noon I called up Wilson in Montreal and told him something had to be done.

"Sure," Wilson says sarcastically. "We're lousy with money. Just say who you'd like."

Well, it was pretty plain that Wilson wasn't laying any more on the line for seasoned players that year. I went back upstairs to the room to think things over and try to figure out a way I could switch the players around to bolster that weak spot up front, and there was Tom's letter lying on the table where I'd put it the day before. Tom Page is a travelling freight agent now, but he used to work with me in the Angus Shops a long time ago, before I ever got mixed up with hockey as a business. He always did know a hockey player when he saw one. I read his letter again, but it didn't mention anywhere what position the kid played and there wasn't enough of a description of him so that I could even guess at it. When I went downstairs again I asked the desk clerk about Lakeforth. He said it wasn't a big town at all but it was the headquarters of the National Packing Company. I told him I was thinking of going over there the next day if the train connections were right. He said there was a train leaving about three in the afternoon that got into Lakeforth shortly after six o'clock.

When the fellows were changing their clothes after the Friday morning practice, I told them I was going away in the afternoon and that I'd be away overnight and was leaving Benoit in charge. Then I had Benny come back and eat with me while I told him what to do while I was away.

This Lakeforth turned out to be even worse than I suspected, with the whole town mostly on one side of the street. I checked in at the hotel and after I'd had something to eat I asked the fellow at the desk if he could direct me to the rink.

"What position does Hawke play?" I asked him, after he had given me the instructions.

"Centre," he said.

"Can you tell me anything about him? Where he works and all that?"

"Sure," he said. "He works in the shipping department over at the packing plant and he lives with his aunt that keeps a boarding house. His folks are dead."

I remember that night well. It was pretty cold weather for November. There was no snow yet, but the wind was coming in off the lake and it was plenty sharp. I walked along to the edge of the town and pretty soon I could hear shouting. I followed the people ahead of me and turned a corner and saw a bunch of cars parked in front of a building that looked something like an airplane hangar. That was where all the yelling was coming from, all right. It was an awful big rink for a town that size. The teams were already on the ice and all I could get was standing room.

"Which one is Hawke?" I asked the fellow beside me. "There's Chick now," he said. "Getting ready to take a shot up at the far end."

I looked up at the far end and I remember feeling kind of disappointed. He's not a big guy at all. He's just about average height, with kind of long sloping shoulders and pretty sturdy-looking hips and legs. He's at an angle from the goal and suddenly he makes a quick half-turn and rifles one that travels about six inches off the ice. The goalie makes a wild kick at it after it's gone by, but it misses the post by a fraction of an inch and smacks the boards behind the net with a report like a gun going off.

"That Hawke," a fellow behind me says, laughing kind of excitedly, "he's going to knock the end out of this rink some day with that shot of his."

The referee skates out to centre ice then and blows his whistle. The substitutes leave the ice and this kid Hawke loafs down to centre and squares away for the face-off. Things are quiet for a second and the referee drops the puck and then the crowd starts to roar. Well, I don't know how to tell you about Hawke, but he's the only guy on the ice. You couldn't take your eyes off him. There's power in those muscular legs of his, and when he turns it on he can sure carry the mail. He's the fastest skater carrying the puck I've ever seen, yet the way he does it, why it all seems sort of effortless. He's a real natural and everything he does is a poem. He got two goals in the first period and it might just as well have been twenty, because he's shooting half the time from middle ice. The way I figured it that was just bad coaching, or maybe no coaching at all. Or maybe he was just having fun, because every time he makes a move the defense gets ready to duck. They're all scared to death of his dynamite. When the

gong went at the end of the period I'd seen all I needed to see. I scribbled a note on the back of my card and gave an usher a dollar to see that the kid got it right after the game.

When I got back to the hotel I put in a hurry call for Wilson. They had a terrible time finding him and the operator kept making a report on the call every fifteen minutes or so. Finally, when I was about fit to be tied, they called again and there was Wilson on the other end. I guess I was shouting, because I remember Wilson saying kind of sharply, "What's the matter with you, Dave? Are you drunk?" Then I steadied down and tried to tell him about this kid Hawke and what a find he is. Wilson listened and didn't say much except at the end. Then he said, "All right. Make your own deal but don't give the club away."

Around about ten o'clock the boy came in. Up close he's a fine clean-looking kid, but he's scared. We talk along for a while and finally it comes out that the Canadiens are his favorite team. They've got something, he says. That was the first crack he made that I couldn't quite get. When I asked him what he meant he sort of squirmed and looked uncomfortable and said they were everybody's favorite in a way. Well, I had to admit they were a big box-office draw all over the circuit. Finally, I put it up to him about coming over to Brant with me for a try-out. I thought he'd snap at it after what he'd said about the team being his favorite club, but he didn't. He thought about it for quite a while without saying anything. I guess I got scared I was going to lose him and I started to bully him a little.

"What the hell's the matter with you, son?" I said. "Are you going to stick around this dump all your life?"

"This town's all right," he said, and he wasn't a bit sore either. "I've never lived any place but here and it's been plenty good to me."

"It isn't that. Don't get me wrong now. But you've got a gift not many people have got and you should cash in on it. That's all I'm trying to say."

"Well," the boy said slowly, thinking everything out. "I know a lot of reasons why I can't go."

"Because of your aunt?" I asked him.

"Partly," he said. "But mostly because we got a swell chance to win our group this year. What would the fellows think of me if I ran out on them?"

"They'd want you to go," I said positively. "So would anybody who was a real friend of yours."

"Well," he said, kind of desperate. "I owe a lot of money around here, too. I can't go away leaving all those debts."

"What debts?"

"Debts I made gambling," he said stubbornly. "A bunch of us collect every Saturday night."

"How much do you owe?" I asked him. I didn't like the sound of this, but I was ready to go a long way to get him.

"Close to forty dollars," he said.

"Good Lord!" I said, but I didn't even feel like laughing. There was something so honest and sincere about the kid that nothing that he said was funny.

"Well, here," I finally said. "I'll make you a proposition. I got some leeway in this. I'll give you twelve hundred dollars for the season and three hundred for signing. You'll get the three hundred as soon as you sign the contract and that can be tomorrow morning if you like. That'll take care of your debts and leave you something over. It's fifteen hundred bucks for your first year with us. How does that appeal to you?"

"Gee," he said. "That's an awful lot of money. Fifteen hundred dollars just to play hockey for about four months. That's just about double what I make in a year at the plant." I was watching him pretty close and I saw the sweat start out on his forehead.

"I'd like to have a try at it," he says kind of wistfully. "Especially since it's the Canadiens."

"Well, why not?" I urged him. "All you have to do is say the word."

He sat there thinking and shaking his head a little, and all at once he jumped up and burst out sort of desperately: "No, no. I don't think I can. I don't think I can leave the team now. The boys are counting on me."

"Now, now, Chick," I said, getting up and putting my hand on the boy's shoulder. "Don't get all worked up about it. You played a hard game tonight and you're tired. You don't have to make up your mind right away. You go home and get some sleep. I'll still be around tomorrow and we can have another talk."

He was a fine boy and not the usual wrong-headed punk most of them are that have been big stars on small town teams. I wanted him for my team and not just because he was going to be a great player, either.

In the morning I got up late, around ten o'clock, and after I got shaved and dressed

I went to look for a restaurant. I found a Chinese joint on the main street and sat reading the local paper for quite a while after a breakfast. There was a long account of the game and I read where young Hawke had scored four of the seven goals. I went back to the hotel and while I was waiting around sent a wire to Benny saying I didn't know exactly when I'd be back, but to go right on with the routine I'd given them.

Finally the kid arrived. I knew what was worrying him most and I asked him at once if he'd seen any of the boys on the team. He said yes, he'd seen them, and they were plenty disappointed in a way, but none of them wanted him to lose his chance on their account. His aunt didn't want to see him go either, but she thought it would be a sin for him not to try to make that money. Now that everything was all set he was terribly excited and a bit scared, and I had to start in telling him that I was sure he was doing the right thing and that the town was going to be proud of him before long. He perked up right away and when he went home to get his things I think he had a pretty good feeling about everything.

There was no diner on the train and it was a three-hour ride, so we went into a huddle right away and I began to tell the boy several things I had noticed that were wrong with his play. He took it all the right way. He was anxious to learn and I knew then that I'd never have any trouble with him, so I went right on and explained our system to him and the reason we did this and that.

"Gee," he said, his eyes opening wide, "I never suspected there was so much to a game of hockey. I guess there's a lot I got to find out yet."

"You'll learn, all right," I told him, "just so long as you continue to think there's things to learn."

Well, the first practice the kid was in was funny. I put him at centre on the second team opposite Benoit. He went just the way I hoped he would. In about two minutes even the railbirds began to see that in a race the length of the ice there wasn't anybody out there could get close enough to him to tap him on the heel with a stick. He had it to burn and he looked just as good against the Canadiens as he did back there against those hicks in Lakeforth. He didn't score any goals because he still had that habit of letting the puck fly whenever he thought he saw an opening and that stuff doesn't go so big against an experienced defense and a real goalie. But several times he made Vezina jump to keep the puck out

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SUBJECTS BY POWERS

A photomontage
by **GILBERT SEEHAUSEN**

•

from head close-ups
by **MAX RICHTER**

•

full-figure and torso studies
by **ARTHUR O'NEILL**

Broker in Beauts

The nation's nifties storm his office doors, but John Powers says he never was a ladies' man

by AMRAM SCHEINFELD

• ARTICLE •

It seems almost a shame that one of the world's grandest jobs should have fallen to John R. Powers.

—For the job is that of looking after the classiest, most consistently beautiful and appealing collection of girls in America.

—And John Powers loves his wife.

In a Manhattan building, a block from the Grand Central station, is the Powers office. The lettering on the door says, "John Robert Powers—Publications." But that's a stall. It should read, "Models." For that's what the Powers business is—providing models for advertising photographs, fashion work and illustration. "Models," however, is a term carefully avoided; to Powers, his clients and the girls themselves, they are "subjects." Presently we'll see why.

As "subjects," the Powers girls are the best-known nameless beauties in America. Their glorified faces and figures look out from countless billboards, posters and advertisements; and alluring as they are in their pictures and photographs, I can assure you (skeptical as I was, too) that these girls are still more alluring in real life.

Here, in John Powers' office, will be found the most perfectly shaped throbbing red lips, the pearliest, evenest white teeth, the daintiest and pertest noses, the deepest blue and the sparklingest black eyes, the softest shimmering hair, the creamiest complexions, the shapeliest legs and the loveliest figures that the American continent can produce. Here are girls a poet can go mad trying to describe; girls that, individually, could take by storm any Junior prom and drive any stag line frantic. Few men in their lifetime get to know even one such girl. What is it like, then, for a man to be surrounded constantly by scores of such ravishing beauties—and to make an extremely comfortable living out of it?

"Oh, Boy!!!" That might be one answer.

Or, from the cynics, "Nix!—Day in and out with a bunch of temperamental, dumb dolls? Must be like a mad house!"

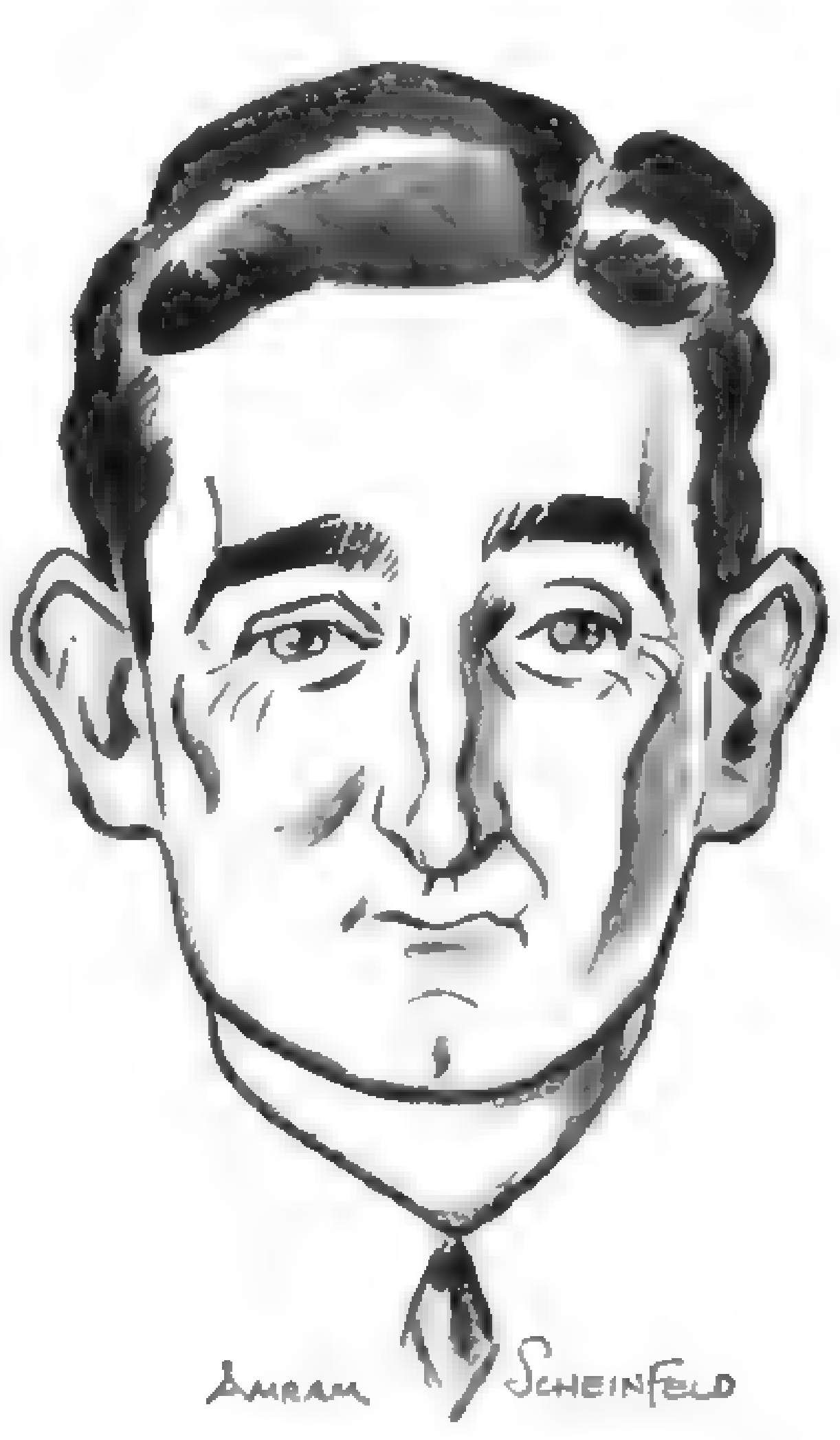
Neither answer is correct. Nor, by any stretch of the imagination, is the picture you might draw beforehand of the kind of man whom you would expect to find in this most unusual business.

Let's see exactly what this business is.

The first impression is of being in some sort of stockbroker's office. Against one wall of the not very large room is a big blackboard on which are hung orderly rows of white pads, twenty in a row, seven rows deep, each pad held by a large clip bearing a "subject's" name. Below and in front of this board is a long, narrow counter with a battery of eight telephones, manned by several girls. Over these telephones come the calls from the clients.

"How about Miss Nifty at 2:30?"

Miss Nifty's pad is consulted, and if she's free, the appointment is made. Models—er, subjects—at leisure sit and watch the blackboard for all the world like stockbrokers' customers. At any moment a call may come that means another $5 to $25 in their jeans. They work for no small pickings, these girls. The minimum charge is $5 an hour—$25 a day. Some get double that, and, in special cases, as high as $100 a sitting.



CARICATURE OF JOHN R. POWERS BY THE AUTHOR

Everything considered, an average Powers beauty earns $50 to $100 a week. Powers' cut on this is a straight 10 per cent, under a life contract. Naturally, he pays the expenses of the business. But with more than a hundred subjects at work (including a sprinkling of men, character types and children, all of whom average much less than the girls and whom we'll forget about here), it will be seen that he isn't doing so badly for himself. By this time, then, beautiful girls or no beautiful girls, you may be wondering how a man gets into a business like that. You turn to take a good look at Powers. At first he seems of medium height, but then you realize that the girls with whom he's standing are uniformly two to four inches taller than average (height is an asset in this business, and many "subjects" are five feet ten or more) so that any fellow looks shorter alongside.

Actually, Powers is an inch or so under six feet. A handsome Irishman, sturdily built, with a firm jaw, plentiful black eyebrows and black hair faintly sprinkled with gray (what a cop he'd make!) he looks much younger than his forty-three years.

His voice is quiet, modulated, as is his manner. Methodically and unflurried he goes about his business with an air of impersonality which permeates the office. There is no boisterous laughter among the girls, no temperamental outbursts. Voices and manners are pleasant, but restrained. And it gradually dawns on you that there is something strange in the atmosphere of this place. With all the loveliness and the beauty of these girls, there is no feeling of—*Sex.*

This absence of sex in the air is not an accident. It is a deliberate, premeditated, calculated fact.

"Sex appeal has never been a factor in our business," says Powers, almost pleased that you've noticed it wasn't around. "We don't want it to be, and we never have a call for it. What our clients want in girls is beauty, wholesomeness, refinement, sophistication, sweetness—and naturalness."

This, in substance, is why the Powers menage frowns on the word "model" and substitutes "subject." "Model" connotes—or at least, suggests—a type of free and easy girl who had looks but not much else, who was taken out on sprees and called in on dates with out-of-town buyers, who was giddy, hard-boiled, artificial. The type still exists. So, to get as far away as possible from this conception and to set his girls apart, Powers inaugurated the term "subjects"—subjects for photographic studies, as completely impersonal as subjects for essays or subjects for paintings.

Through meticulous selection and the quiet influence he continually exercises, Powers has managed to create a type known to the advertising world as a "Powers' girl,"—just as Ziegfeld created the "Ziegfeld girl." Powers is, in fact, often called the "Ziegfeld of the model business." But only insofar as he is a leader in his field is there any resemblance. I knew Ziegfeld slightly, but enough to know that no man in the business of picking and purveying beauty could be more dissimilar from the high-strung, high-living, cosmopolitan, emotional epicure that was Ziegfeld, than is John Powers. And no man, by background or early predilection, could have given less indication of getting into that business.

It was in Easton, Pa., a matter of fact small town along the Delaware river, that John Powers was born and reared. His parents were Irish on both sides. His father, still living, was the "construction engineer" of a sort of Toonerville Trolley railroad, ten miles long, nearby. There was no talent in the family that would presage what was to follow for John. He had no special eye for girls. He can with difficulty recall his first "girl"; he was twelve and carrying papers at the time, and she was blonde and blue-eyed. Years later he was to marry a girl of the same description. But in between there were few others he can remember distinctly.

"I probably played around as much as any young fellow," he says, "but I wasn't ever a ladies' man."

John's father wanted him to be a lawyer. For a year John went to small La Fayette College in Easton, where his chief interest was studying Shakespeare. At the end of his freshman year a friend suggested, somehow, that John go to New York to see Sir Herbert

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Misfortunes of the *Fox*

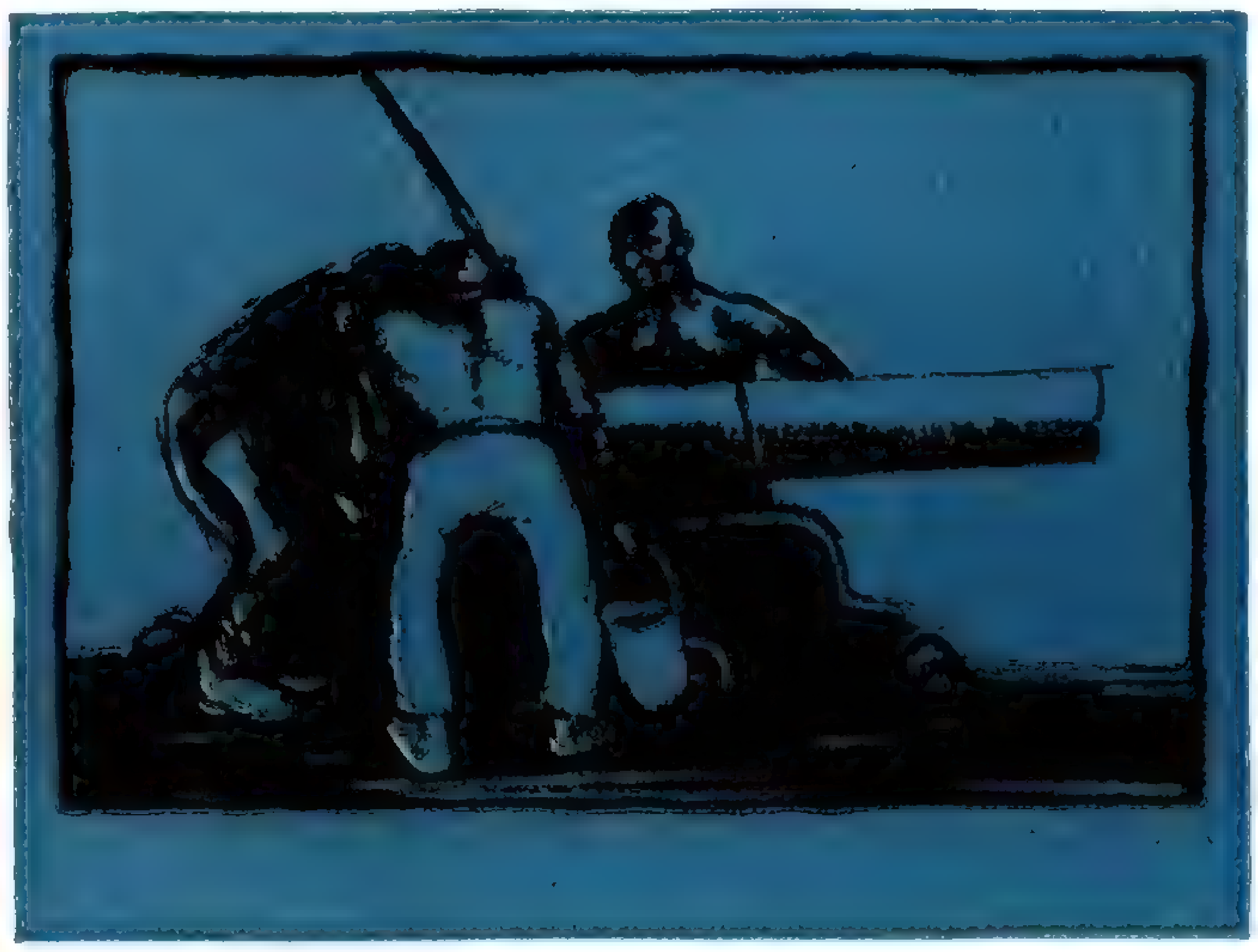
A woman first stepped on board and the ship was the jinx of four captains and three navies

by FLETCHER PRATT

• SEMI-FICTION •

There was a strong swell running on the tail of the recent storm. Captain Patrick Fotheringham of the Royal Navy braced himself to the rock of the following seas and gazed pridefully along the deck of the ship he commanded, shining with wet and holystoning in the grey light of morning. She was His Britannic Majesty's corvette *Fox*, four weeks out of Spithead, with twenty-eight guns arow down her sides—long nines and sixes, nearly half again the weight of metal usual for ships of her class. His first command, and as sweet a ship as ever flew the red ensign.

"Ha! She'll give the demned rebels a thing or two to remember," he had remarked, giving his lieutenant a playful elbow in the ribs, as they pulled out in the gig to take command of her a couple of months before, his eye sweeping appreciatively up the tall reach of her masts and the wide sweep of her yards. "A thing or two to remember, eh, MacDonald?"



The lieutenant, a thin and lugubrious Scot from the Hebrides, who was supposed by the men to have the second sight, accepted a pinch of snuff and shook his head gloomily:

"There's something no so canny about that ship, Captain," he said, "I'm thinking it's a fey ship and a fey commission. I don't like it. She was born too soon."

Born too soon! The captain understood what he meant all right. The corvette was the first of her class; they had hurried her construction in the dockyard. As the workmen stood ready to knock loose the blocks that should send her speeding down the ways, the *Fox*, in some inexplicable manner, had begun to move of her own accord; then with a racking shriek like the voice of a living thing, had plunged into the water before she could be christened, the run of her sleek side stained with the blood of two workmen who had not been able to move fast enough to escape the hurtling mass. It was a dead bad sign; a worse one came when one of the first persons to board her had been Her Grace of Devonshire—a woman aboard a new ship! There had been talk of the matter in the seaside boozing kens. Sailors were reluctant to sign on for a cruise with a ship that had so bad a start and Captain Fotheringham had to send out a press-gang to crimp men for his crew.

"Come, come, MacDonald," he had replied to the lieutenant, "We live in an enlightened age. I trust you do not really cherish such superstitions, which are unworthy an officer of His Majesty's marine."

The gig bumped against the *Fox's* counter at that moment and the lieutenant was spared the necessity of a reply as he had to see to getting sail on her. Once at sea the new corvette sailed like a witch, but she also dived like a duck; three days out they lost the lookout overboard, and then ran into a puff of heavy weather in the North Atlantic. Then it developed that one of the pressed men was a Finn; that was the worst sign of all, for the Finns are all wizards and warlocks, when they whistle foul weather comes up as though by magic.

MacDonald shook his head and strode the quarter-deck in melancholy silence; the crew muttered, but Captain Fotheringham, a rationalist, was undampened. The *Fox* was his first command, the finest ship of her class and he under orders to cruise off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland with the best chance in the world to win glory and a fat share of prize-money. It was 1777; His Majesty's American colonies were in revolt.

They had floated out a navy, strong ships enough, but undisciplined crews, with just enough fight in their guts to make the colonial ships worth the taking.

There was a strong swell running on the fourth of June; Captain Fotheringham paced the quarterdeck as the dawn broke lowering with clouds whirling past, low down on the surface. "Sail ho!" cried the lookout, "Dead astern."

The men on the quarterdeck saw her at the same moment, as a grazing ball of mist hurried past; a big frigate under reefed topsails, rushing along in their wake. As they watched she yawed to the push of a wave and the flag at her gaff flung free, sharp-outlined against the grey behind—the yellow flag of the revolted colonies, with its rattle-snake coiled to strike.

Fotheringham snatched up his speaking trumpet. "All hands!" he shouted, "Clear ship for action. Mr. MacDonald, get your division aloft there! That ship's a 36 or I miss my guess, and too heavy for us."

On the American frigate they could see the yards suddenly blacken with men as she flung more sail to the wind; then, as the *Fox* leaped to the press of her own canvas, the Britons saw her swing round, with the gun-ports down her side flying open. There was a puff of smoke and a thudding report; a cannon-ball tripped on a wave crest close beside, and then with a roar, the frigate let go a whole broadside.

There was a tearing sound in the air. The *Fox* was hit; a cloud of splinters went singing along the deck, somebody yelled, a man pitched into the sea, and with a terrific crash the main-yard came thundering down, the sail it had held down tearing out to blow before the wind like a banner. There was a faint, ghostly cheer from the American; the *Fox* slowed with the big sail gone. Behind them the enemy swung round and came bounding over the waves behind them, while out of the murk behind her suddenly thrust another vessel with the same rattle-snake flag at her foremast.

Captain Fotheringham glanced once at them, then picked up his trumpet again.

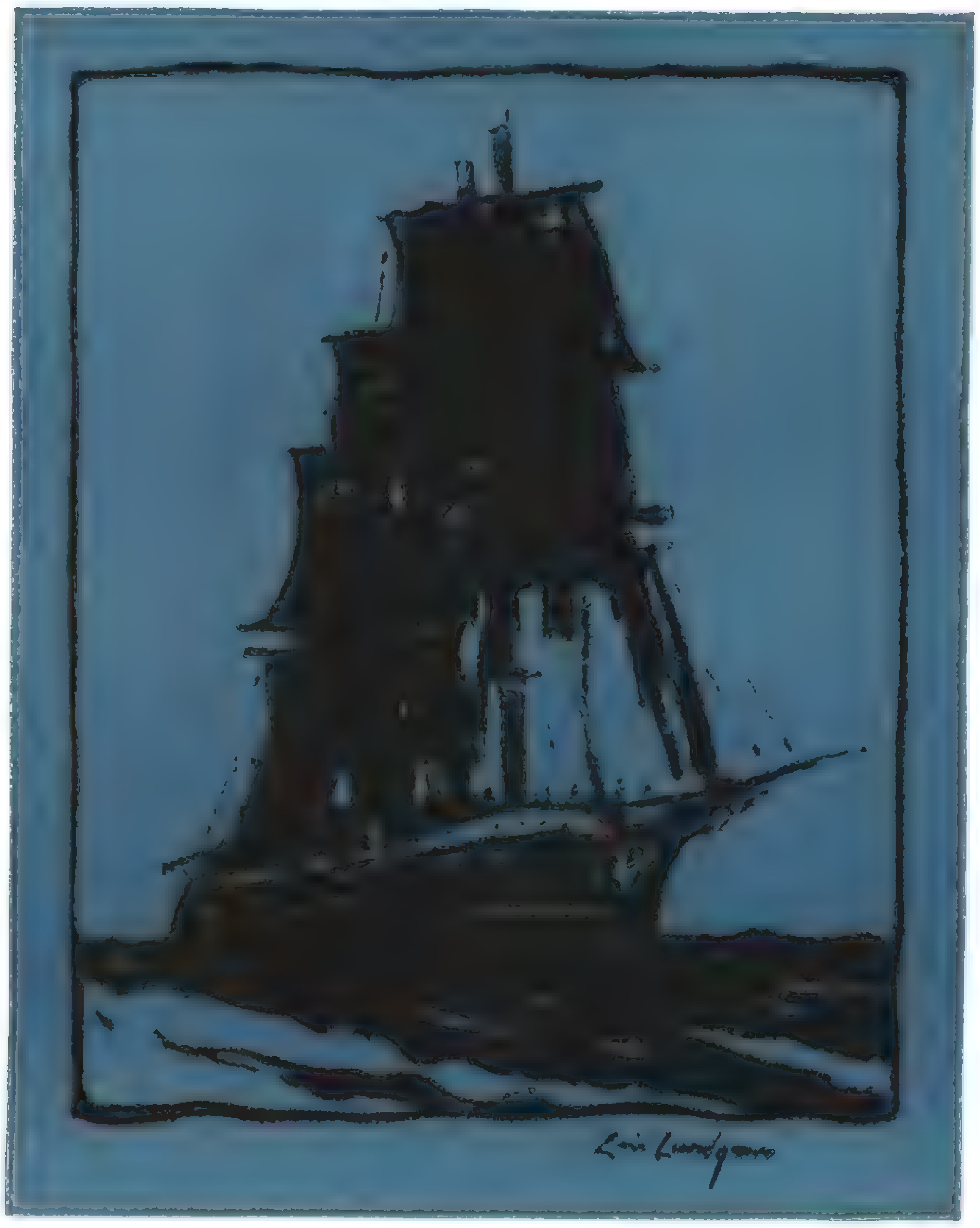
"Cast loose the starboard battery," he cried, "Come on, now, lads, with a cheer for old England! Mr. MacDonald, do you take the main-deck guns. Port your helm there."

He took charge of the quarterdeck guns himself. "Take your time," he told the gunners, walking up and down behind them. "Aim for her spars. If we can cripple that frigate, we'll make short work of the other one. She's only a corvette, like our own ship."

They fired slowly, aiming every shot under the captain's direction as they came up on the crest of the wave, and their shooting was good, for now and again a black rent appeared in the white of the pursuer's sails. On the *Fox's* other flank, the American corvette was coming up hand over hand, not stopping to fire, but pressing in close.

"They gain! They gain!" shouted one of

the midshipmen at Captain Fotheringham's side; just then a shot went home on the frigate astern and the British tars began to cheer as they saw her jib-boom splinter and the big jib whip to ribbons. The frigate fell off before the wind as she lost her headsail, tossing up and down on the swell, firing from a distance, but doing no damage. Fotheringham put down his helm and turned on the other antagonist; for a moment they ran side by side, crashing broadsides into each other through the smoke. Then something cracked, a spark caught a cartridge on the *Fox's* quarterdeck, there was a little explosion and a tongue of flame licked up the corvette's mizzen rigging. For a moment everything was confusion; the helmsman let go the wheel to dodge the blazing embers that fell about him and the corvette hung still, her sails taken aback on the swing, while the guns stopped for lack of a target.



The wind whipped the white smoke cloud clear; through the gap Fotheringham caught a glimpse of the American frigate, right under his bows and with a ribbon of flame around her side as she fired. He leaped for the wheel himself, screaming orders; before he reached it a ranging cannon-ball had shattered it to matchwood, and the next moment, to his utter horror, he saw the big mainmast dance briefly and then plunge over the side. His ship was helpless, without the means to move or steer; the Americans were on bow and quarter, pounding away, and Captain Patrick Fotheringham, with despair in his heart, hauled down the flag.

As the boats from the *Fox's* captors pulled across the water to take possession, her captain looked round. MacDonald was down, his chest broken by a cannon-ball, his head pillowed against the rail.

"Can I do anything for you, lieutenant?"

"Too late, I'm afraid, captain," said the Scotchman, weakly, then with a gasp, "A fey ship! . . ."

From the waist there came a hail—"Ship ahoy! Throw us a line there. Coming aboard." The Americans had arrived. Lieutenant MacDonald smiled feebly, "They'll hae small guid o' their prize," he said, relapsing into Scots for a moment, "She's a fey ship that will be the ruin o' every man that touches her." Then he died.

The next minute the Americans were all over the deck. Captain Fotheringham's dejection was only slightly relieved by the discovery that he had surrendered to men he knew. They were Captain Hector McNeil, commanding the corvette *Boston*, 24 guns, and Captain John Manly of the *Hancock*, 32. They were seamen of high reputation, who had served against the French in the old wars, stout fellows both who did their best to make him comfortable.

That afternoon the sea died and the sun came out. The American captains inspected their prize, and like Fotheringham before them, thought her a magnificent vessel, worth making into a colonial man o' war. The *Hancock* came close alongside; a spare mast was whipped over by block and tackle to replace the one the *Fox* had lost in the fight, and as both American ships had extra-heavy crews, they spared men enough to fit her out as an American cruiser on the high seas.

Captain Hersey, late of the merchant service, was made commander. He chatted with Captain Fotheringham, now a prisoner on his own vessel, when the latter took the air on the quarterdeck, and was good enough not to twit the defeated commander on his misfortune. Indeed they became quite friends; after a week's cruise the Englishman confided the story of the *Fox's* misfortunate launch and MacDonald's dying words, as a curious item, from one rationalist to another—"Demned odd, devilish odd."

Hersey laughed, full of the pride of possession. "I'll take my chances on that curse of yours, Captain," he said lightly. "She's a fine ship under any conditions, and the new flag will doubtless make her fortune as it will that of our republic."

But there was no disguising the fact that since the *Fox* had been added to the little American squadron, it had become a poor cruise and a profitless one. Before the fight the *Hancock* and *Boston* had been picking up British merchants two or three a day, fine fat ships, too, that would fetch plenty of prize-money. Now they never saw a thing; three weeks of hunting went by before they picked up a single miserable fishing boat, and then another week without so much as a smell of a prize, with food and water growing short in the squadron. The sailors growled; Manly called his brother captains aboard for a council of war. They agreed that there was nothing to do but run back to Boston and turned south along the coast.

The council of war was held on the first anniversary of American independence, celebrated with plum duff and double grog for all hands. The next morning came up through a thin drizzle of fog, with light, puffy airs from the east. The three ships ghosted along gently with all sails hung out and the New England shore just out of sight on their lee. In the early morning the *Hancock's* lookout called a sail, but it was several minutes before they could make her out from the deck, a big ship, British by the trim of her yards, a warship by her rig.

She loomed enormous in the drifting mists. "What do you make of her, Captain?" asked one of the officers on the *Hancock's* deck. "Shall we signal the others to form line and bear up to engage her?"

"Why, sir," answered Captain Manly, screwing his spy-glass into his eye, "I make her out a 74-gun line-of-battle ship, sir. She could eat up the two corvettes before they did a whit of damage with those peashooters of theirs. No, no, sir, signal the *Boston* and the *Fox* to make all sail away. We'll try to knock loose one of her spars and our ship is the fastest of the three, in any case. Your stations, gentlemen."

It was gallantly said, and the crew bore themselves no less bravely when Manly called them aft and made a little speech. The signal to scatter was set for the other ships; the men went to the guns and tried a ranging shot or two through the curtains of mist just as a red dot and a rolling boom from the distance proclaimed that the Briton was also essaying the reach of his guns.

Both shots fell far short; it settled down to a chase; a stern chase and a long one. The air was too light for any of the ships to gain much. Night came early through the fog; on the *Hancock's* deck they discussed changing course in the dark to get away, but decided it was no good. There was the coast to leeward, they could not turn and beat back against those breathless airs, and when the next morning rose with the fog still around the four ships had hardly changed relative positions.

But with the dawn, little puffs of breeze began to run through the fog, pushing first one ship and then another. Once more Manly signaled the corvettes to run. The *Fox* was too close in on the *Hancock* and could move only as the flagship moved. The *Boston*, out ahead, caught a favoring gust and swung along out of the press to safety.

At the same moment there was a cloud and then a certainty off to seaward—another British ship, bearing down on the bows of the *Hancock* and *Fox*. They were shut in between the two British vessels and the coast, yet thanks to the lightness of the airs their enemies could not close and there was always the chance that a single capfull of wind would take them out of danger. The issue hung on the question of who would

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Cry to the Living

Education of a good sport who could muster the brave modern manner for accepting his loss

by CHARLES O'NEILL

• FICTION •

THE stiff square of the wedding announcement was still in Nolan's pocket as he caught sight of the number on the doorstep and turned in to the house where she and Talbot had been living for three months.

It had been raining the morning it dropped through the mailslot, its ivory standing out from the plain white of the other letters. He remembered hearing the wet roar of the elevated just before he made out the postmark, his first sight of it in two years. Mechanically, while he got up from the chair as though to escape from it by moving from the place where it had struck, he let the ripped envelope fall and rubbed the lettering with his thumb. It was engraved. There were two blackened chunks of wood in the fireplace, half burnt through and powdered with white ash. He was sitting on the floor, prodding with a poker at a lighted newspaper jammed under the logs, when Anderson came in.

"You're due downtown pretty soon," Anderson said.

He didn't turn around.

"What are you, cold or something?"

His smile, always bent, was twisted almost completely out of shape when he looked up. He reached out with the poker and touched the square of paper on the floor.

"Self pity stuff," he said. "I'm trying to light an old fire."

Anderson picked up the announcement, read it through and put it on the mantlepiece slowly.

"Who's this Talbot?" he asked.

"I only met him once. He's in a bank."

Anderson had a quart bottle and two glasses when he came back. He set the glasses down, dropped to the floor and sat tailor fashion, opening the bottle. Nolan saw him looking curiously at the fire. The quick flaring paper had died down to a crisp handful of ashes. He poked under the logs as the whiskey gurgled into the glasses. The bent smile twisted his lips again.

"Pretty funny," he said.

They had been as married as any two people would ever be. It was a joyous young business, a shouting, over-spilling, laughing union. They slept away noons under pine trees in the mountains, danced on cornmeal-slippery floors in smoky speakeasies, walked in the rain by the sea at night. There were no reservations, no secret places kept apart. They sang, played, lived and grew in each other. Their one weight would remake the world, a world already remade for them.

Knowing each other in the tremendous present was only a beginning. Proud and eager, they scooped up the future, explored back into all they had known, all that had touched their lives. She told of when she was fourteen and burned the names of five tall sons into the top of a cigar box discarded by her father, of a red-headed minister who pronounced lotto as "lo-to" at her first children's party, of her terror of Chinese laundry men, of the sister with the shaky curls who died when she was six. He ransacked back and found his first sharp picture of the soul, a honeycomb cylinder fitting the full length of the torso, with blackened cells, like dark honey, wherever a sin had been committed, cells which could be washed out only at confession. He bragged of little things he had never bragged of before and admitted things, careless, vicious or foolish, he had never owned to to anyone.

He was big, restless, frowning, sharply curious and charged with the excitement of growth. She had rusty brown hair, an eager, solid voice, a tanned, rich sharpness of feature and a body tight and trim as a tuna. When it struck her, she could be grave as a child nun. They clowned, were serious, shouted, were silent. They drove furiously for hundreds of miles and stopped abruptly, for hours at a time, to watch the industrious frenzy of an ant hill or lie flung on the ground riding sleepily on the tumbled piles of sunlit clouds overhead. Mostly they lived in battered, disreputable clothes. They were always hungry and thirsty, ate mighty meals and drank haphazardly or skipped food and drinking entirely. They paid solemn homage to *Tiger Rag*, made up words for symphonies, sang hymns, *John Peel* and *Sleepytime Gal.*

They jeered fiercely at pretense and quaint folk and played a hundred secret games of their own. He was the worn out rake, beguiling the simple daughter of the earth with suave manners, diamonds, weariness and epigrams. She was the sophisticated older woman, baiting her artful trap for the high-minded, slow-witted new scoutmaster. They were an immigrant couple, fresh from the boat, startled by the roar of America and holding all who came near them in wild suspicion. She was the wily prom-trotter playing the football hero like a trout. They were shipwrecked, co-workers in a cheese factory, stuck at a party, caught at a Kiwanis convention, a boy and girl at their first high school dance in the gymnasium. He was the tired business man, she was the bridge-playing, club-woman wife. They were Andrew Marvell and his coy mistress giving dour old Milton the slip. He was a mill-hand, picking up the Junior Leaguer at a movie. They found each other after an earthquake, the only two left to carry on the race. They were grandfather and grandmother, bent a little but white-haired and proud, brushing away a sentimental tear and reaching shyly for each other's hand as the young people danced to rhumba they had known.

They liked and were liked in turn. Clairvoyant by understanding, they felt quickly for other couples and lent scheming hands to defeat locks, barriers and the restraints of the average. He rushed her to everyone he liked and went, as to destined friends, to her favorite people. They expected, and were still delighted by, the swift bonds established with men, women and children each had always looked on as private tastes. Neither had to guide, manage or support the other. She was a chameleon, plunging into immediate understanding with friends they were thrown with while he prowled away freely on sudden vaguely important missions. They recognized almost instantly, sometimes with derision, more often with pity, those couples who were unsure of themselves, who sheered away from being alone, needing the presence and assurance of others to reinforce their thin bonds.

Their arguments were fleeting, ridiculous. She wouldn't use iodine, he wouldn't wear white shoes. He wouldn't let her be polite to a stuffy relative, she wouldn't allow him to leave examinations to drive her home. There was the question of how or whether

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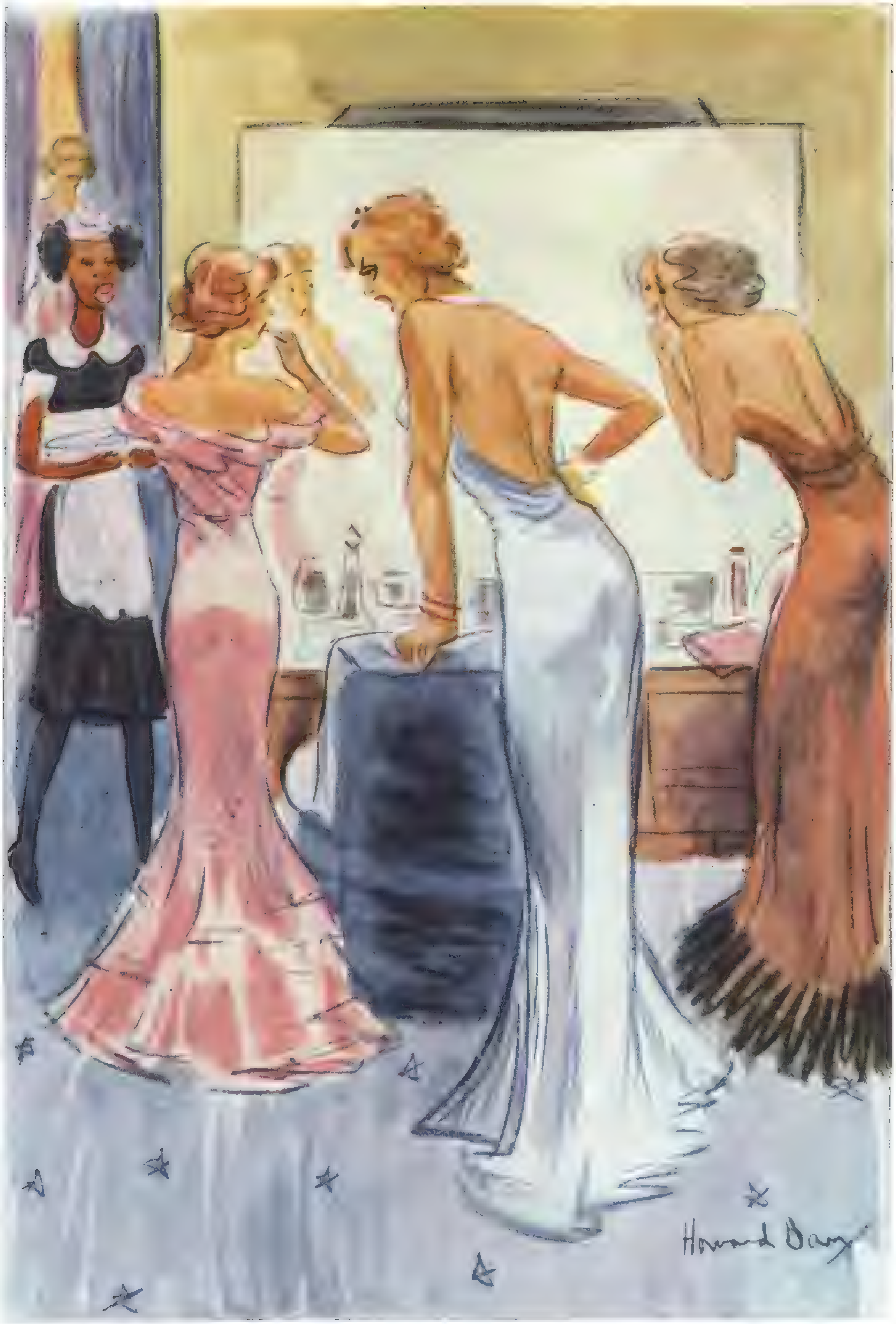
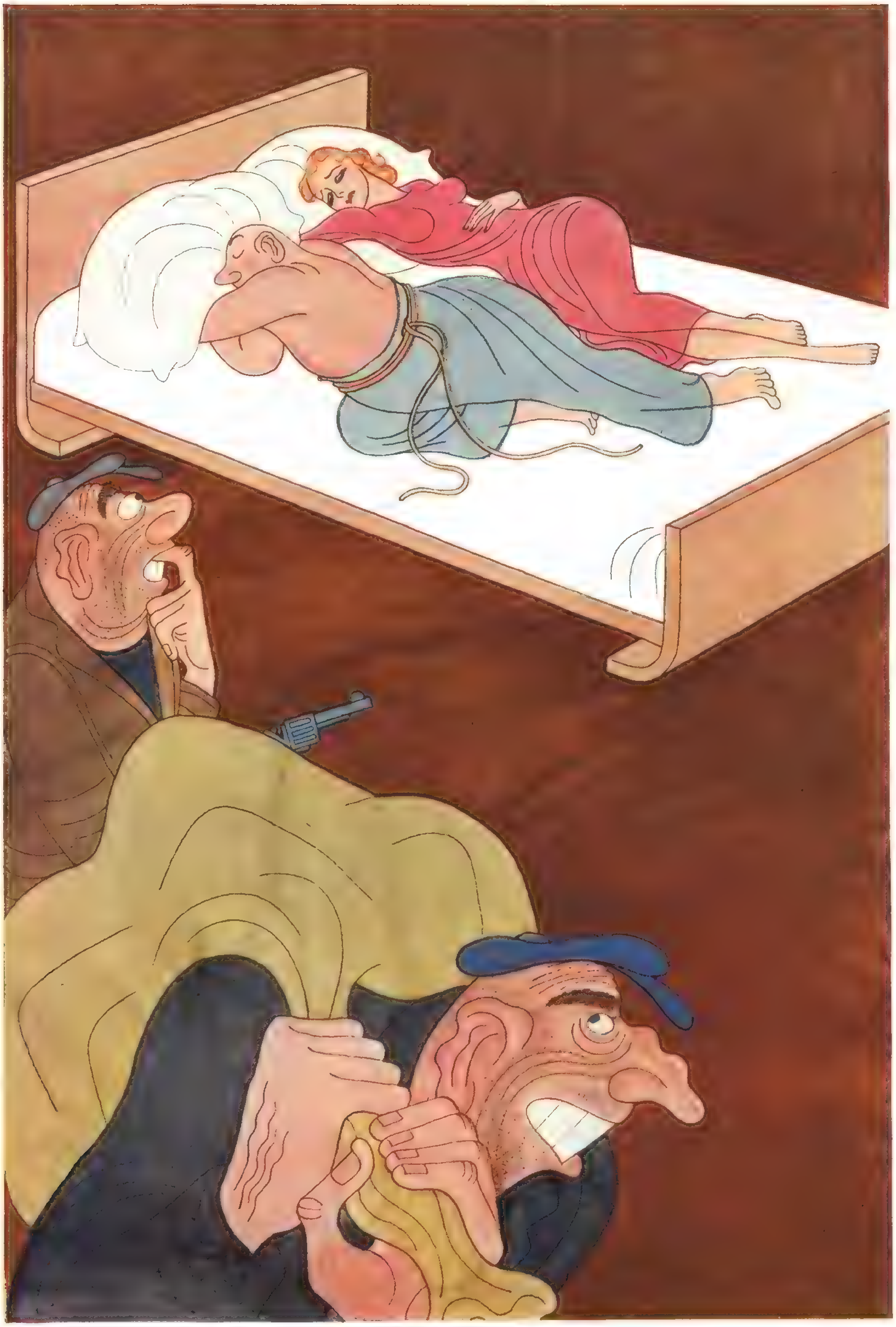

Howard Baer

"You can't imagine how boring millionaires can be?"



"Let's leave 'em a blanket—they might catch cold"

Master Finger-Printer

The wizard of the Hauptmann trial can bring up marks that have sunk below the surface

by RICHARD R. SMITH

ARTICLE

"JERSEY justice is on trial as never before; it must not fail to find the man or the gang who have stolen the Lindbergh baby," said James F. Minturn, late Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, as he sat, a few days after the kidnapping, in the office of his friend and physician, Erastus Mead Hudson—by profession specialist in the chemistry and diseases of the intestinal tract, but by avocation specialist in the chemistry of finger-prints and ardent student of criminology and forensic medicine.

"The ladder which was left behind has furnished no clews," continued Justice Minturn, "as no finger-prints can be found on its unfinished wood surfaces."

Dr. Hudson then expressed the belief that there must be finger-prints on the ladder, and said that he could develop prints, even on a rough wood surface, by a process which he had devised some years before but which was not generally known to the police. Straight, then, to Governor Moore of New Jersey went the Justice with the story of Dr. Hudson's process. Thus it was at the invitation of the Governor, transmitted through the head of the New Jersey State Police, that the New York doctor, personally escorted by Supreme Court Justice Minturn, entered the home of Colonel Lindbergh at Hopewell.

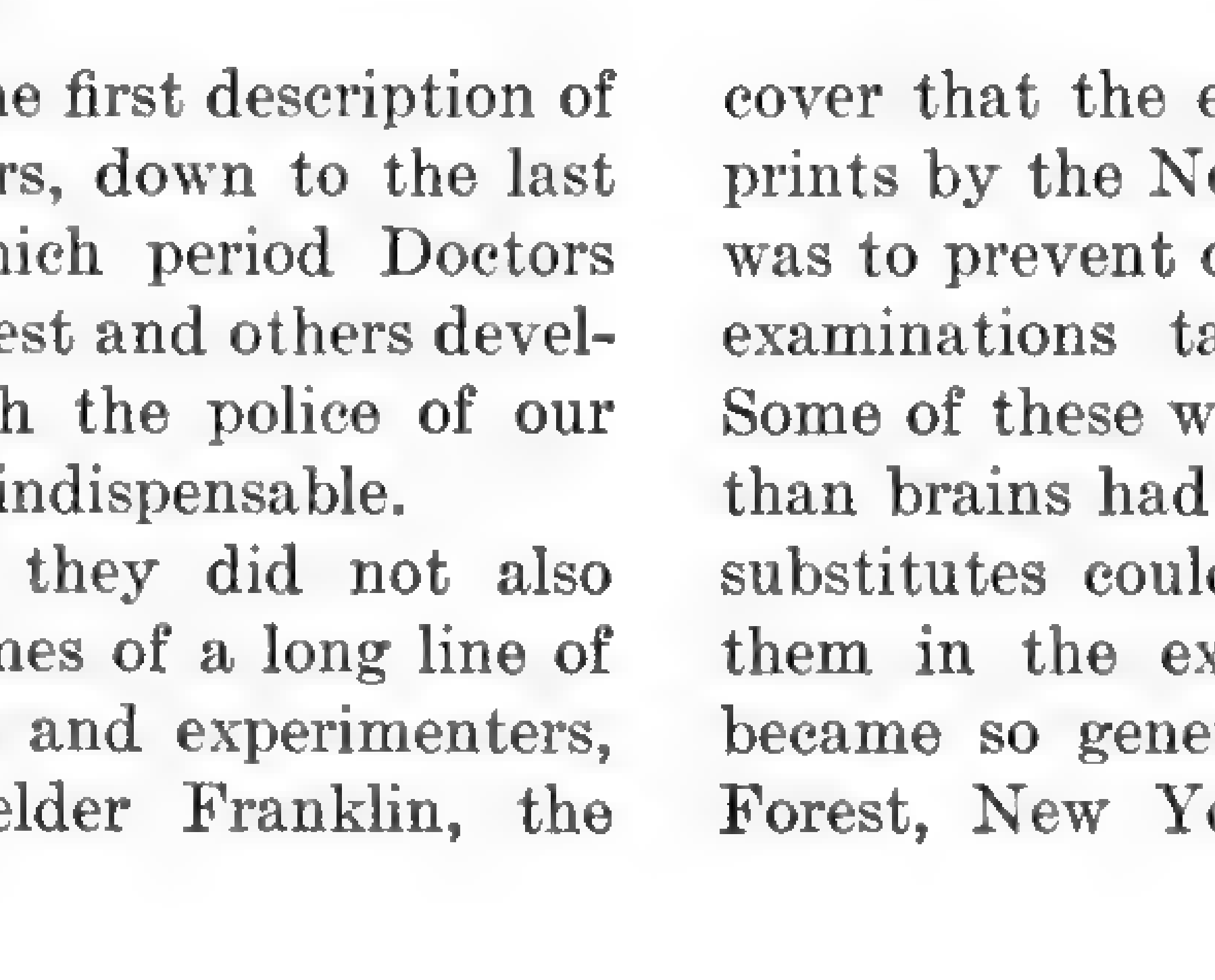
And yet at the trial at Flemington this same doctor—who had never asked or received a dollar for his services, whom the State of New Jersey had originally invited into the case, and who, as a result, had for nearly three years instructed the New Jersey State Police in the art of finger-printing—was repudiated by the State's prosecutor, and his conscientious testimony which could not be controverted was held up to scorn and belittlement as that of "the defense's expert."

Hudson testified that some five hundred finger-prints had been brought out on the ladder by his process, but that not one of these prints was found, after the arrest, to be Hauptmann's—not even those which were found on the under side of the cross pieces of the ladder, where they were nailed to the uprights, and which could have been made only by the man who had handled these pieces before they were fastened to the uprights.

He further testified regarding the number of nail holes in the upright of the ladder which the State claimed had been taken from the Hauptmann attic. The prosecutor tried to force the doctor to admit that there were more nail holes in the upright than Hudson had recalled, but he suddenly abandoned this line of cross examination when the witness pointed out that there was a split in the wood of the upright, near one of the holes, which split had not been present at the time Hudson had developed the finger-prints for the New Jersey police.

Lastly, Dr. Hudson stated that, although the child's finger-prints had been found on various toys and other articles in the nursery, no prints of any member of the household or of any person whatsoever had been found on the crib or on the glass, the frame or the sill of the window below which the ladder had been placed—and this despite the fact that it was shown by testimony that two members of the household had opened and closed and tried unsuccessfully to lock this same window during the early part of the night of the kidnapping.

Neighboring police were intelligent and fair minded enough to see the value of the doctor's work, even in the face of New Jersey's rejection of it, for within a few months after Jersey had sent Bruno Richard Hauptmann to the death house at Trenton, despite Hudson's testimony, the doctor had been appointed Honorary Police Surgeon (which carries the rank of Inspector) by Commissioner Valentine and made Director of Scientific Research of the New York City Police Department. And Commissioner Valentine, at that, was only one jump ahead of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the "G" men, in the offer to provide laboratory facilities and other coöperation for the modest physician.



What was it that Dr. Hudson had done and how did it happen that it was to a doctor that the police turned for new methods of crime detection? Perhaps the police knew that nearly every step in acquiring knowledge of finger-prints and in working out methods of using them for purposes of identification had been taken by doctors — from the seventeenth century when Malpighi of Bologna used the first microscope and gave the first description of the ridges in the fingers, down to the last fifty years, during which period Doctors Faulds, Galton, de Forest and others developed the science which the police of our generation have found indispensable.

Probably, however, they did not also know that Hudson comes of a long line of distinguished scientists and experimenters, stemming from the elder Franklin, the father of Benjamin. Hudson's father, George Henry, directed the teaching of physics, chemistry and the natural sciences at the Plattsburg Normal School for many years, and it was here that the young Hudson chose the laboratory as his playground, and miscroscopes, test tubes, electrical and mechanical apparatus as his toys.

Here, too, he met many scientists who came to see the work his father was doing. When he went on to Harvard it was a natural choice for him to specialize in chemistry, physics and engineering, and to spend his summers at the Harvard Engineering camp. When he was graduated from Harvard he was in effect, though not by the actual designation of his degree, an engineer. But—the next autumn found him entering the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. The "P. and S." course was ended just as this country entered the World War, and Hudson, now "M. D.," as one of the high stand men of his class, was immediately commissioned in the Medical Corps of the regular Navy. His assignment throughout the war was on the *Leviathan*.

Part of the routine of the physical examinations of the new members of the crew was the taking of their finger-prints, and classifying and filing them. This work was assigned to Dr. Hudson at his own request, for even in the last year of his medical course he had begun his reading on the subject to which he later came to give the devotion which men reserve for their pet hobbies. The fact that the first hidden finger-prints were detected in London as recently as 1900 and in New York two years later, while his father had taken some excellent prints in Plattsburg a dozen years before, may have given an impetus to Hudson's study, and led him to start the experiments in this new field which he carried on whenever possible, even in his navy days.

It had amused the young enthusiast to discover that the earliest use made of finger-prints by the New York police department was to prevent cheating in the civil service examinations taken by aspiring rookies. Some of these who were stronger on brawn than brains had discovered that high-brow substitutes could be hired to impersonate them in the examinations. This practice became so general that Dr. Henry P. de Forest, New York police surgeon, estab-

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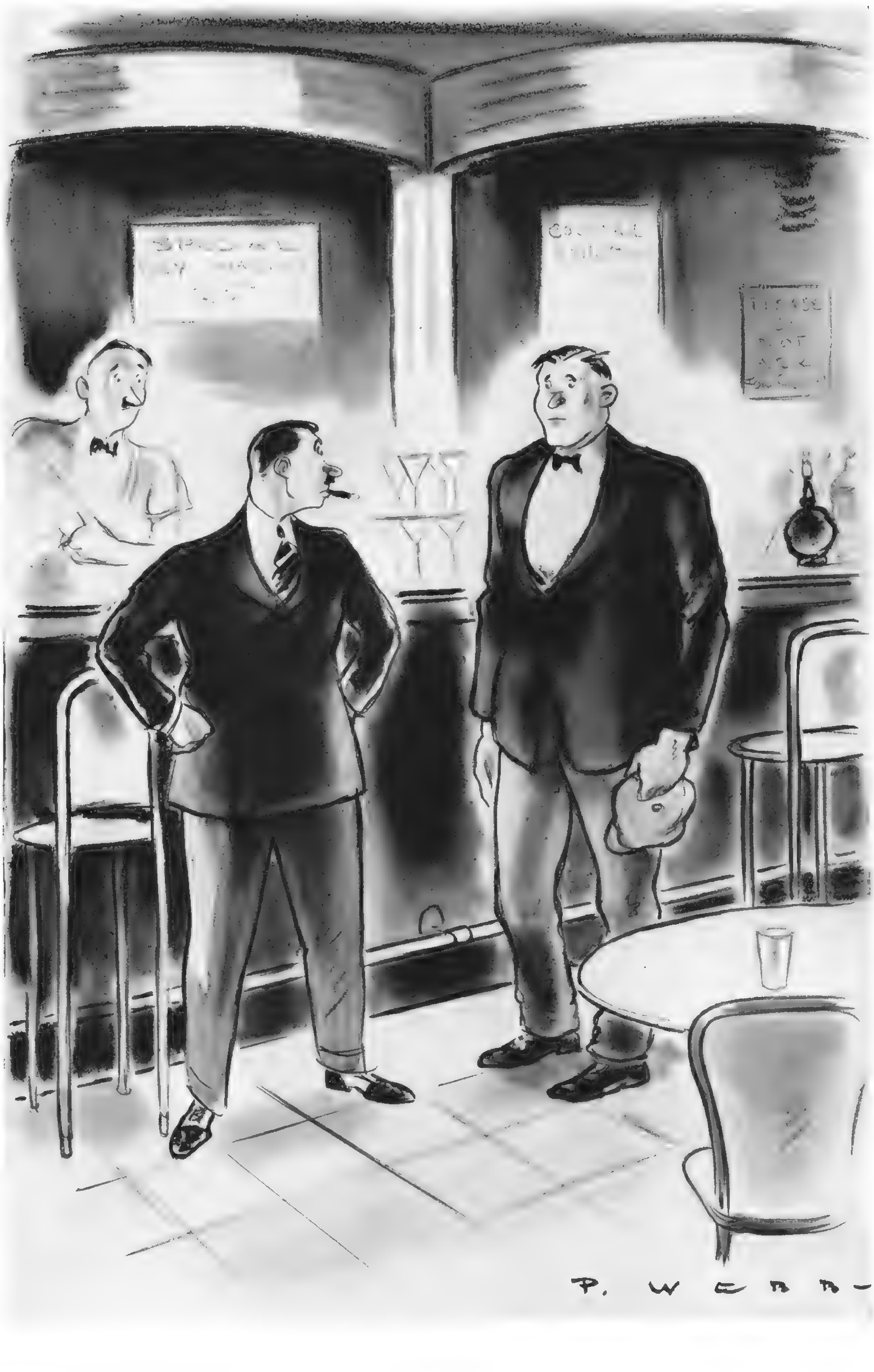


"D'ya want me to throw people out on a salary or commission basis?"

Fun on the Rope

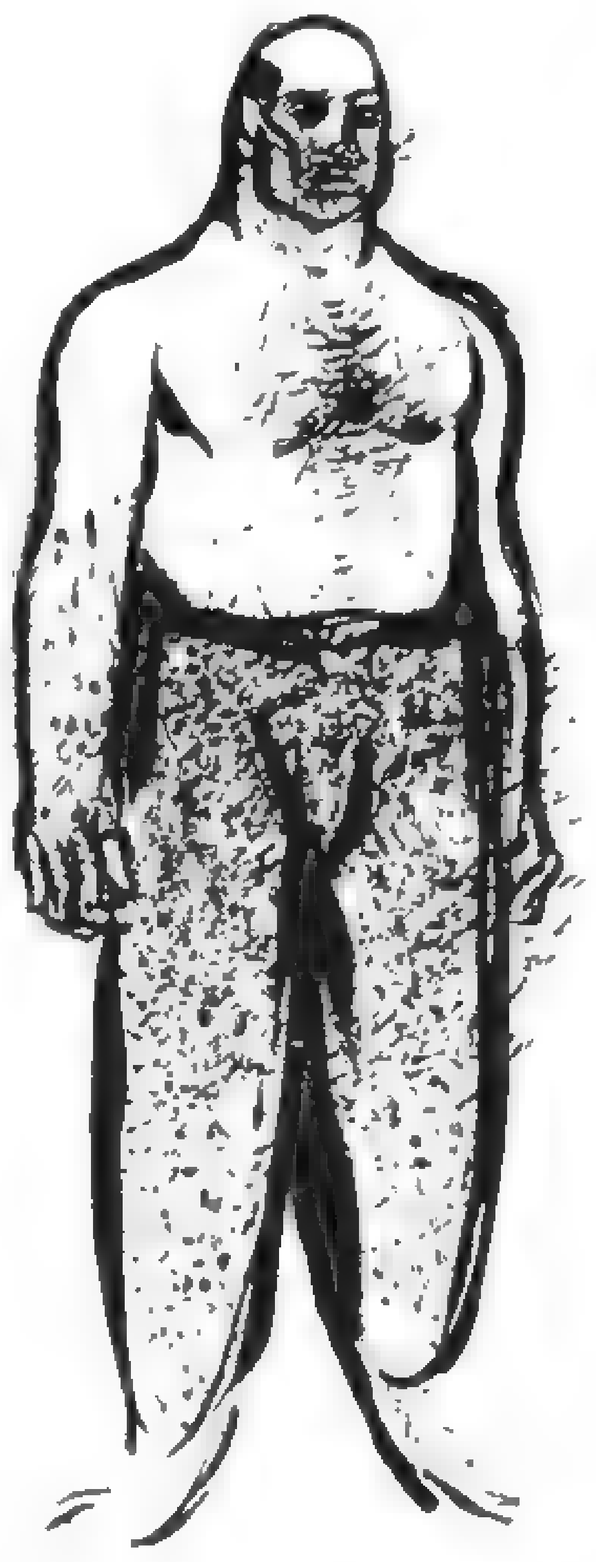
When bath-houses were in flower and tug-of-war was a sport for mining camps and hefty Swedes

by BYRON FISH

• SPORTS •

"Remember when Wolgast fought Bat Nelson forty rounds for the lightweight title in 1910?" asks one old timer.

"Yes sir!" answers another. "And remember the football games? Them was the days when they had real men!"



Yeah, maybe they had. But they weren't fighters, nor football players, nor wrestlers. People are always saying men "ain't what they used to be, and never were," but those ex-pugs and old-time gridiron sluggers were a bunch of male ballet dancers, and it's surprising someone hasn't pointed out the truth before. The going might have been rough for them at times, but they always had the opportunity of breaking a leg or cracking a jaw so they could go rest for a while.

You couldn't do that in tug-o-war.

Now wait! This isn't any tug-o-war you've seen in the past twenty years. What's left of the sport has undergone a change equivalent to that of football. Relatively speaking, it's fast, shifty tug-o-war they play these days. Relatively speaking also, nobody cares.

Back in the 90's before the sportwriting publicity men had put over the myth that baseball is our favorite pastime, tug-o-war was the national sport, but it lasted about six months longer than mah jongg. This was probably because the men of that day weren't what they used to be.

The age of speed got tug-o-war too, and today they pull standing up, for ten feet of rope each side of the middle. Part of the game is to slacken up suddenly, throw your opponents off balance, and then pull in your dividends.

In the old days there were just five feet for your allowance, and slacking up would only let the other side, also lying down, edge up a couple of cleats.

That's right. They pulled lying down, but it was no bed of roses. The "playing field" was close to 240 feet of planking, four feet wide, with a two-inch cleat every six inches. When you think of tug-o-war as a small-time game, consider that 240 feet is two-thirds the length of a football field.

And while you're thinking about football fields, consider this: in 1894, before the days of commercialized football and prizefighters with the emphasis on the first syllable, an international tug-o-war in San Francisco played to a crowd of 27,000 fans who paid a dollar a seat.

The "international" aspect was just one of the many points in which tug-o-war varied from any other sport. The "Irish" of Notre Dame are named Slynzyneski and Popolovich as often as not, and the "Swedes" from Minnesota's team are likely to be Henley and Patricelli, but the tug and pull men were segregated according to the land of their birth or ancestry. They were all Americans, and most of them citizens, but they pulled by "nations."

Tug-o-war started nobody knows how long ago in Scotland, probably because all it takes to play is a rope, and that's tight. In the rather obscure rise of the game in the early nineties, it was the Scotch-Canadians who held the championship. Then some promoter got the idea of commercializing the sport. After that, teams cropped out wherever ten men who gloried in their strength could get together. They were steel-workers, mill hands, beached seamen, farmers, lumberjacks, bums—anyone who had guts, and was willing to risk them.

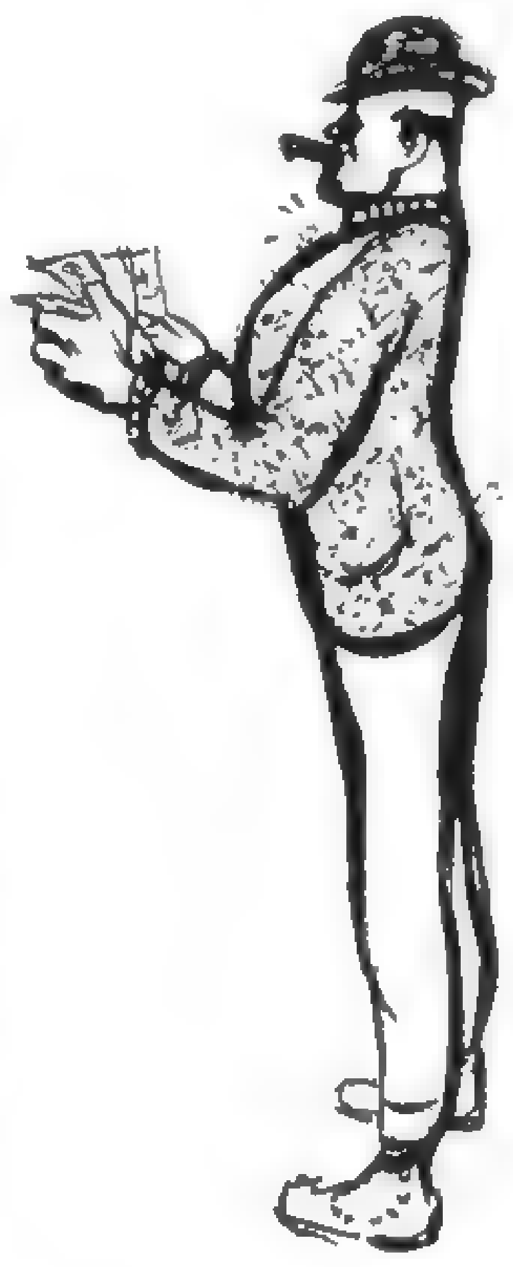
There was no set pay, as a rule. They pulled for purses, and the split ranged from a few cents (when the manager skipped town) to a cut of several hundred dollars per man. The average was pretty low, though.

There was no prima donna training. You worked all day—10 to 12 hours was a working day in the 90's, remember—and practiced in your leisure time in the evening. There were no personal training rules to speak of. Some men trained for months to keep in condition. Others confined their lifting to the weight of a beer mug. It was a case of the best man, and the punishment he could take, with no other questions asked.

Tug-o-war was a man's game in more ways than one. Most athletes reach their peak before they are thirty. Among the tuggers, the man of 28 to 30 was a youngster, just reaching the point at which he would be a good teammate—one who wouldn't give up when the rope slid a little in his hands and ripped off his skin. A man under thirty often turned out to be a cry-baby, so to speak, when he had to hang onto a hauser in his bare flesh for a quarter of an hour, with the blood oozing up through his fingers.

There was no time out and no substitutions. If a man ruptured himself during a contest, as sometimes happened, his team quit, it pulled without him, or he said nothing and hung on until the end. And more than one man died in his place when his heart broke under the strain.

It was two other things that led to the quick demise of the game, though. As in wrestling, it was no time at all before everything in a match was fixed but the facial expressions, and they were rehearsed ahead of time for the audience.



The sport didn't live up to American business standards, either. You'd never catch an athletic supply house publicizing a sport which paid them hardly a dime. The only equipment used was the clamp to hold the rope in the middle, and the saddle worn by the anchorman. The saddle was a big leather belt which protected the end man's kidneys when he put the rope around him. The rest of the men wore regular clothes. That was the rule.

Get a catalog and see what it costs to play any other game in the United States.

Ten men and two captains made up a team. One captain walked up and down the line, watching his own men and counseling them. The other captain was the quarterback. He stood behind the opponent's lineup, watching their condition. His own men watched every move he made. At the least sign of weakening or relaxation in the opponents, this captain signaled.

With lightning speed and clocklike pre-

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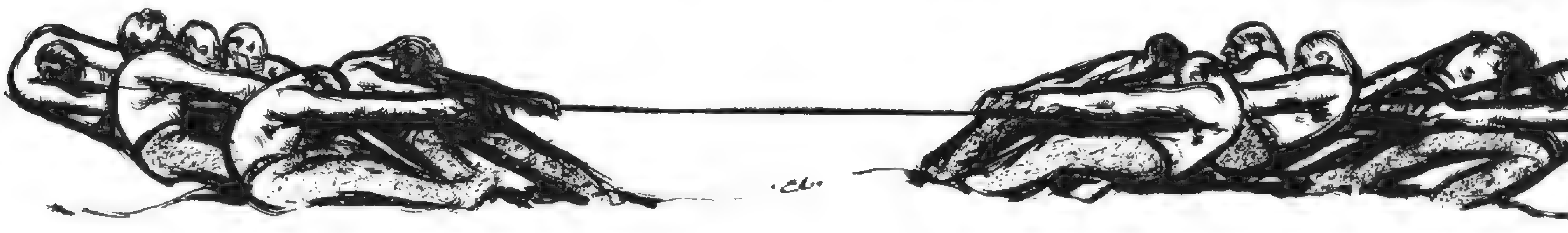


My Father

He was a typical failure, going from one thing to another, yet the source of his son's success

by HARRY HARRISON KROLL

• FICTION •

I WAS eight years old when my folks lived in a small dark cabin on the bank of a muddy creek in West Tennessee, and my father cut and hauled wood to sell to the Negroes and poor whites at seventy-five cents a load at the near-by small town.

That spring I went to work with him in the woods. My father would take a cross-cut saw, kneel before a log, and begin to saw, "*snush-snush!*" alone; the steel rang musically to his rhythmic labor. He was a smallish man, dark from weather and open sunlight and hard work; his hair, jet black, was beginning to be streaked with gray; as he sawed, his expression was placid and without meaning. I never knew much what he was thinking about.

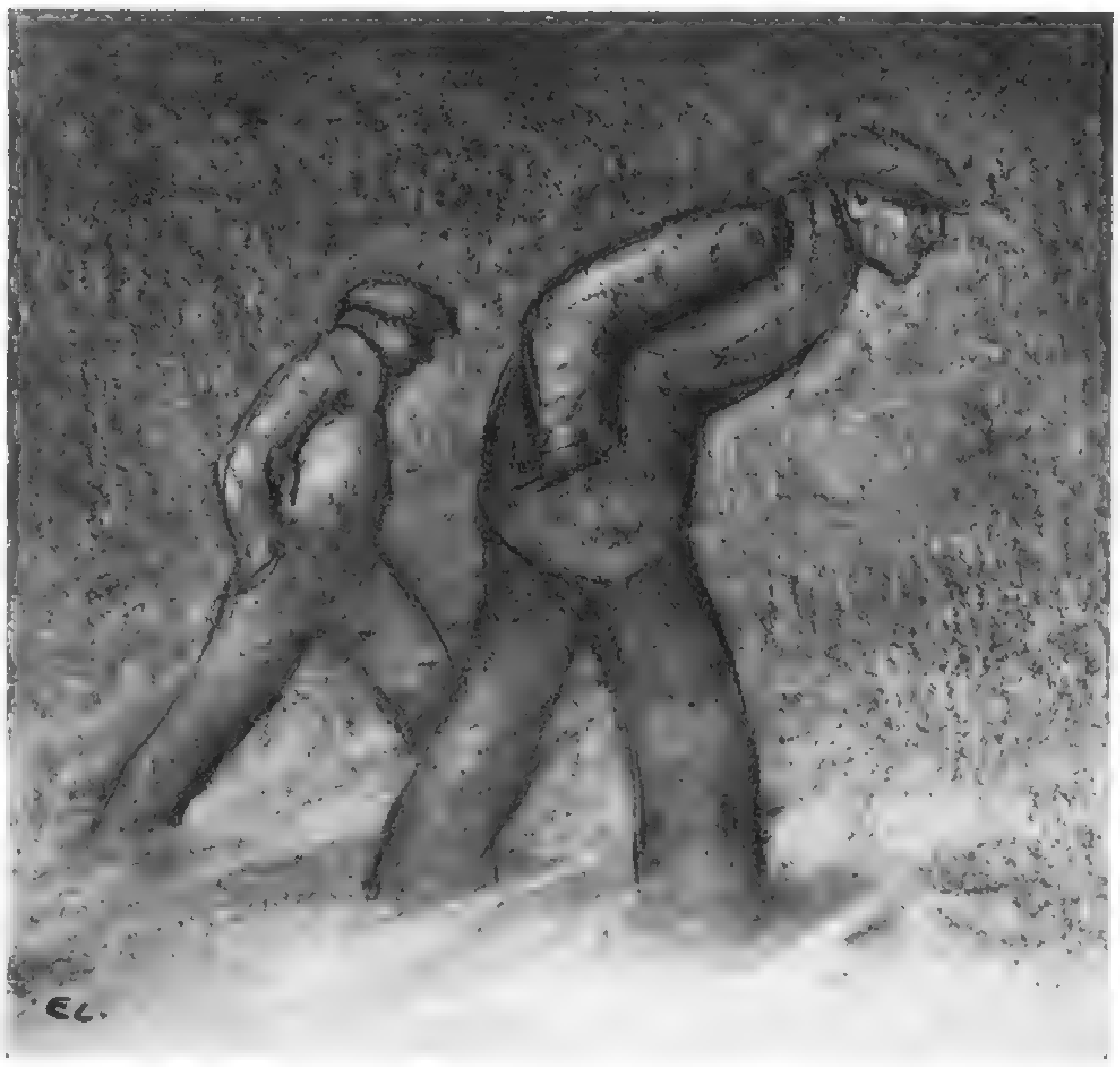
Though I never strayed far from where he worked, I dwelt in a wide world of fancy and joy. Going at sunrise to the woods with my father, the distance great enough that we carried our dinner of boiled potatoes and meat scrap in a tin bucket and loaf-bread of mixed flour and meal in a basket, not returning until dark, I seemed to have lost touch with my mother and brother Charles, and two sisters. My father would saw for perhaps two hours, roll the cuts into the shade, and split the wood. I would then stack it between paw-paw stakes, in ricks four feet high and eight feet long. Betimes I ran through the clean sunlit openings; they were filled with beauty for me, as the dark shadows of the vine-draped trees were filled with mystery. I learned the identity of birds by cry and color, and the trees by bark and leaf. I valued them in my father's terms. As an elm was hard to split, it was not a good tree. Ash was good, because the black folk bought such wood to make soap. Oak was hard to saw, but good for firewood. Box-elder and hackberry, being soft, cut and split easily, but the people said it burnt too fast. A day's work for myself and father would usually bring fifty cents. My father ate the meat, for it was he who manned saw and axe.

One day my father told me to come sit, and I left the vine where I was swinging to the birds trying to nest in it. I dropped on the ground where a thousand violets bloomed. My father was weary, for he was never a man of great endurance; in a leisured voice he spoke of life, of this curious adventure of creation and procreation.

I recall but one phrase of this measured harangue on the verities. I was playing at "rooster-fight" with the violets. It is a game in which one plucks a flower, and by hooking other violets into it, seeks to find which head comes off first. One flower in this manner will decapitate ten or a dozen other flowers.

I'm pretty sure father began with violets, showing how wind and insect pollinates them, makes them bear seed, and so life, the kind, goes on.

He must have then taken up birds, and farm animals, ending with man. The fragment I remember vividly out of it all is this:



"—the womb of the mother is in the shape of a pear—"

I suppose it was a curious, a needless instruction, to be giving an eight-year old boy.

There was a young Negro school teacher in nigger-town, not far from our cabin, who held forth in colored schools thereabouts, and one day he and father disputed over a problem in Ray's arithmetic. The example read: "If A can do a piece of work in seven days alone, but with B working can do it in three and a half days, how many days would it take B to do it?"

The Negro master had one theory; my father another. I remember in odd moments in the woods he turned it in mind, figuring on the wood blocks. At night under the oil lamp he would ponder it. My mother said if he would take up school teaching himself, instead of helping niggers, he might be somebody and she might be somebody. I remember how the suspense bore upon me that the black man would work the problem before father did.

The black man solved it first.

It no longer mattered, in those long summer days in the woods. In the fall we worked in the cotton fields, and my father figured up the weights for the cotton pickers. The black folk would stand about and exclaim admiringly:

"Who-wee!"

I picked along beside him; if I dropped behind he would do a gap in my row and catch me up. I could understand why he could do those weights, if the black folk could not. When corn was ripe, and the two-horse wagon went through the share-crops, I walked beside him, jerking the low ears.

Always, it seems in looking down the vista of time, I was with him.

* * *

I was fourteen now. My folks had moved from one cabin to another; in spring we cleared land for wage. We cut wood, made a garden and large potato patch; had chickens and a cow. We wage-worked for near-by farmers in the cotton fields. We children were larger and stronger now; and with the family working, we saw a gradual up-turn of fortune. Where father had made two or three dollars a week, we now made as much as six dollars. It must have taken a world of penny-pinching to do it, but my father saved twenty-five dollars and bought a magic-lantern show.

We went about the Tennessee backlands in the autumns, showing in one-room schoolhouses. At some stands we would take in as much as three dollars. A dollar and a half was not bad. My father and I carried the show and walked from schoolhouse to schoolhouse. Gradually winter would set in and drive us home. We would work, then; and so, after some while of years, we had bought a moving picture machine, which had just been developed.

It was an Edison machine, using gas light; we had two reels of film of five hundred feet, ten short subjects, each. The titles might be: *Empire State Express; Fisherman's Luck; Russian National Dance.*

Had my father been a showman, the novelty of pictures would have made the enterprise prosper. I remember one week in the autumn, in a spell of splendid weather with warm open days and fine clear nights when we gave a show every night to excellent audiences in many different schoolhouses,

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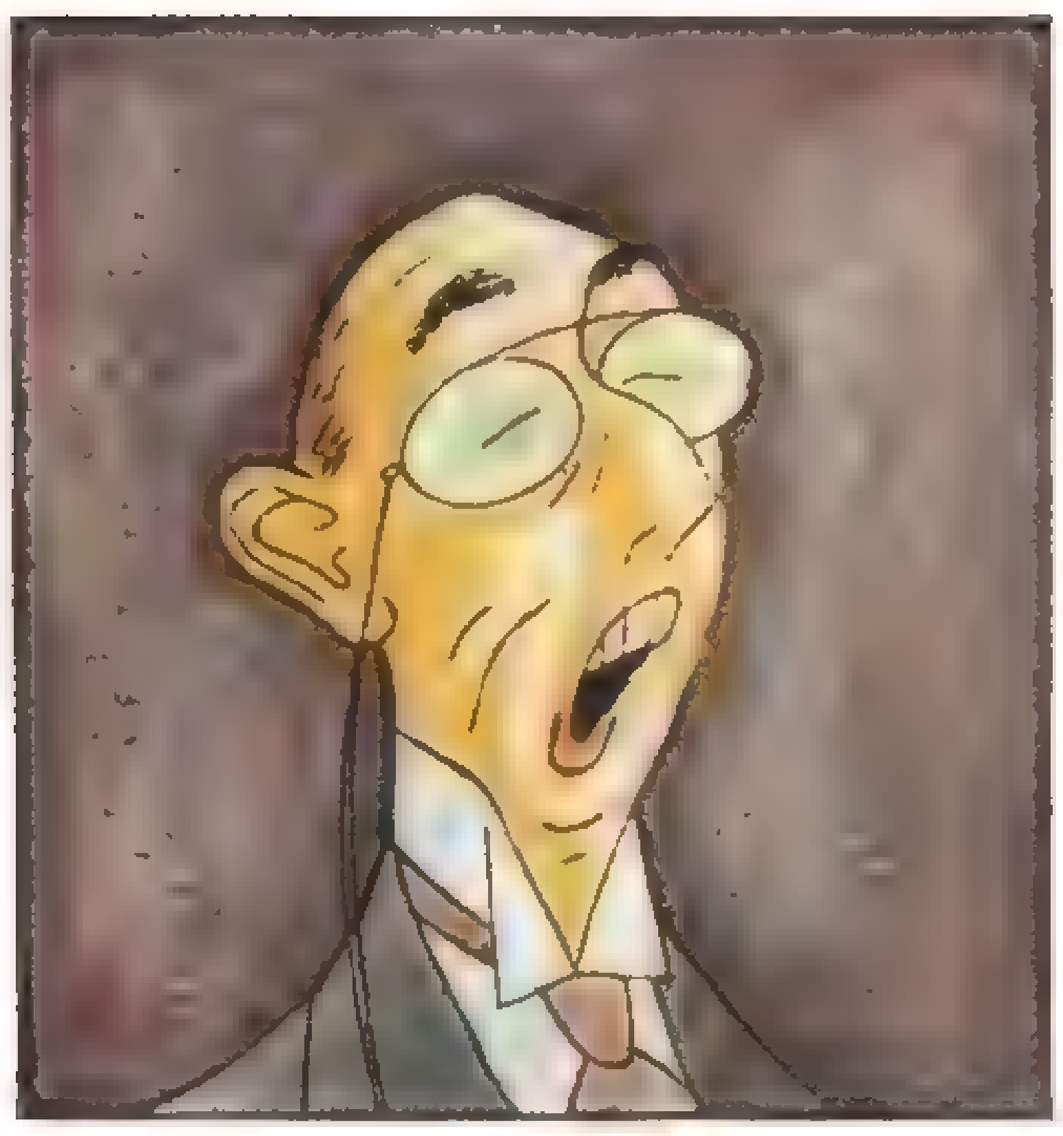
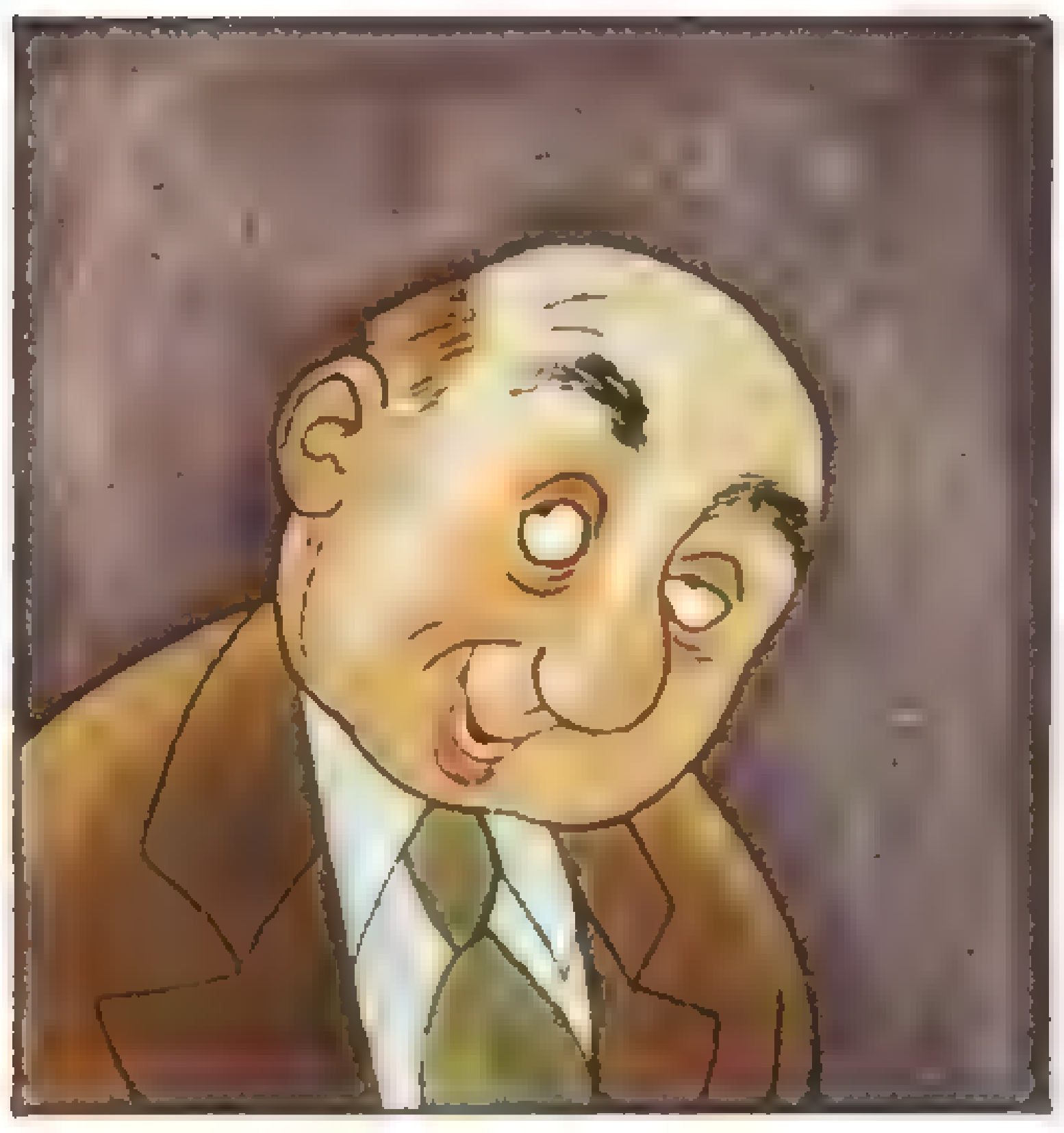
E. Simms Campbell

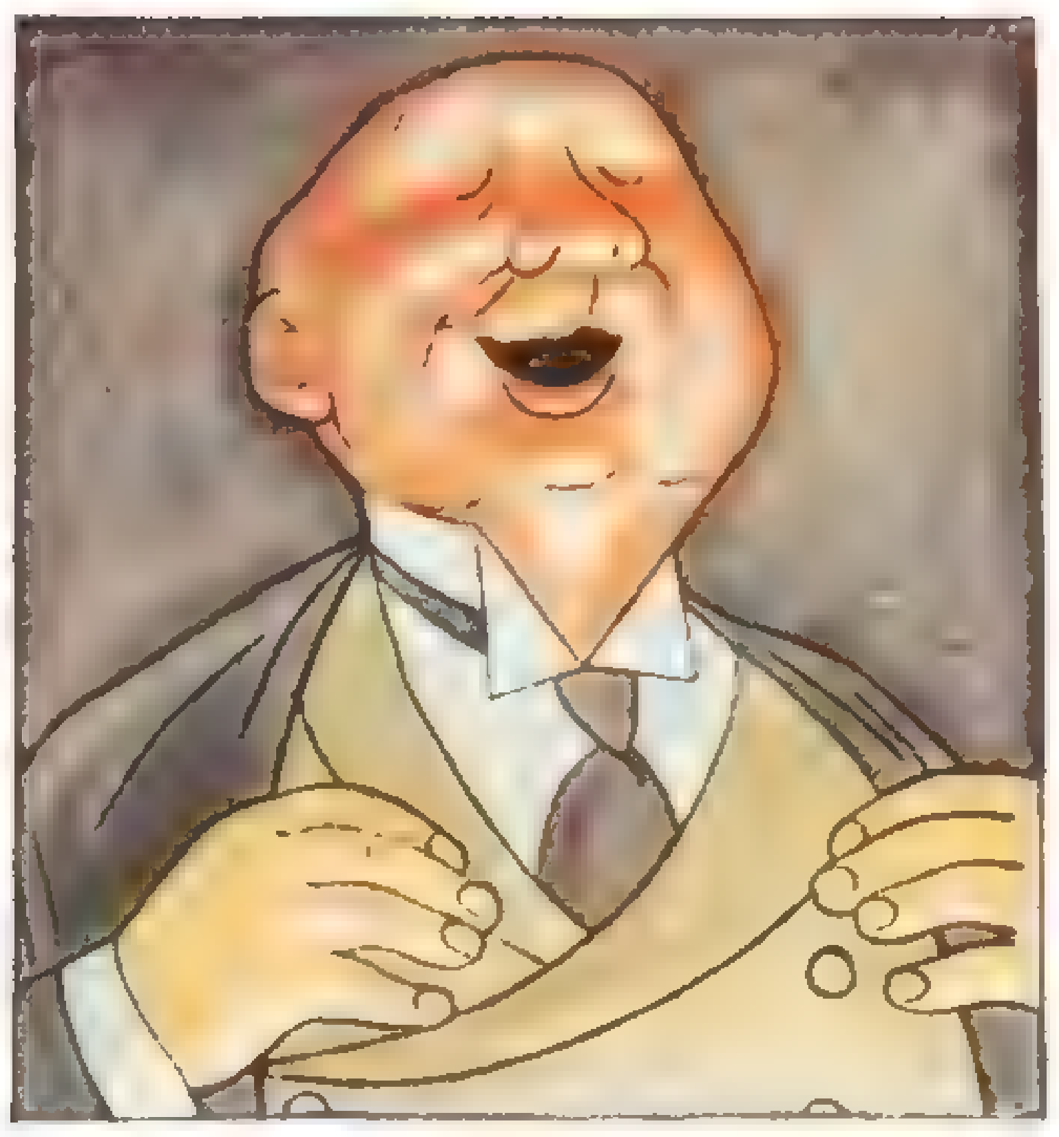
"*Maybe this is a bad corner—huh?*"



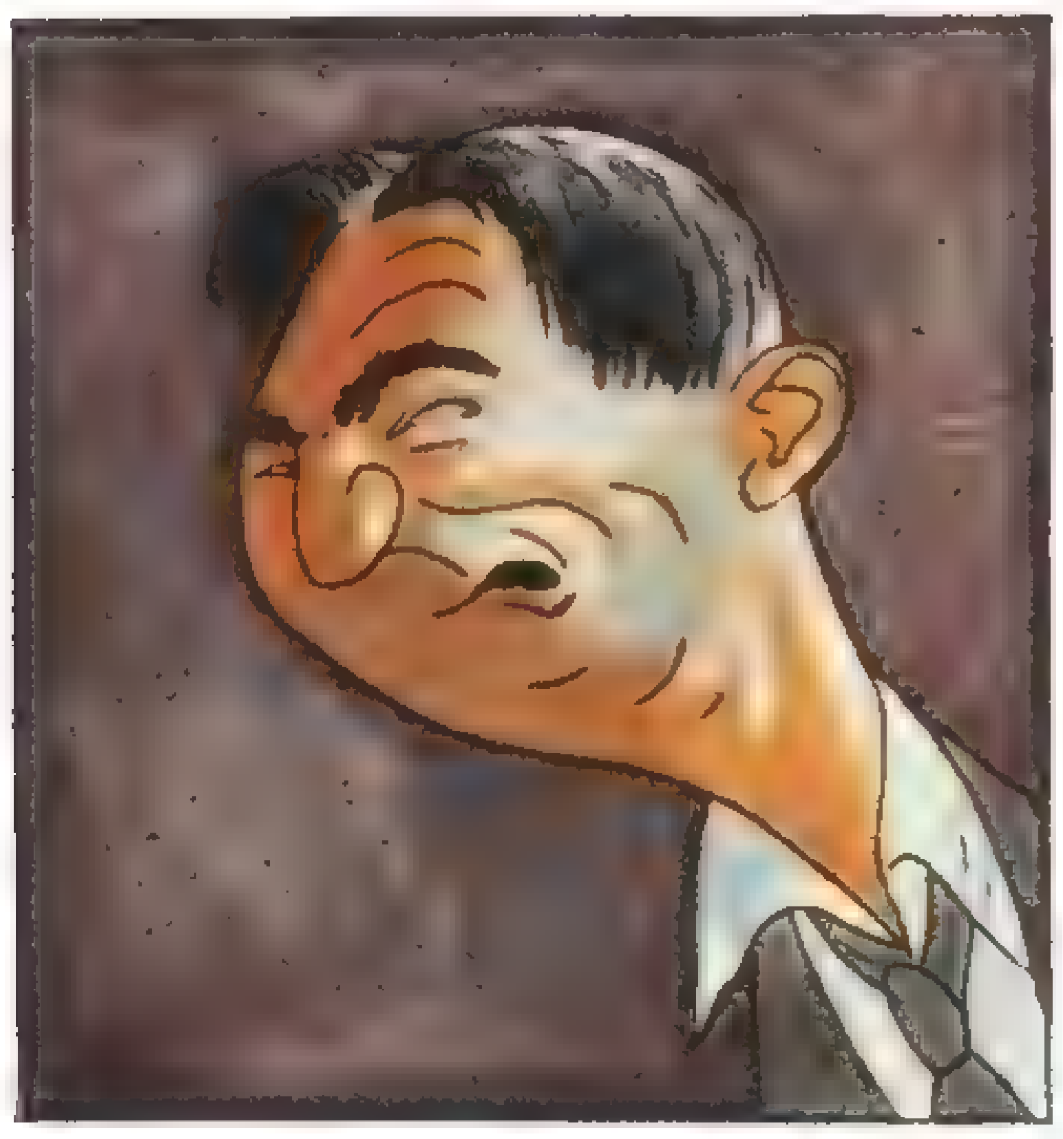
Intellectual Indigestion



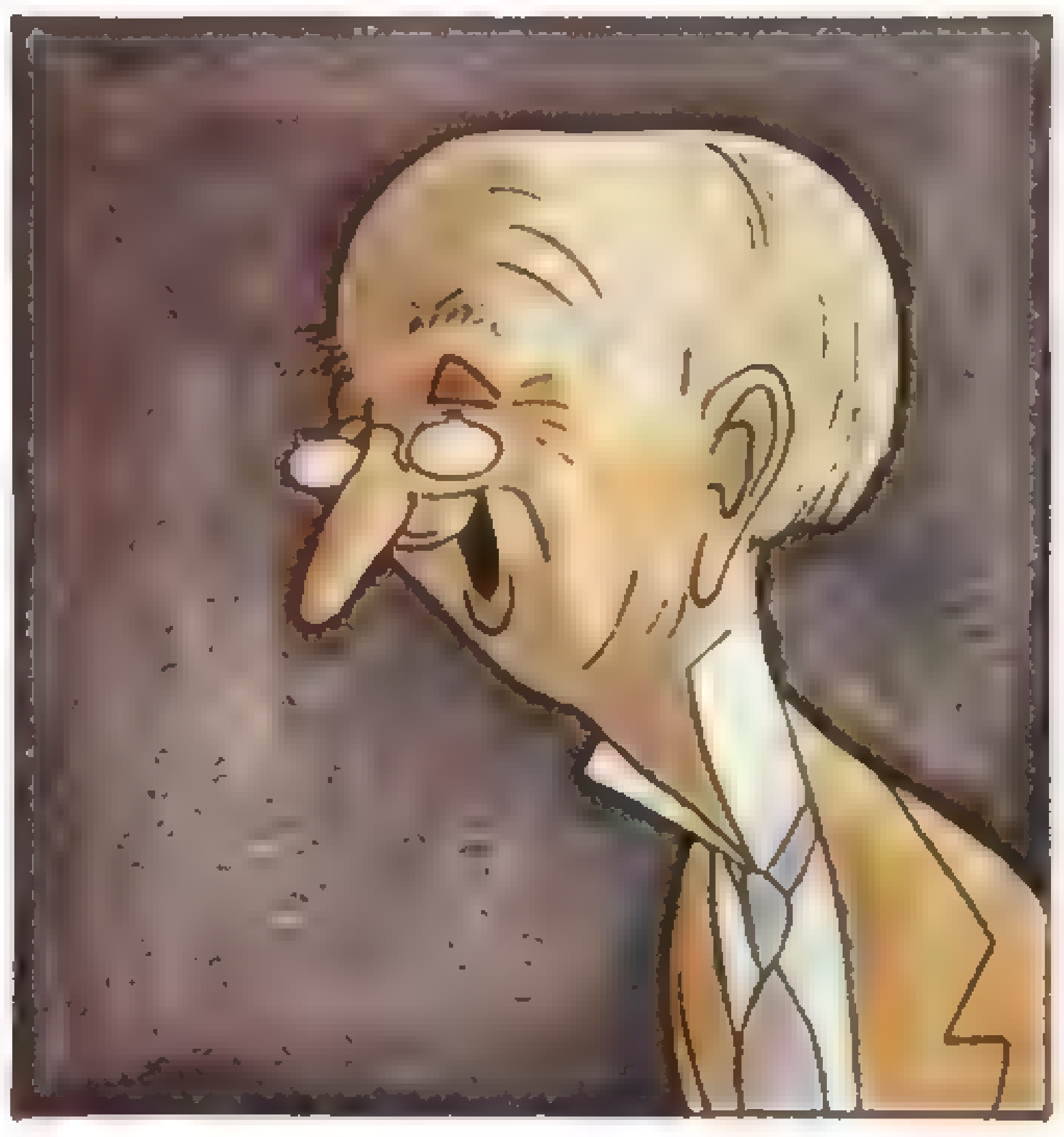
Alibi à la carte



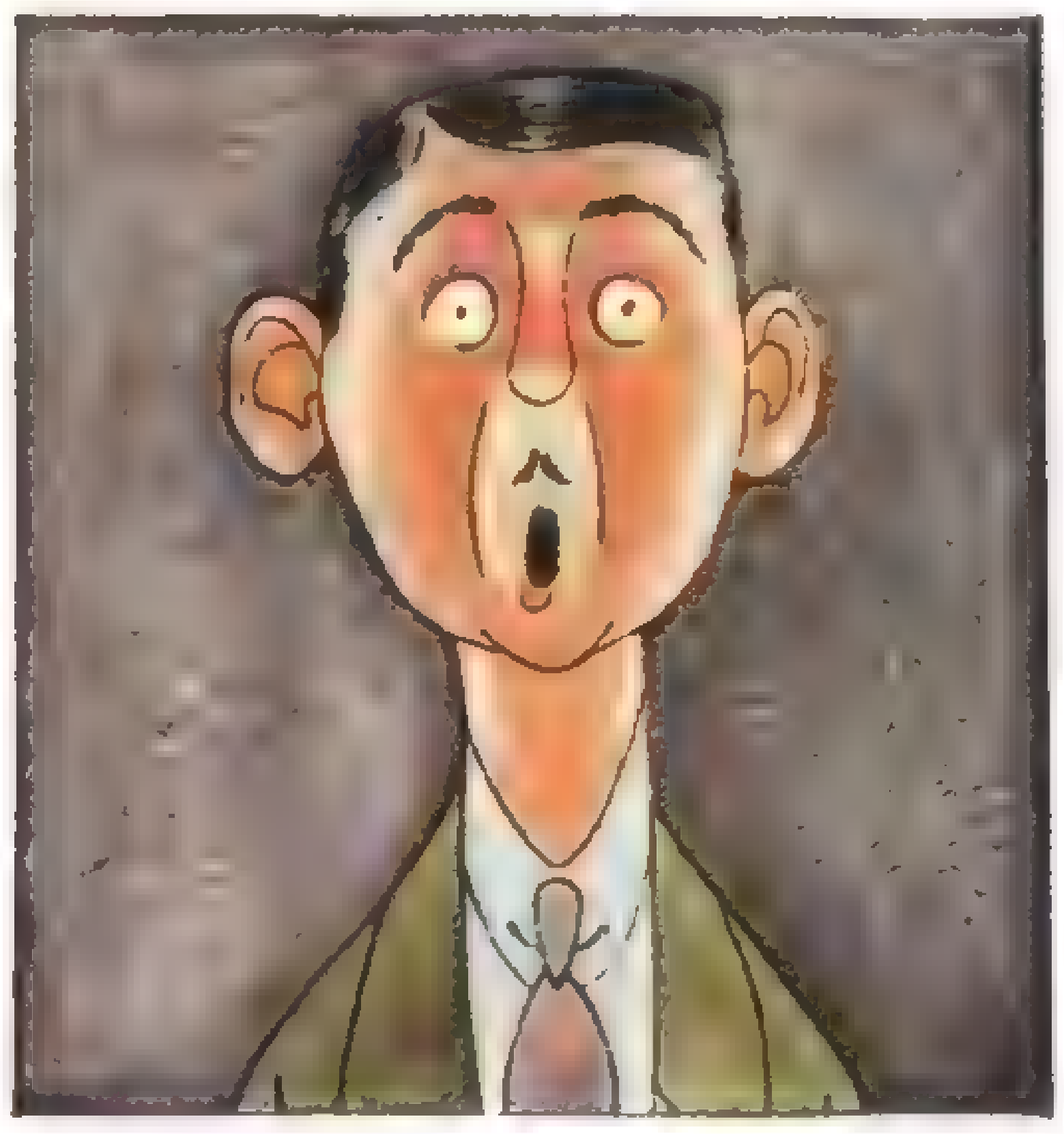
Success Story



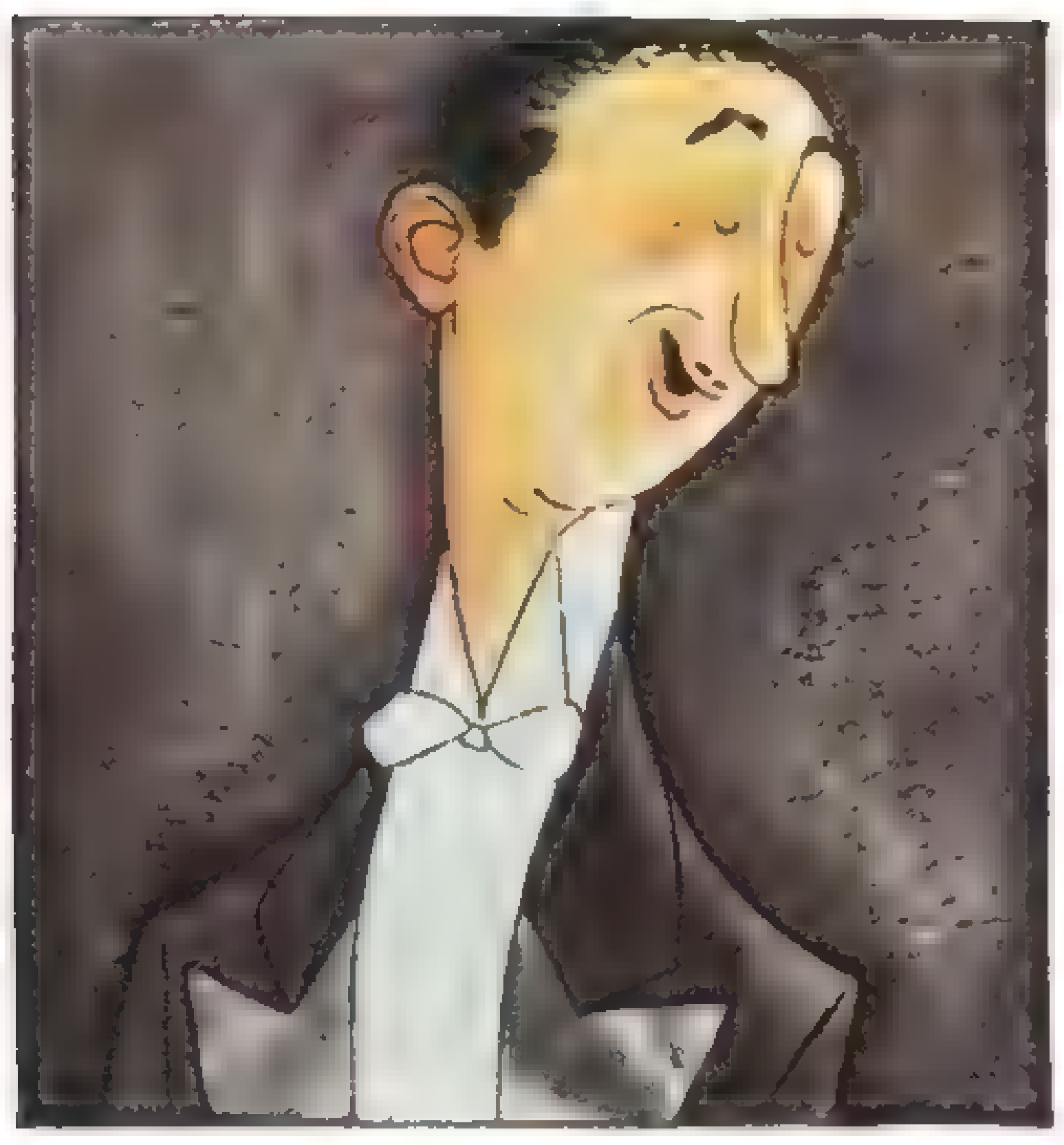
Rabble Rouser



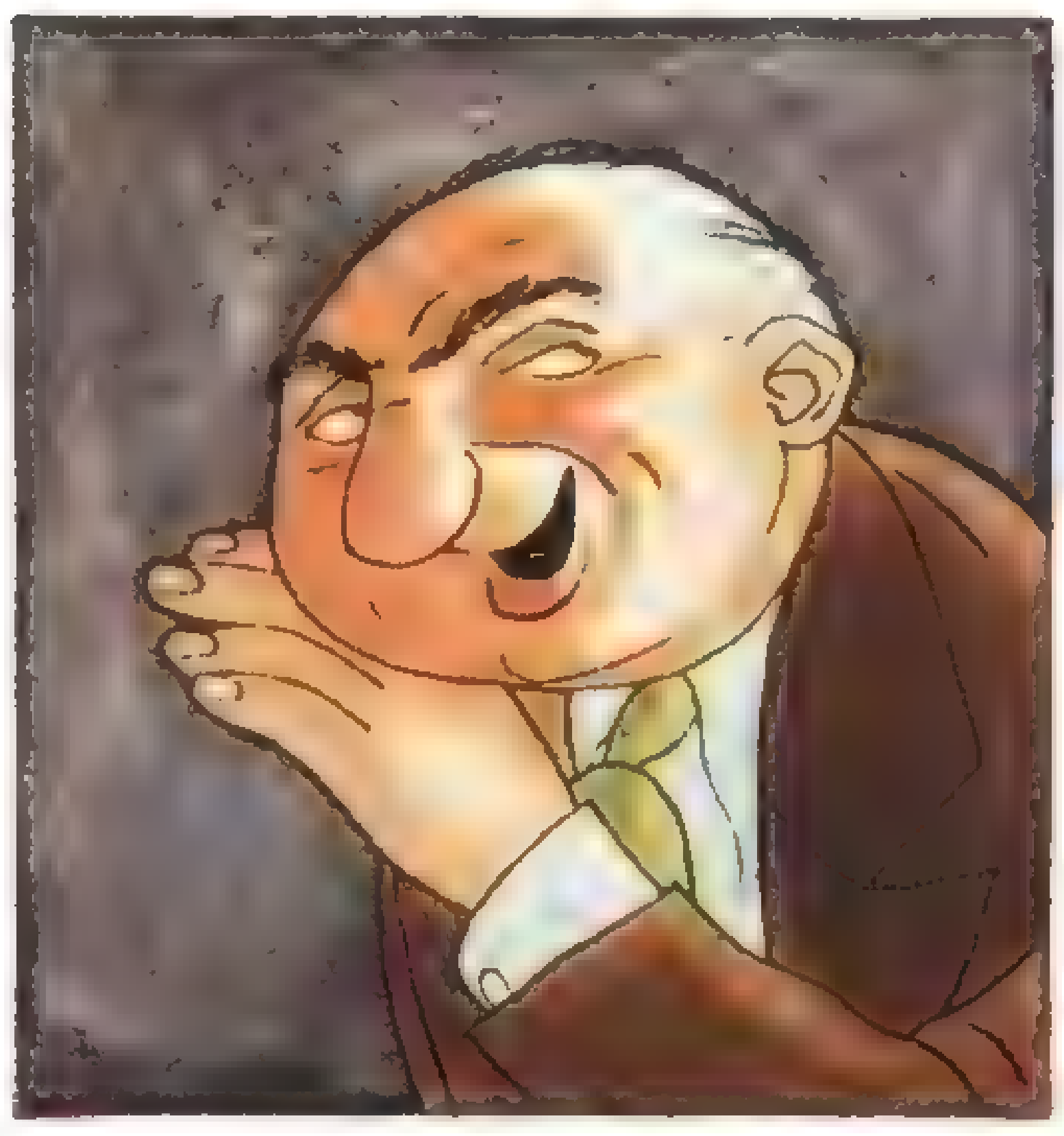
Anachronistic Anecdote



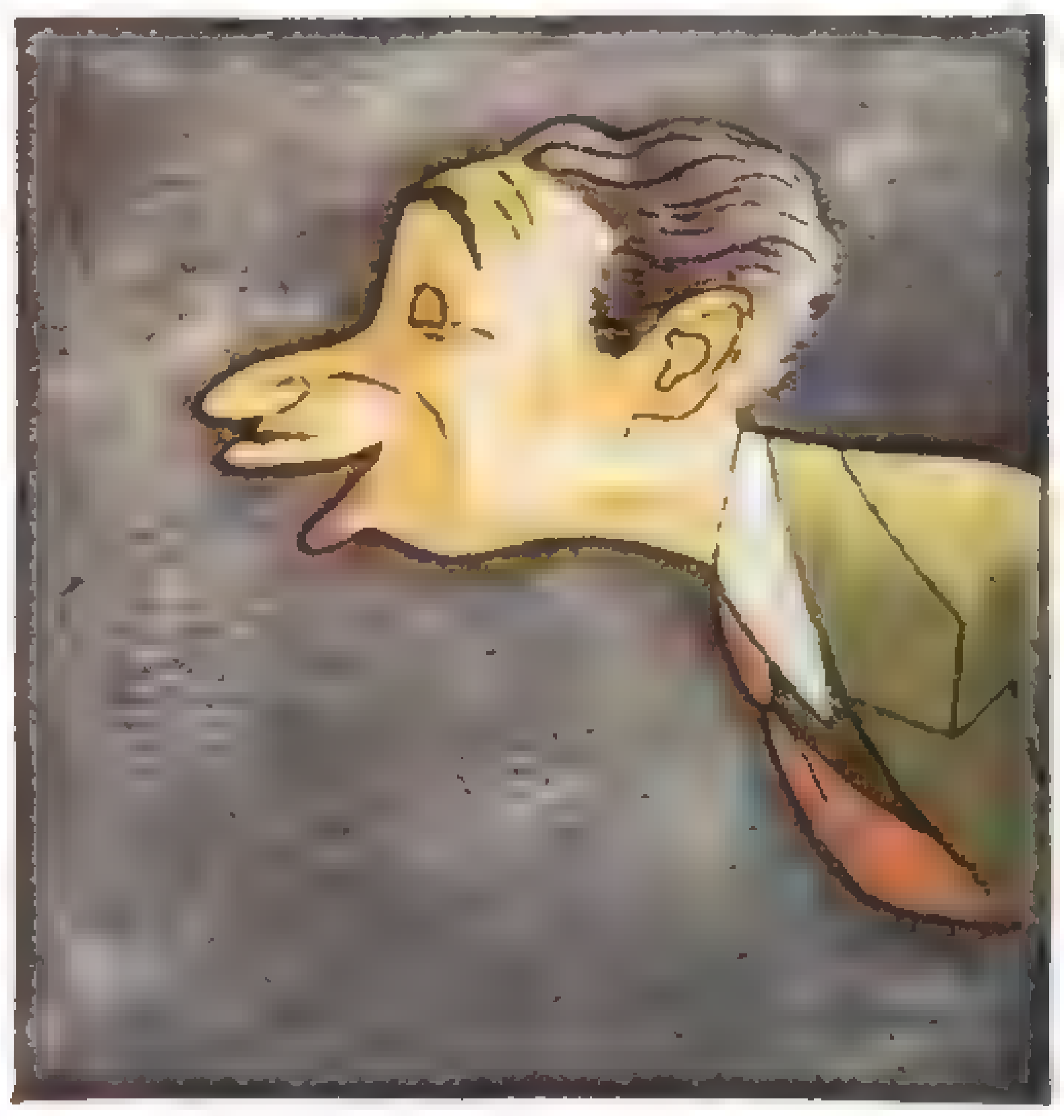
Conversational Hiccoughs



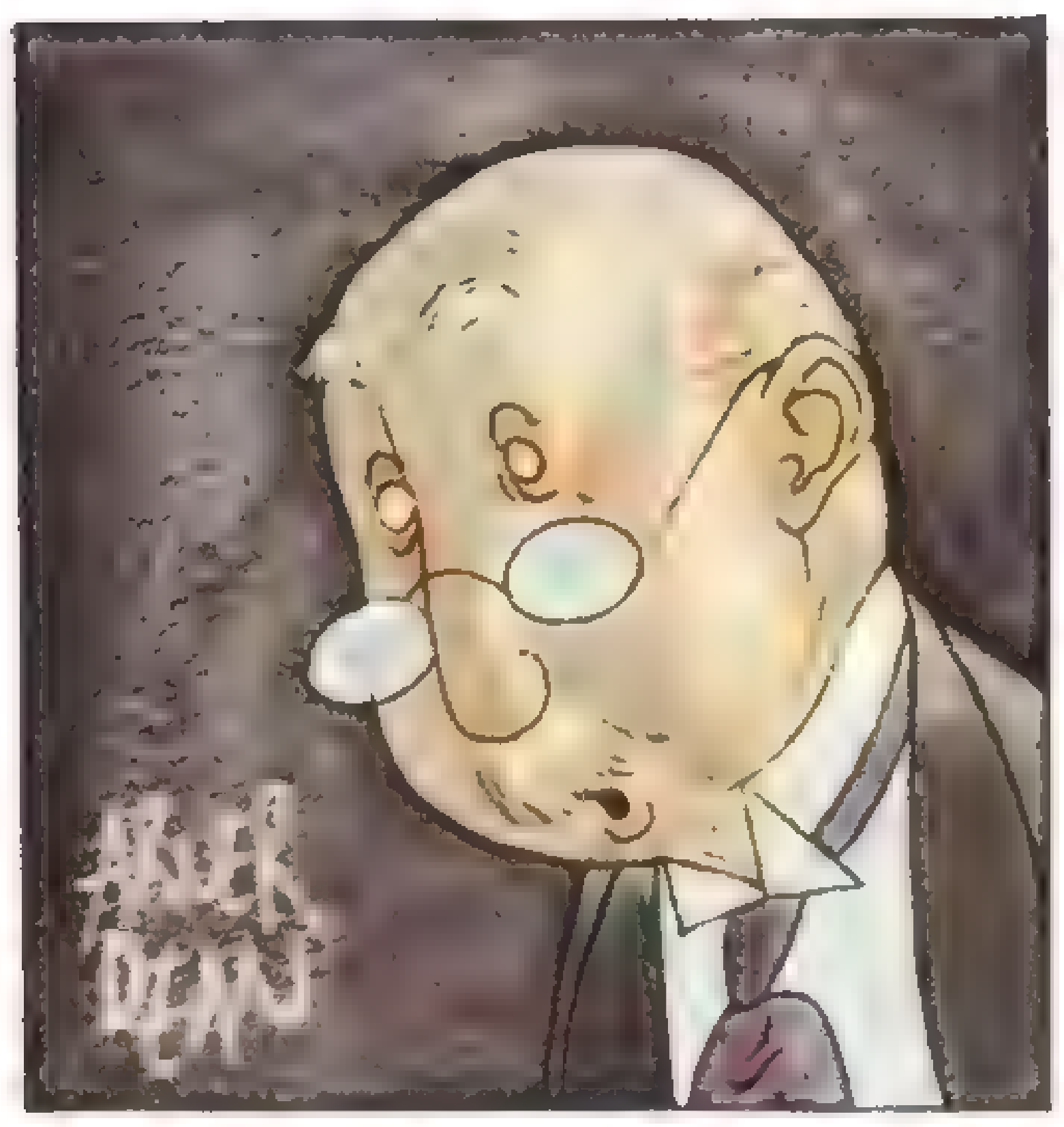
The Comment Tony



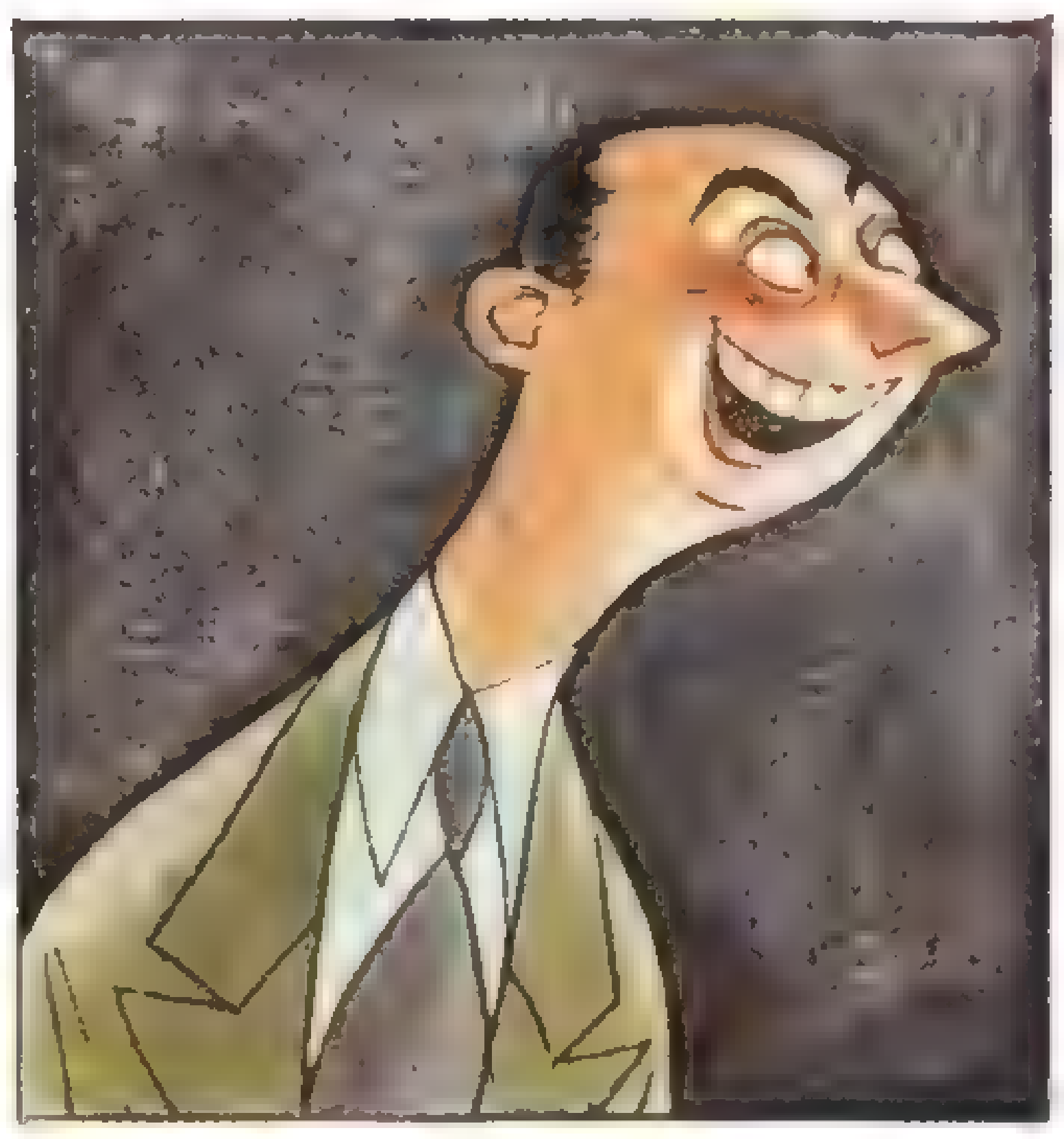
A Peep into the Gutter



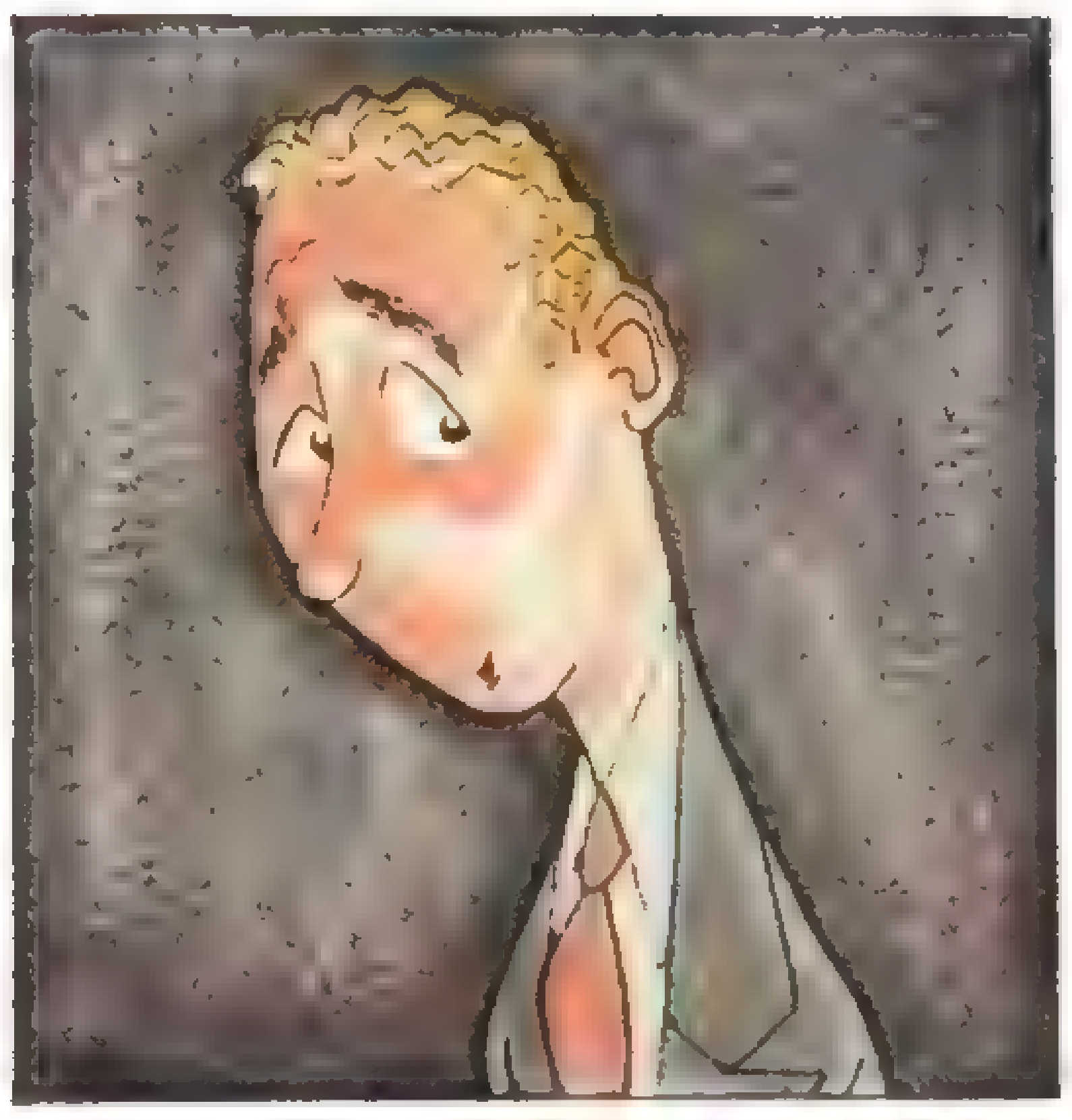
Professional Sycophant



A Few Choice Words



Local Wit



The "line" in Action

LOOSE TONGUES

(Assorted competition for the female counterparts)

The Screwiest Game

Gas attacks and time bombs are all in the game for the murderous minded chess addict

by TRAVIS HOKE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Any game seems screwy, I suppose, if you take a detached-enough view of it. Certainly the other fellow can look pretty feeble-minded, socking away at some kind of ball with some kind of implement or picking up and laying down pieces of pasteboard for hours at a stretch. You know why he likes his pet game: he is acting out an imitation of some phase of life—an imitation of warfare, such as football or polo, or of commerce, such as bridge—he is having life's fun without its consequences; and of course he thinks he is getting himself full of health or building his character or something. You understand all that and still, at heart, you think of him and his game as more than a bit on the balmy side.

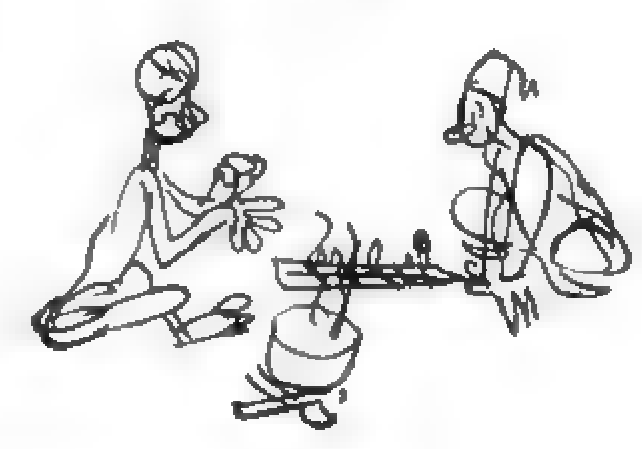
So what would you think of a game whose own addicts call it screwy, a game that has no joys of action, danger, physical effort, no thrill of gambling, not even the satisfaction of out-smarting a pal in an imitation business deal; that contains not one element of chance, not one convention of sportsmanship, is utterly unsociable, and has never yet been accused of building character or health?

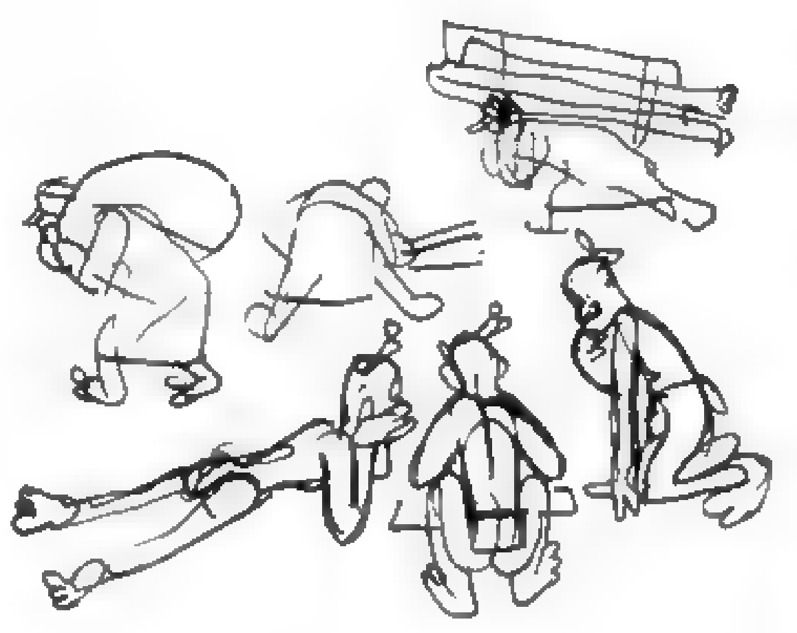
That is chess, the old army game itself, the screwiest of them all.

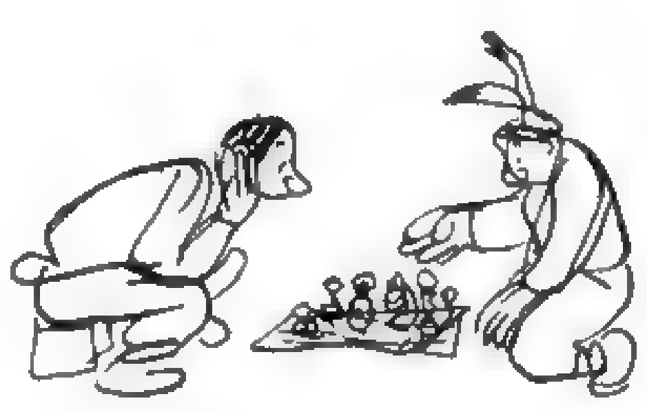
Chess hasn't any of the attractions that other games have. It isn't an imitation of anything—it may have been that several thousand years ago when its name, if you will kindly recall your Sanskrit, meant something like "army," but it isn't any more—and it bears no relation whatsoever to life. Instead, it is a pure abstraction, a series of calculations that aren't even mathematical and that are so difficult, not only because they must be carried out in the head but because their potential number literally is infinite, that unless in a couple of years you become an adept—as good, say, as a golfer who consistently shoots around 85—you give up trying. There are no lifetime dubs in chess.

Checkers is tic-tac-too by comparison. Checkers is played on the same board of 64 squares, but only half the squares are used. Checker men all have the same power, and for most of the game, only one direction of move. Of the 16 chess men there are six kinds of pieces with six kinds of move, and with one exception each kind can occupy any square on the board. The checker player has his choice of seven possible first moves; the chess player has twenty to select from.

In the first six chess moves there are more than four billion (and that isn't a misprint for million) possible moves. That is, when the players have made their first six moves, there will have been more than 4,000,000,000 other moves that they might have made. You sit and think of as many moves ahead as your skill permits, and of all the moves your opponent is likely to make in between, and then you move, and after awhile he moves, and then you think it out all over again. Nobody has ever figured out the possible number of moves in a whole chess game, and nobody ever will, because there isn't any "possible." When you explore the possibilities of chess you explore infinity.







Obviously such a game—if you can still bear to think of it as a game—demands mental concentration of the most intense sort. And psychologists will tell you that mental concentration is the most painful thing a human being can inflict on himself. No wonder that, unless you happen to be brain-geared in whatever way a chess brain is geared, you are bound to consider chess the dullest, most boring, most incredible game that ever was, and you wonder why anyone ever played it.

Yet this same chess is not only the oldest of all indoor sports, barring, of course—well, call it Postoffice if you must—but is today the most widespread of all games not barring even soccer. It is played everywhere in the Occident from Iceland to Turkey, by the Yakutat Indians of Alaska and the furthest-south settlers in Patagonia. There are hundreds and hundreds of chess clubs in the United States. Russians, so travellers tell me, are almost as mad about chess as they are about parachute-jumping. In the tournament held in 1935 in Warsaw there were teams from twenty countries.

In Asia it is by all odds the universal game. It is played in Tibet, India, Mongolia, Siberia, Japan, Persia, and everybody plays it, all creeds, all castes. In the jungles of Sumatra Bob Davis found a Batak tribe whose women do all the work and whose men do nothing but play chess. Boys of the tribe can carry on as many as sixteen games at a time, and an elderly chief solved a dozen English chess problems in less than an hour. Dr. Emanuel Lasker, one of the great chess masters of all time, watched Chinese mandarins play on boards of a hundred squares a game so complicated that he couldn't fathom it.

So whatever you and I may think of it, there are millions of people in the world who go in for chess, and there always have been such millions. Authorities do not agree as to where chess originated, but its beginnings have been traced to Ceylon, in 3000 B.C., and chess men were found in Tutankhamen's tomb, and it was enough of a fad in India in the 5th century B.C. for Gautama Buddha himself to preach against it.

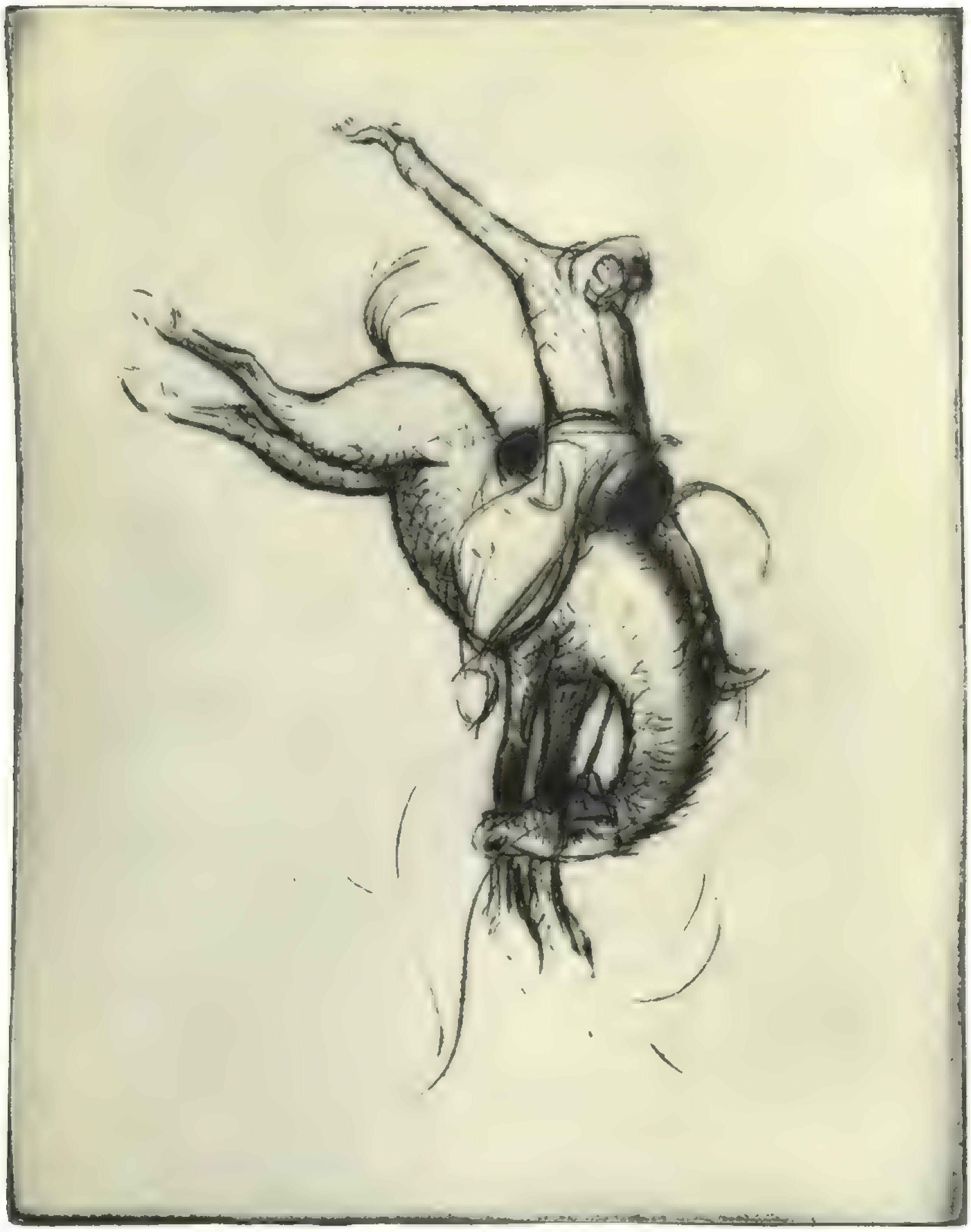
The Sunday golfers of that era, said he in effect, frivoled away the Sabbath playing chess on boards, or "by imagining such boards in the air." Evidently the light-minded bums of that day tried to fool Buddha by sneaking out under a banyan tree and shooting a game with no board to betray them, and that is probably the beginning of blindfold chess. It might well have been the ancestor of strip poker, too, for those early Indians not only bet their shirts but parts of their bodies on a game. Beside each board was a boiling pot of ointment, so that a player who bet and lost a finger could cauterize the wound. The Arab historian who tells about this says that losing both arms to the elbows was the customary limit to bets.

The game had spread to western Asia by the time Mohammed came along, and although it was illegal because the pieces represented elephants, horses, men—all such representations being forbidden by the Koran—some clever Persian changed the pieces to abstract shapes and among the unorthodox, at least, the game remained. Indeed, it was so much the national sport of Persia that its terminology lent itself to the slang of the day. It was considered humorous, for example, to say to a cocky individual: "Hey, pawn, when did you queen?"—the equivalent of "How do you get that way?"

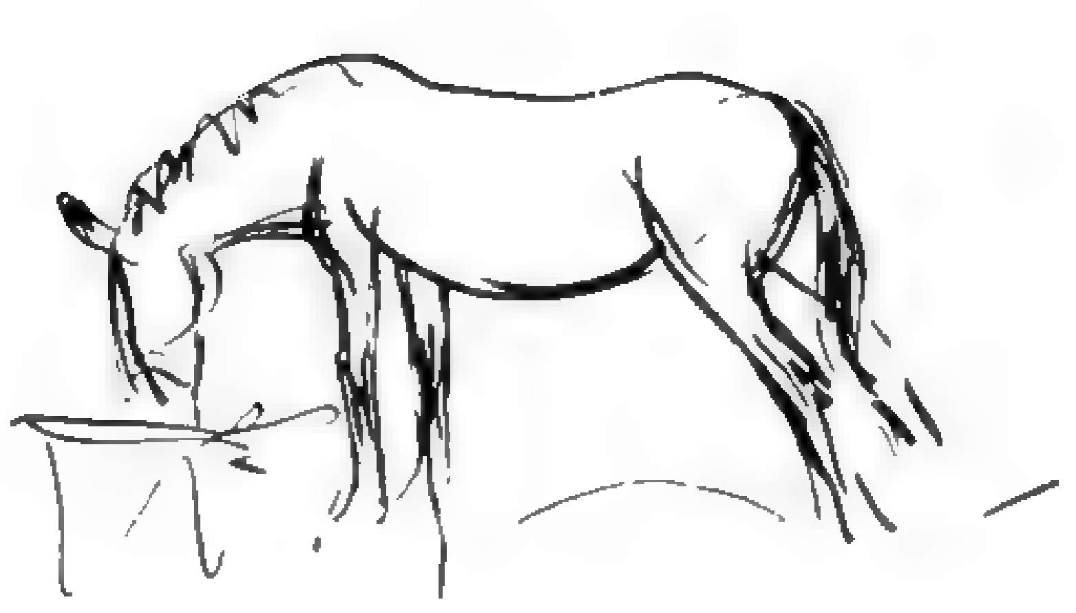
When the game revived in Europe in the Middle Ages—the ancient Greeks and Romans and Irish and Welsh had played it, but the early Christian Church frowned on it as a relic of paganism—two important changes occurred, and those changes were just as inconsistent and as generally screwy as the game itself.

Hindus, Persians, Moslems played their

Continued on page 134



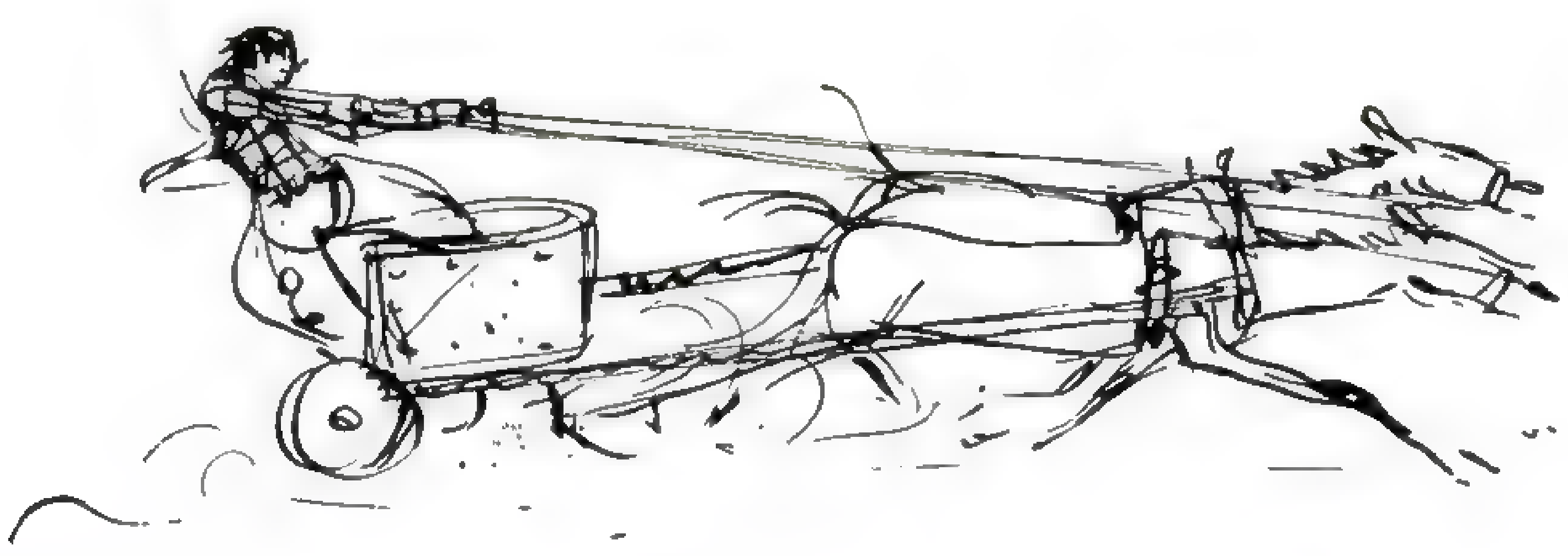
BRONC RIDING

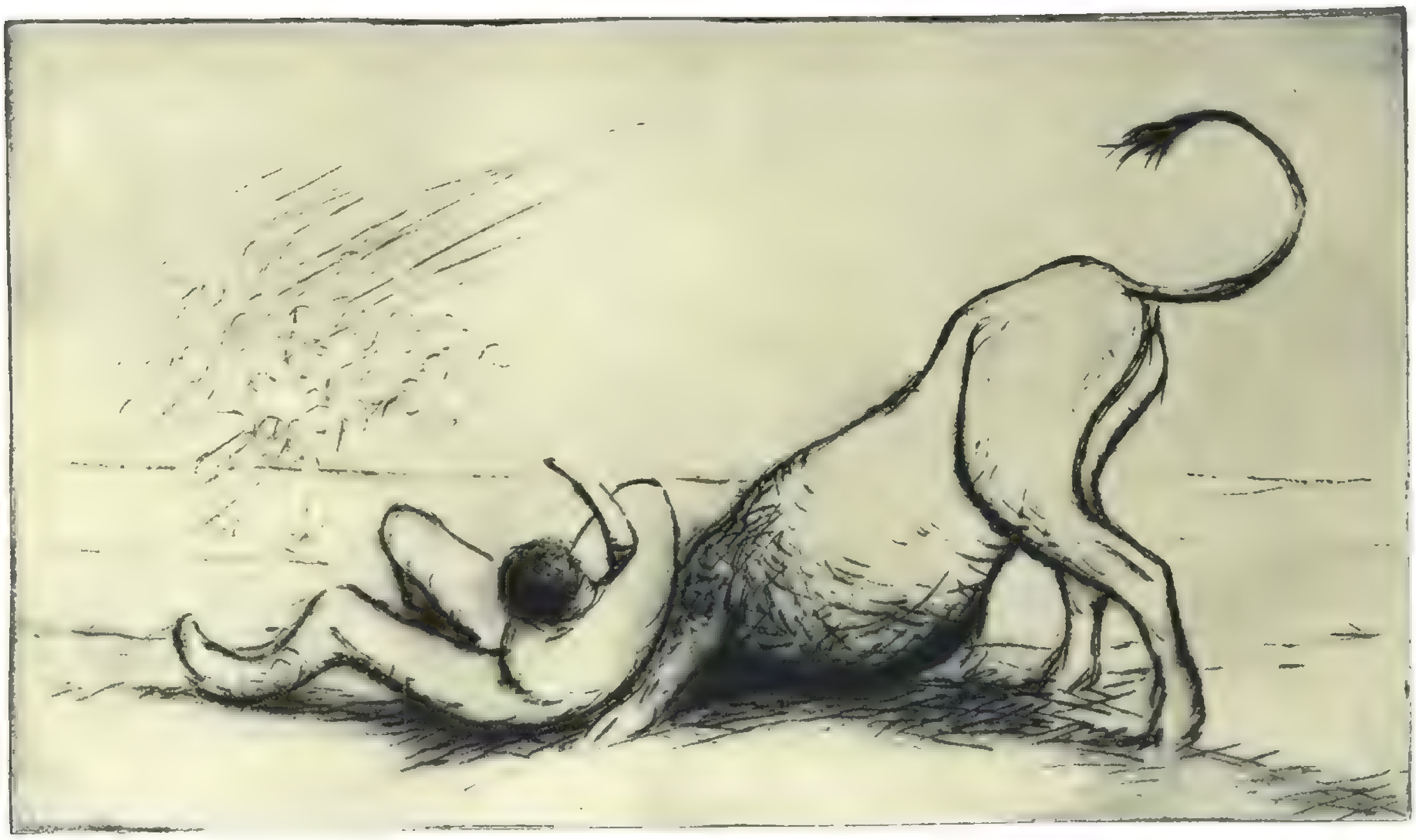


SPANISH ROUNDUP

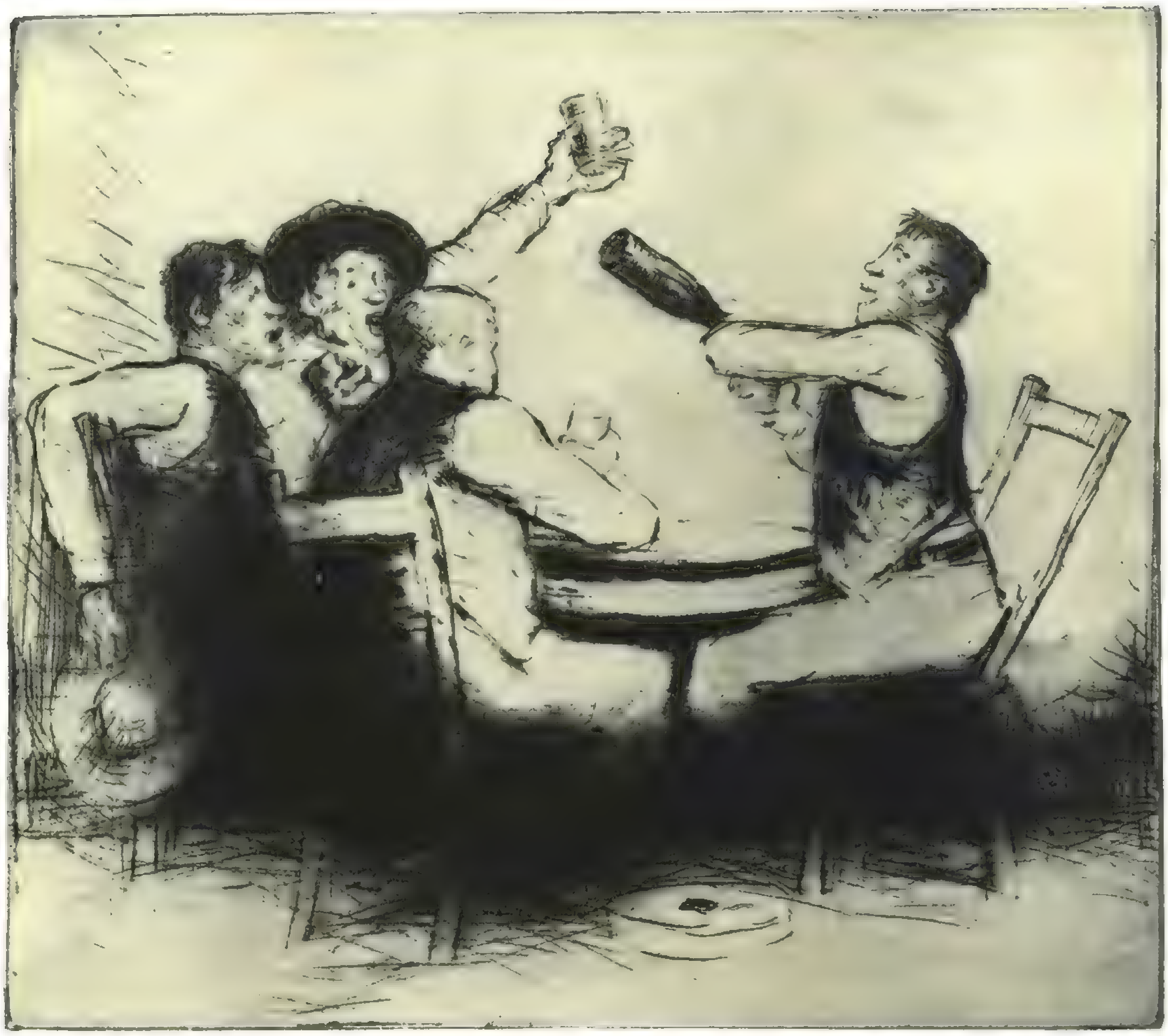
by ERIC LUNDGREN

El Rodeo is the Spanish for "the roundup". But the institution is as American as the world series. Stay on for ten seconds and you're in the money. Figure out what the horse is going to do in the slim sliver of time before he actually does it, and you save your neck. Or try steer riding if bronc riding is too tame for you without the added attraction of the hazard of horns. Or reverse the Spanish custom and meet a bull on even terms. A bulldog is a small domesticated animal but bulldogging is something else—it's an unframed bullfight. Side-dishes and sauce to the main meal of thrills are such events as plain and fancy riding, calf roping and rope spinning. But even if you're only a spectator, you still may have exercise for more than your eyes—horses sometimes jump into the grandstand.

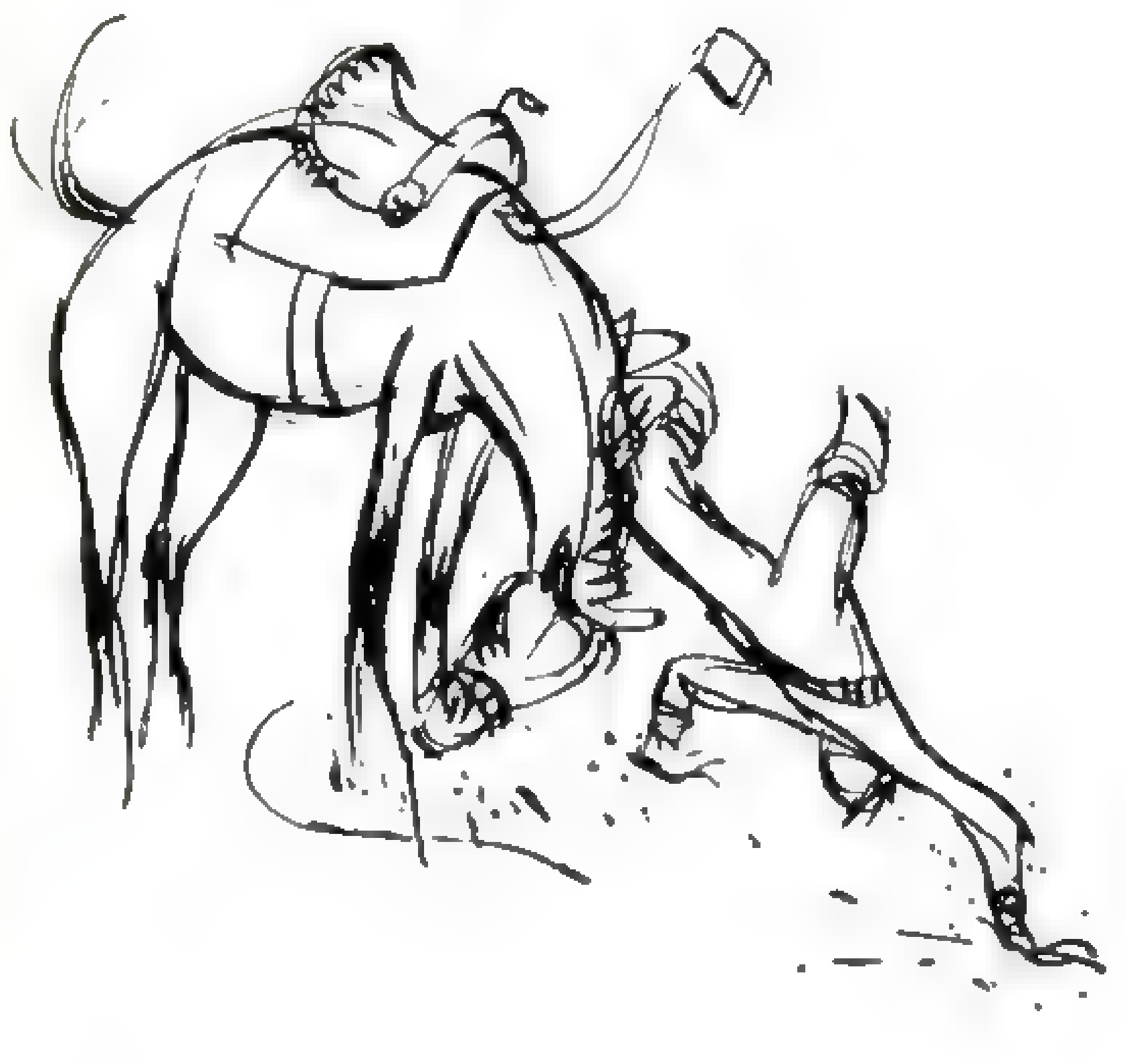


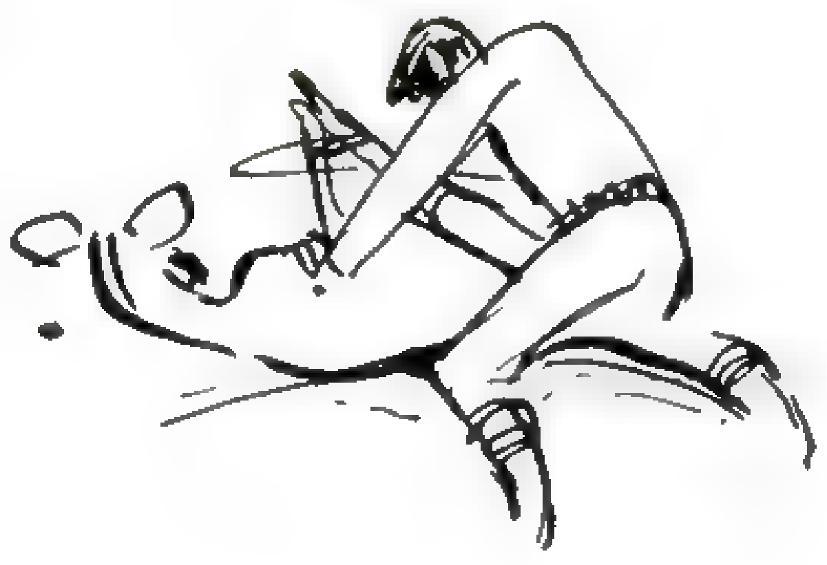


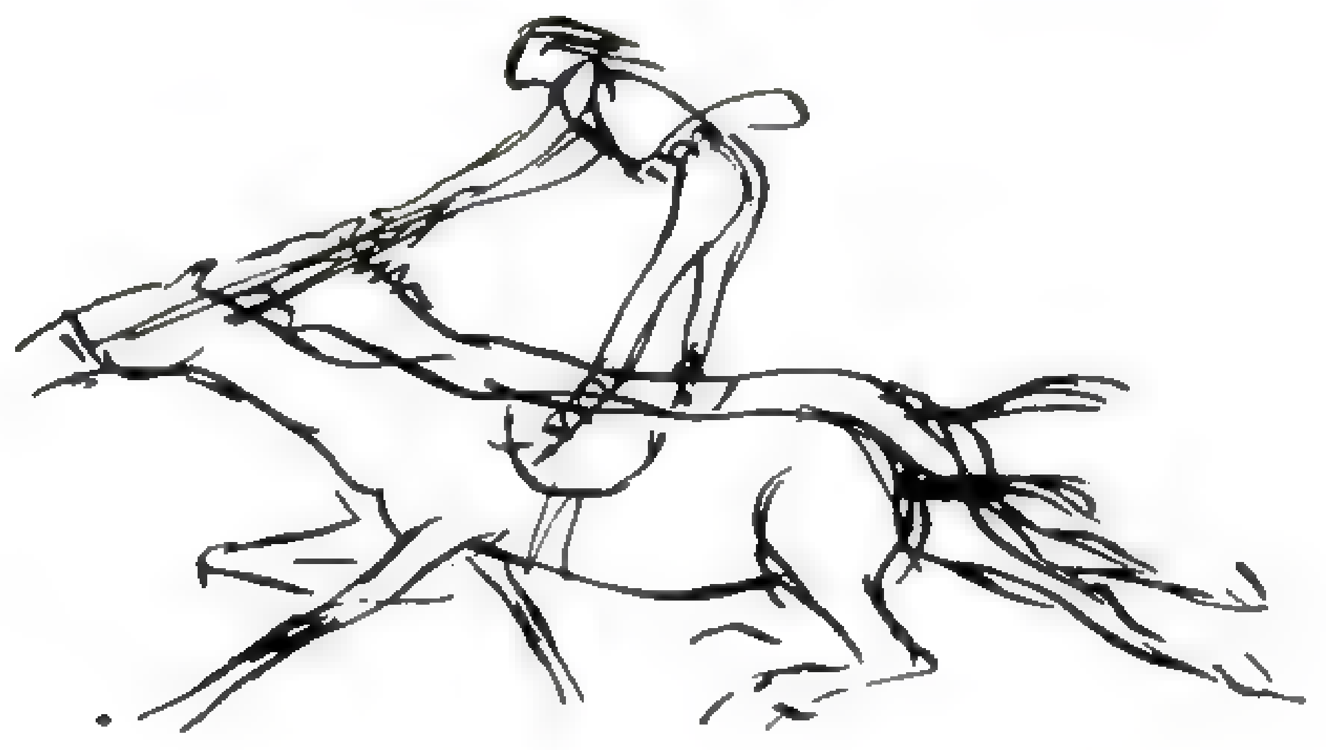
BULLDOGGING

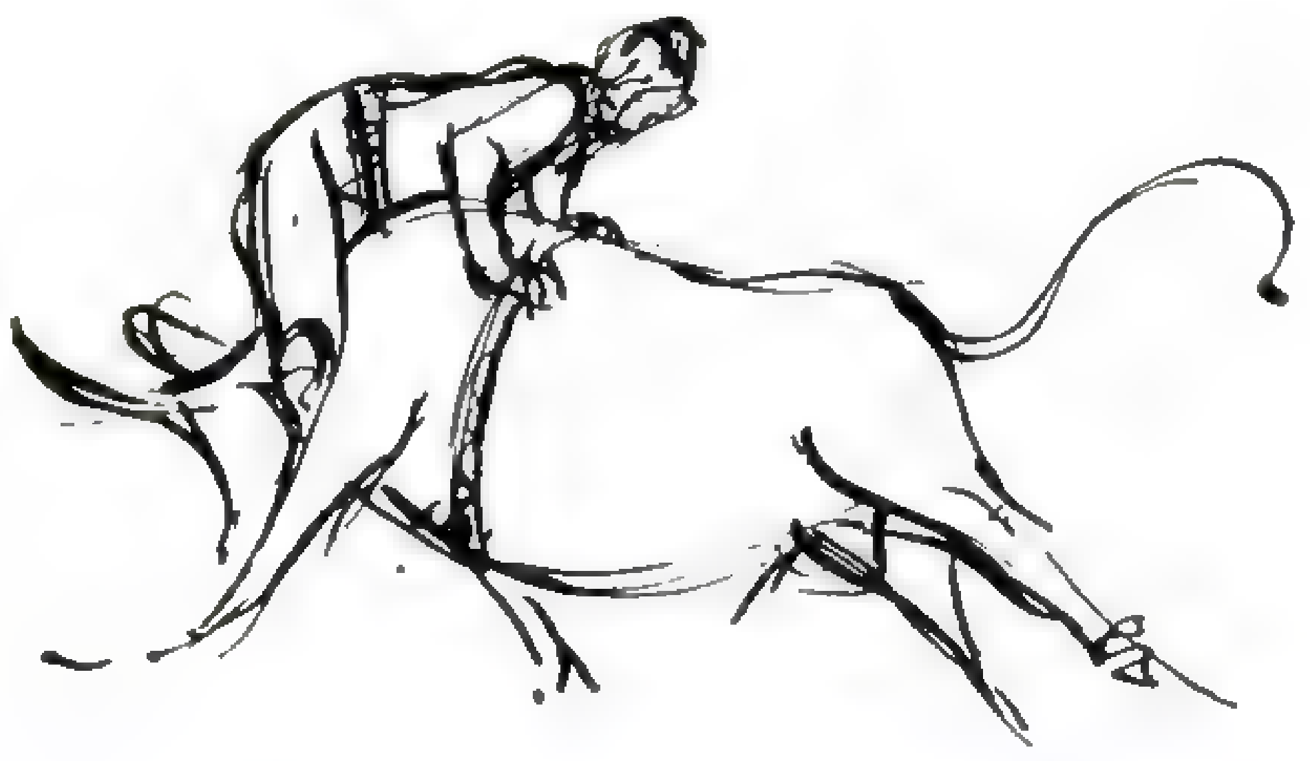


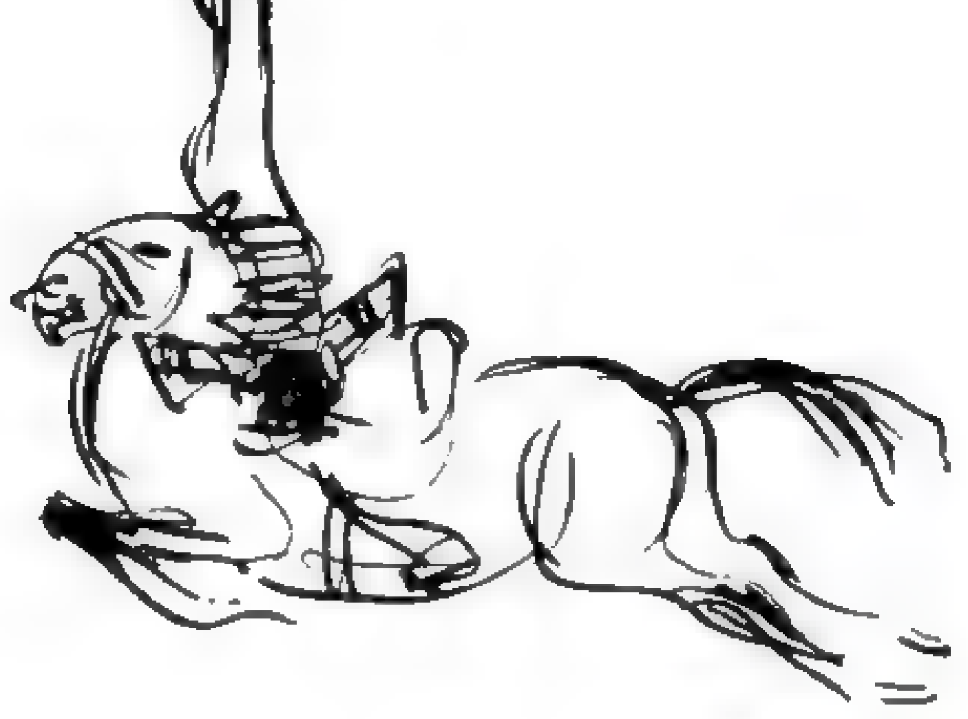
THE WINNER

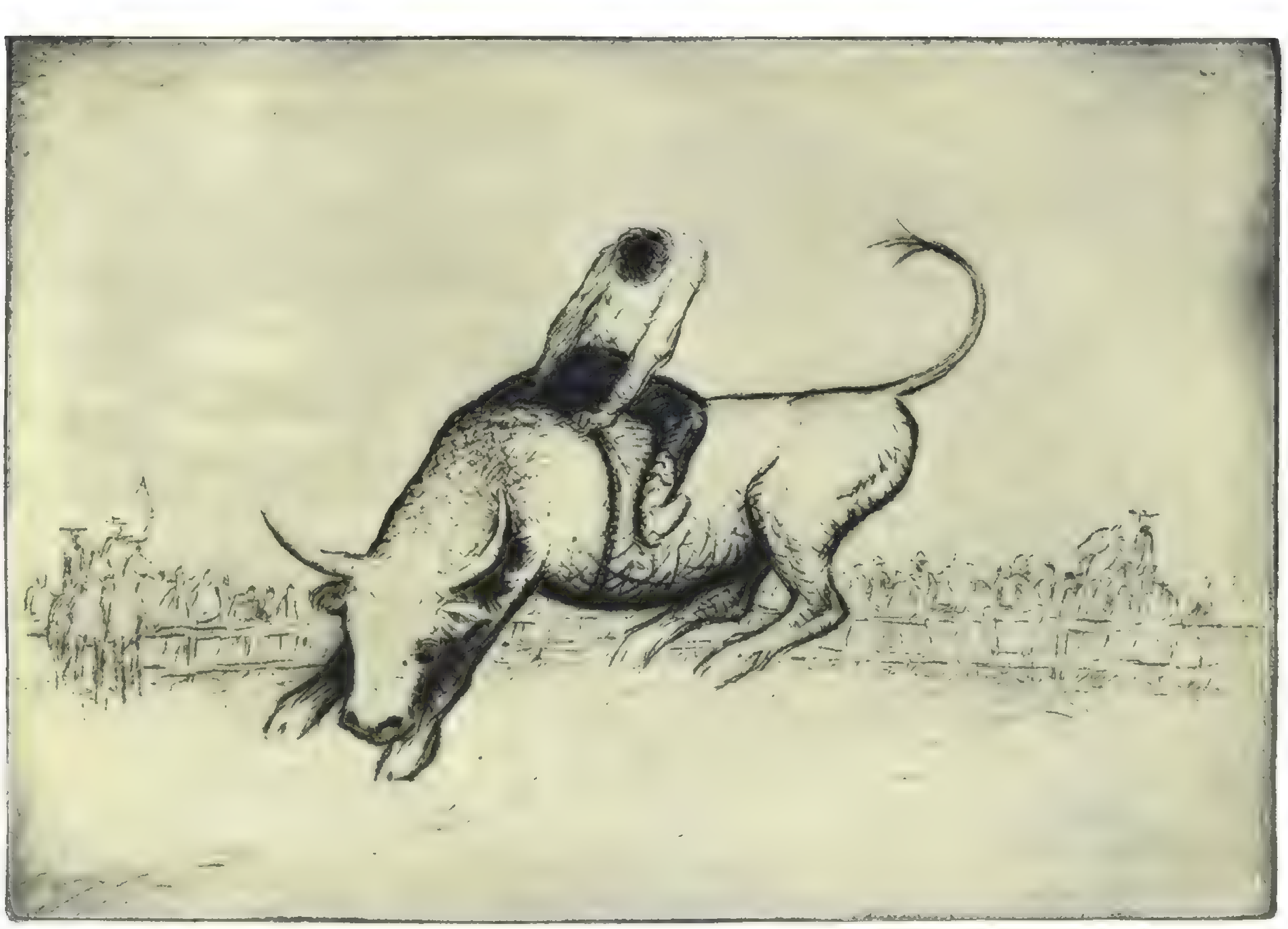




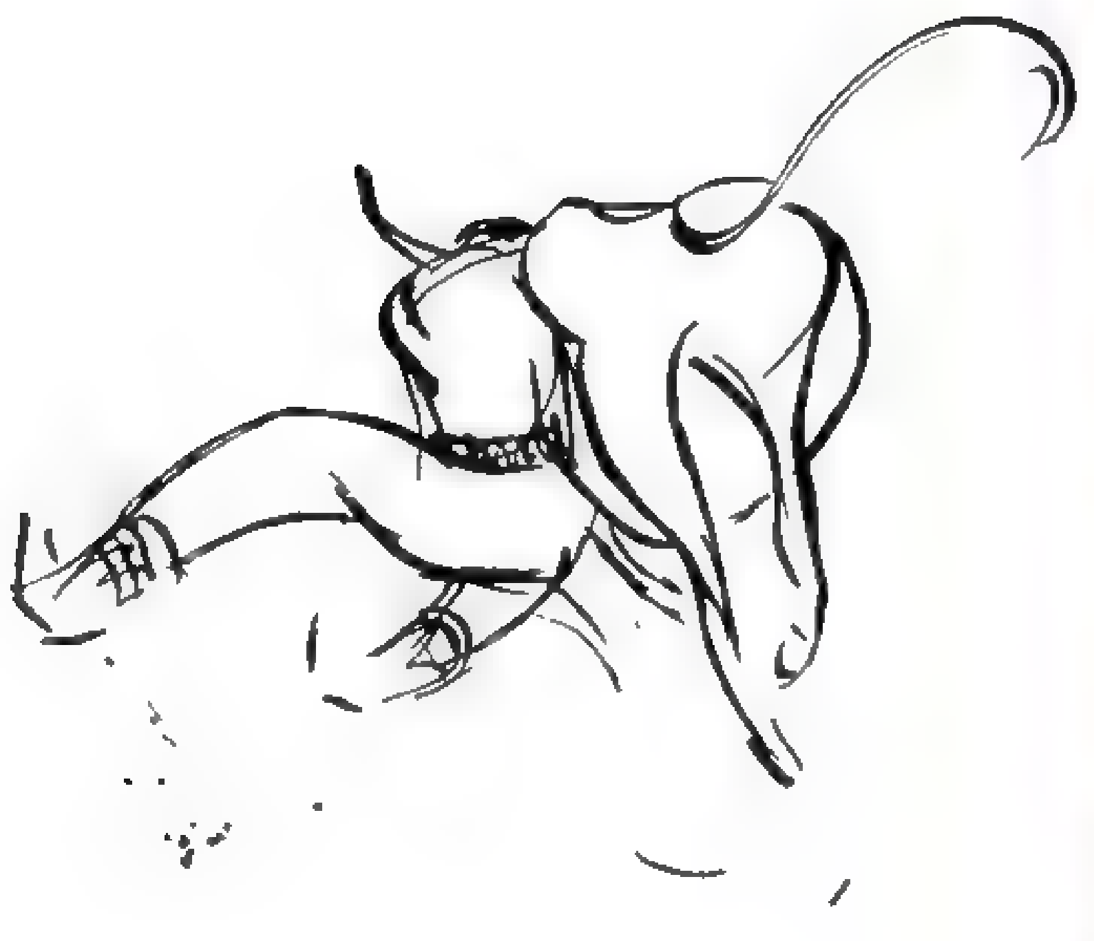








STEER RIDING

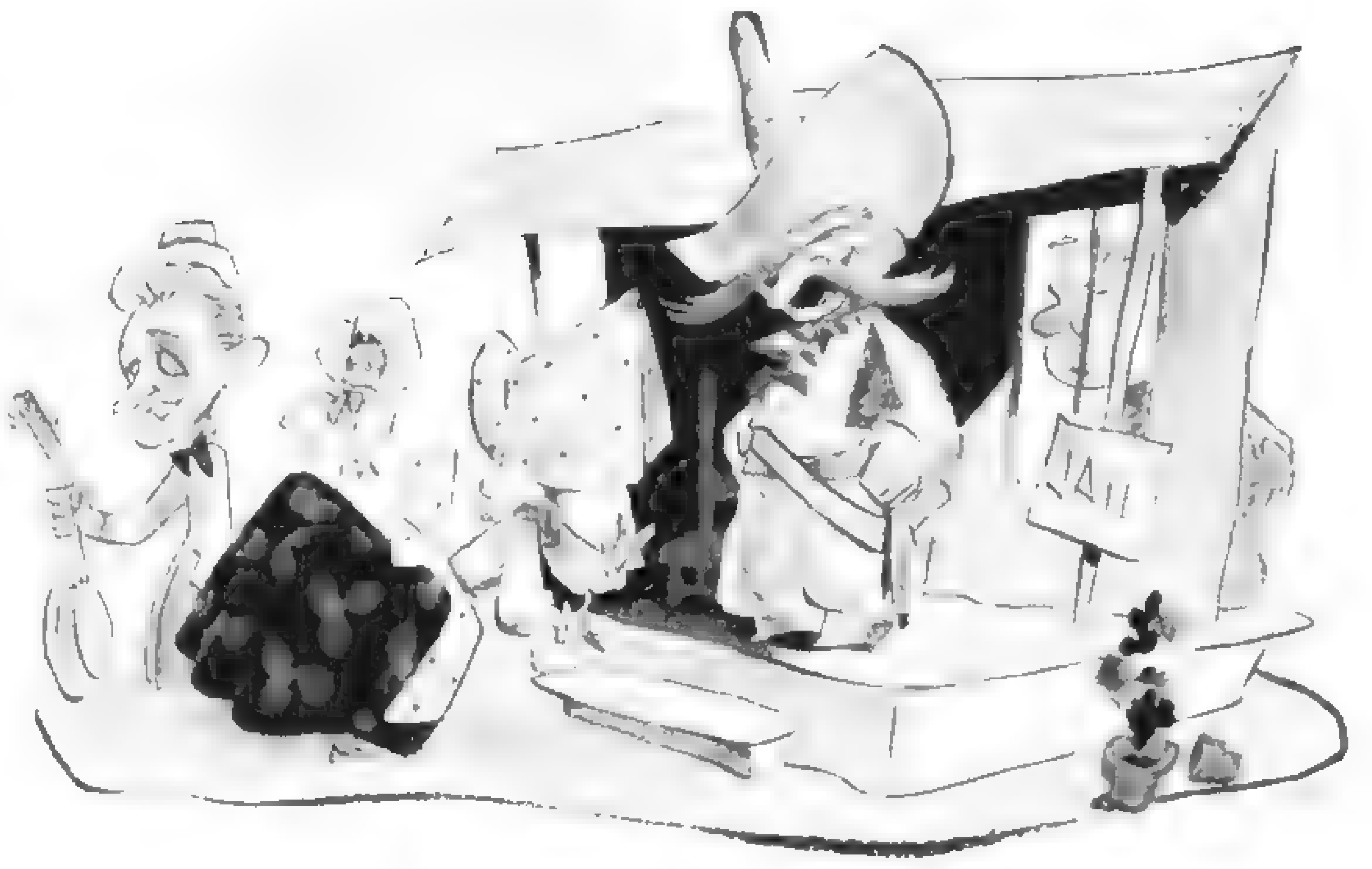


Grandpappy Say . . .

The chillun get a story without no inhibitions about true love which makes the world go round

by JOHN P. FORT

▪ SATIRE ▪



"GRANDPAPPY," the chillun say, "tell us a story, 'cause we's bored with our adolescent world."

"I'll tell you a story about animals," Grandpappy say, "a story about Br'er Rabbit."

"Naw, Grandpappy," the chillun say, "don't tell us about animals. There ain't none of them stories true, 'cause Miss Nancy who teach the public school, she tole us so. Besides," the chillun say, "we know all about animals. We been to the movies where we see Tarzan and His Mate. We know about elephants. Who want to hear about rabbits?"

Grandpappy he look disappointed. "What kind of stories you like to hear?" he say.

"A story about true love," the chillun say. "A story that will sound like it come off Broadway. A story about desire and passion like Marlene Dietrich or Clark Gable does."

Grandpappy he nod. "You wants a movie story," he say. "Something fit for the films."

"Exactly," say the chillun.

Grandpappy he lit his corn-cob pipe. "I goes to the movies myself," he say, "and I've learnt a heap since I was a shirt-tailed boy. Since my grand-children was born the movies has taught me about passion and love. You-all got to sit just as quiet as a mouse, 'scusin' my mentionin' a animal. When I tells you a film story I got to be the screen, the characters, and the orchestra."

"You sure is versatile, Grandpappy," say the littlest chile.

Grandpappy he scowl, "You chilluns ought to respect your elders," he say. "But dar now," he go on, "this here open on the street of a small town—sort of a mountain town for I know you chilluns would git the ennui if this were a Western—them's for old folks. There's a big public square—sort of lazy-like place with a lot of teams and old cars settin' 'round. At the side of the square there's a jail-house."

"Where they keep the gangsters," say the littlest chile. "It's called 'stir' and inside they shoot like this, 'bang-bang-bang.'"

"They never said 'stir' in my day," Grandpappy say. "They called it the jail-house. As you and me gets closer there is the Sheriff settin' on the porch. He's about forty years old—sort of fat and sometime he's like a bear with a sore toe and sometime he good-tempered. The most that we can see of him is his feet and his long mustaches."

"A part for Wallace Beery," say Alice, the biggest of the chillun.

"It mought be him and then again it mought not," say Grandpappy. "Anyhow, he's playin' on a mouth organ, although some calls them harmonicas." Here Grandpappy he fotch a mouth organ out of his pocket and begun to play *Turkey in the Straw*.

"This here story ain't got no sex appeal," one of the chillun say. "You got a man with a mustache, playin' a mouth organ. There ain't no romance in that."

"You just wait," Grandpappy say. "When you gets as old as I is, you knows that a man with mustaches like that can't never git the women-folks off his mind. And before you starts to movin' out of my theater, here comes the heroine, Flora Belle, with her maw, the Widder Gibson. The Widder Gibson wears one of them old-fashioned, slat bonnets which hides your face 'cause it's poked out in front, and through all this I'm showin' you there ain't nobody ever see her physigogminny. When folks talk to the Widder Gibson they grabs holt of her bonnet and looks down it like it was a water-spout. Flora Belle she about twenty. She sort of plump—but not too plump. She wear a short dress—but not too short. She mought be a blonde but she were sort of better as a brunette. I dunno why, but she better as brunette. Jean Harlow would be good only she appear a blonde. Jean mought do in this picture and she mought like to be a brunette for a change. Women-folks like a change—blonde one minute—brunette the next. Anyhow, Flora Belle mighty scrumptous lookin'—sorter like a ripe peach."

"That's a good line," say one of the gal chillun. "You mean she fit to be pulled from the stem."

Grandpappy wall his eye. "That bein' pulled from the stem is somethin' new from my time," he say. "You chilluns too strange for me. Flora Belle and her maw come up the steps. The Sheriff he never take his feet off the rail and he never git up."

"'Evenin', Miss Flora Belle,' say the Sheriff. 'Have you and your maw come to cook for the prisoners?'"

"Aw, now Grandpappy," the youngest chile say, "you know that ain't right. There ain't no romance in cookin'. We hears our own maw swearin' about it day and night. 'Damn it to hell,' she say, 'I hate cookin'.'"

"When you gets as old as I is," Grandpappy say, "you respect your victuals. The Widder Gibson and Flora Belle cooked for the Sheriff—if they hadn't a had some sort of a job, how you chillun think Flora Belle goin' to be virtuous?"

"What do you mean 'virtuous'?" say Alice in a sort of hard voice. "Do you mean mentally or physically?"

Grandpappy he color up. "I'll just be damn if I know," he say. Then he hurry on. "There wasn't but one prisoner. He had free run of the jail and played a fiddle. I'm thinkin' W. C. Fields would like being the prisoner."

Grandpappy stop and light his pipe again. "You chilluns like it so far?" he say.

"Not so much," one chile say. "There ain't much to it. While for a fact, in my own private life I prefer marble shootin' to love, yet I been taught that love is more important. It's everything in a story."

"I got that thought in my mind," say Grandpappy. "Do you all see what I see, hear what I hears? Here come a old car, rackety-bang-bang, into the square. In it is the College Five Orchestra, playin' trombones with the leadin' man standin' up and pintin' the way for the car to go with his stick and not layin' a hand on the wheel." Grandpappy he git up on his chair, take the poker out of the fire and pint with it, then he slide his arm out, like he was usin' a trombone.

"What all is Grandpappy doin'?" asks the littlest chile. "There ain't no use in him doin' that, is there?"

"He's trying to be the orchestra," say Alice.

"Well doggone," say the littlest chile, "don't he think I done have my imagination trained?"

"You're just glandular," say Alice to Grandpappy. "Don't you mind him, but go right on."

"Well, all right," say Grandpappy. "If I'se glandular, I'se just glandular. Anyhow, here we is. Bing guide the car over to the steps of the jail-house and the Widder Gibson, the Sheriff, W. C., and Flora Belle they come out on the porch. Bing bow most polite."

"Grandpappy," a chile say, "how come you say 'Bing' guide the car? Bing ain't no band-leader. Bing Crosby's a crooner and all he do is sing. You ain't never goin' to do nothing with this, 'lessen you keep your characters right."

Grandpappy look worried. "Bing Crosby sing, don't he?"

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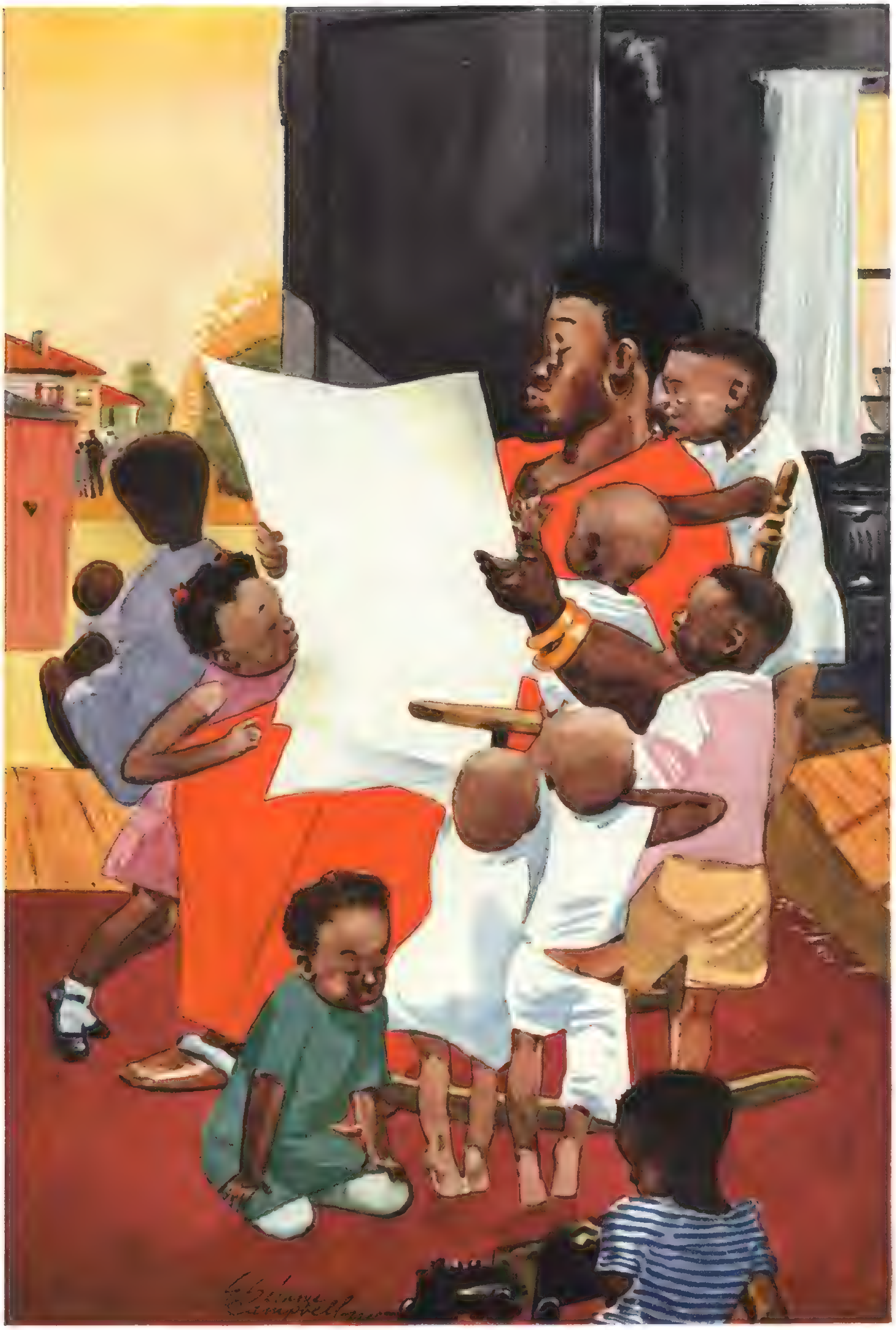
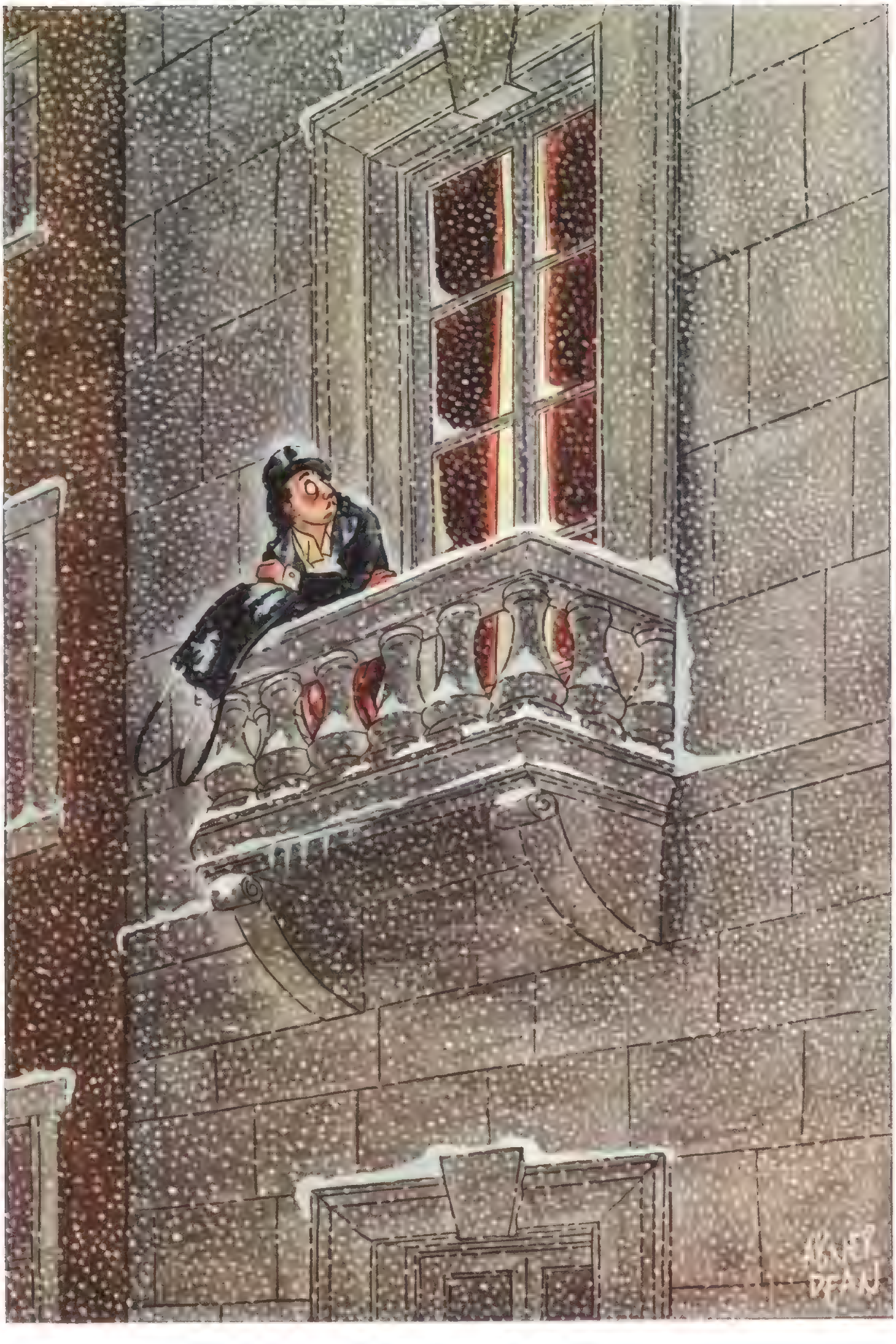


"All dat fuss ovah jes five babies"



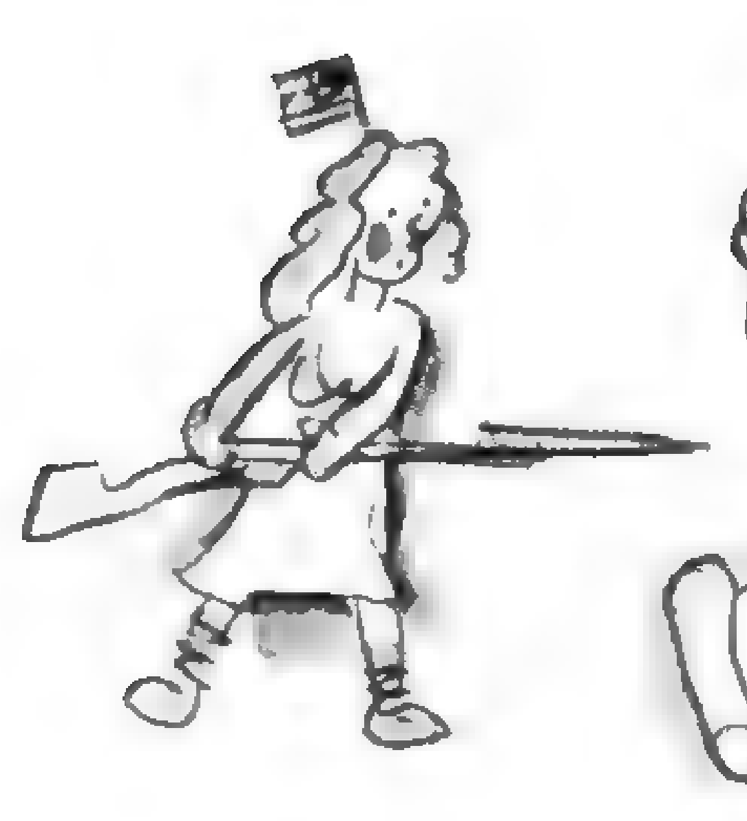
"Oh well—I might as well go in and take it!"

Crackpot Chronicles of 1935

When a cabinet member taps his own phone it is time to allow Limburger cheese in the mails

by DAVID FREDERICK McCORD

• ARTICLE •

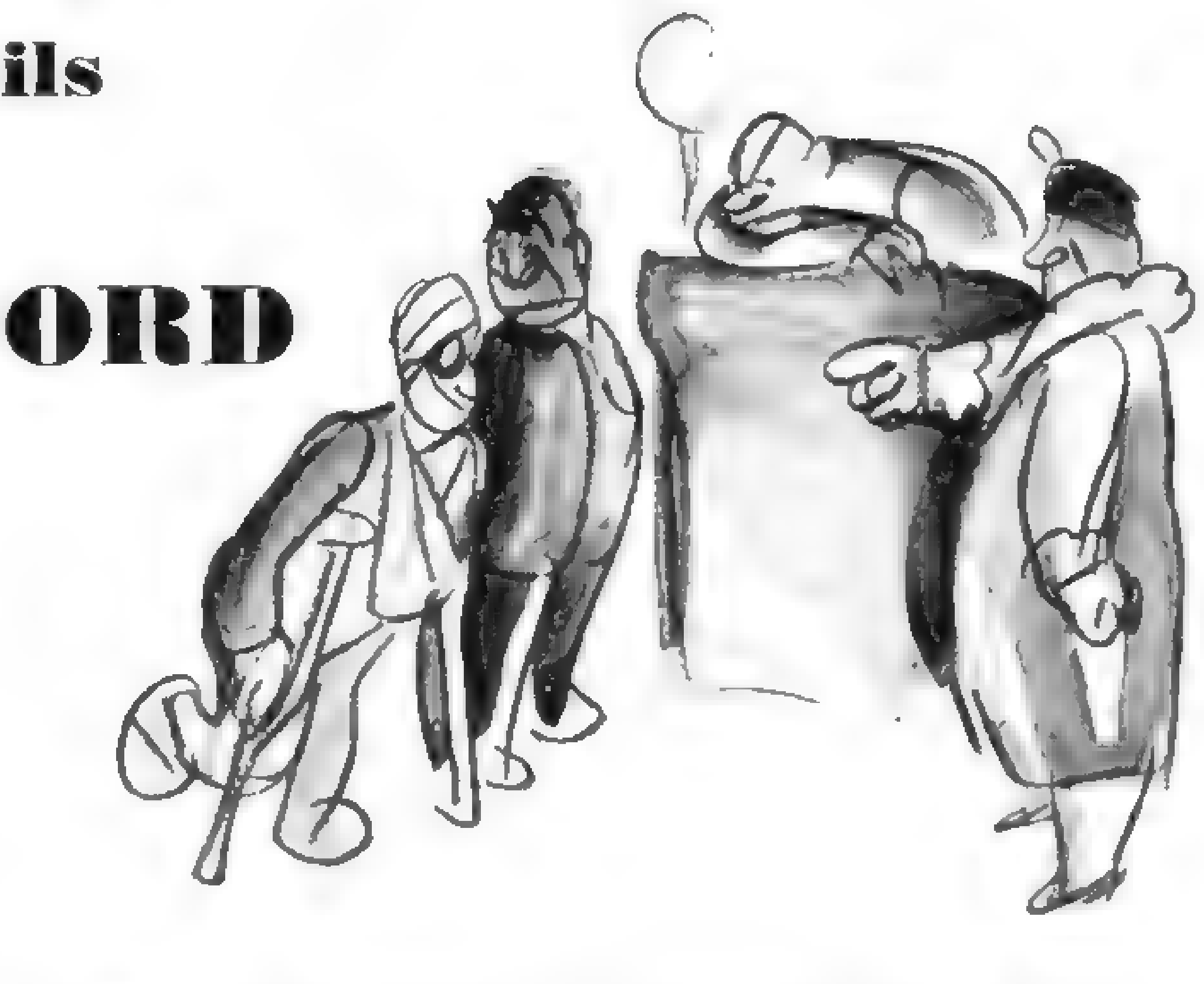


PUBLIC AFFAIRS

ULTIMATUM of a worm, turning: "We must be back in the United States by October. There are a lot of things that need our attention, particularly the Roosevelt regime. Something has to be done about it." James Henry Roberts (Doris Duke) Cromwell, to an interviewer in Hongkong. . . . Secretary Ickes tapped his own telephone. . . Secretary Morgenthau got change for a counterfeit $20 bill in the Treasury department. . . . Harllee Branch, second assistant postmaster general, ruled that limburger may be sent by mail. . . . The Senate, having declared itself out of order, was unable, since the sergeant-at-arms was absent, to do anything about it. . . . The House of Representatives, embarrassed when Mrs. Evert Parker suckled her baby in a gallery, asked her to go to the ladies' room. . . . John Steven McGroarty, poet laureate of California and Representative in Congress, wrote to a constituent: "One of the countless drawbacks of being in Congress is that I am compelled to receive impertinent letters from a jackass like you." . . . Delaware notified the Federal Government that she has ratified the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, the last of which was adopted in 1870 and all of which had to do with freeing the slaves. . . . Two parsons discovered in the Pennsylvania Legislature were pressed into service for prayers, at a daily saving of $7 chaplain hire. . . . Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio, shocked by Harry Hopkins' horrid suggestion that relief graft was pulling his political organization out of debt, dared the relief administrator to come into the State and be arrested for criminal libel. . . . Governor Curley of Massachusetts forbade justices of the peace to perform marriages, reserving the sacred rite as the exclusive prerogative of the clergy. . . . In Indiana, in memory of the mighty dead, a bill was submitted to the Legislature to outlaw the use of wooden revolvers and guns in jail breaks. . . . Elsewhere the following public-spirited and far-sighted measures were urged on statesmen: California: Wrestlers may not make faces during the practice of their art. Montana: A fan dancer appearing in a place where liquor is sold must wear a costume weighing at least three pounds and two ounces. Washington: Dishonesty in public office shall be punishable by death. Georgia: Mules and other animals shall be equipped with tail lights. Wisconsin: Restaurateurs must serve a third of an ounce of butter and two-thirds of an ounce of cheese with each meal costing twenty-five cents or more. . . . In Cook County, Illinois, riot guns, tear gas, and the threat of sledge hammers were needed to dislodge two public servants from their posts of trust. One was accused of financial misdeeds. The other refused to give place to his elected successor. . . . Two candidates for constable in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., settled the issue and saved election expenses by playing a game of smear. . . . Constable Tom Smith, who sought reëlection in Ozona, Tex., won when he pointed with pride to twenty-three years in office without an arrest. . . . When the weather bureau in Seattle predicted that, for the first time in forty-two years, July 27 would be rainy, Mayor Charles Smith proclaimed it No Rain Day. It rained.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE

In Kentucky dogs were barred from relief rolls. . . . The Department of Agriculture pig destruction program sent pork prices so high that Georgia tenant farmers turned from salt pork and turnip greens as a staple of diet to chicken and dumplings. . . . Walter Kosbab of Springfield, Ill., sought office on a platform calling for a band and orchestra in every school to end insanity and crime; also for a State bank with a $5,000 deposit for every worthy family in the commonwealth. . . . New York boondogglers studied eurythmic dancing, counted words to determine their recurrence, surveyed the poultry-buying habits of housewives, studied causes of the depression. . . . In Amherst, Mass., Federal and local funds were used to provide "proper instruction of piano to children whose parents are receiving welfare aid." . . . Palermo, N. D., Toledo, O., and Pittsburgh, Pa., were denied Federal aid in building schools. But a golf course and bird sanctuary were approved for Palermo, a baseball diamond and bicycle path for Toledo, and polo field flood lights for Pittsburgh. . . . Richard W. Bradford of Kansas City sued the relief administrator for $2,600 because he was taken off the relief rolls and forced "to go about in a dirty condition and seek his own living." . . . An optimist in San Antonio, Tex., asked Senator Townsend of Delaware to set him up in business as a poultry raiser until such time as the Government pensions everyone. . . . Defiant blast of a statesman (Rep. Frank Hook of Ironwood, Mich.) whose near relatives were found on relief: "I'm not a bit ashamed! I'd rather have them that way, drawing honest relief from the Government, than become thieves. I've supported them all my life, and I do not intend to do it again while other people are receiving relief."



COURTS AND LAW

Judge James W. Griffin of St. Louis sent Robert Lemonds to jail for an assault committed by his wife. . . . The Nevada bar petitioned the State Supreme Court to wear judicial robes in the interests of dignity. . . . In Kankakee, Illinois, Judge Claude N. Saum freed James A. Reisenhaus from an insane asylum when he was shown that Reisenhaus had made $75,000 in the market since 1930. . . . Charging mental shock, Ernest T. Faulkner, a motorist of Peoria in the same fascinating State, sued Abram Ostrander, a pedestrian struck by his automobile. . . . In Birmingham, Ala., an ecclesiastical juror with conscientious scruples against theater-going, risked his immortal soul in a gilded den of the cinema so that his eleven fellows might not miss their entertainment—but he wore a blindfold, sat with his back to the screen, and exacted an agreement that the rest should submit to a sermon from him later. . . . Mrs. Annabelle Waring, a Chicago medium, won $2,000 damages for loss of her psychic powers in a street car accident. . . . Police Recorder Harry B. Kurtis of Fair Haven, N. J., ruled that hell

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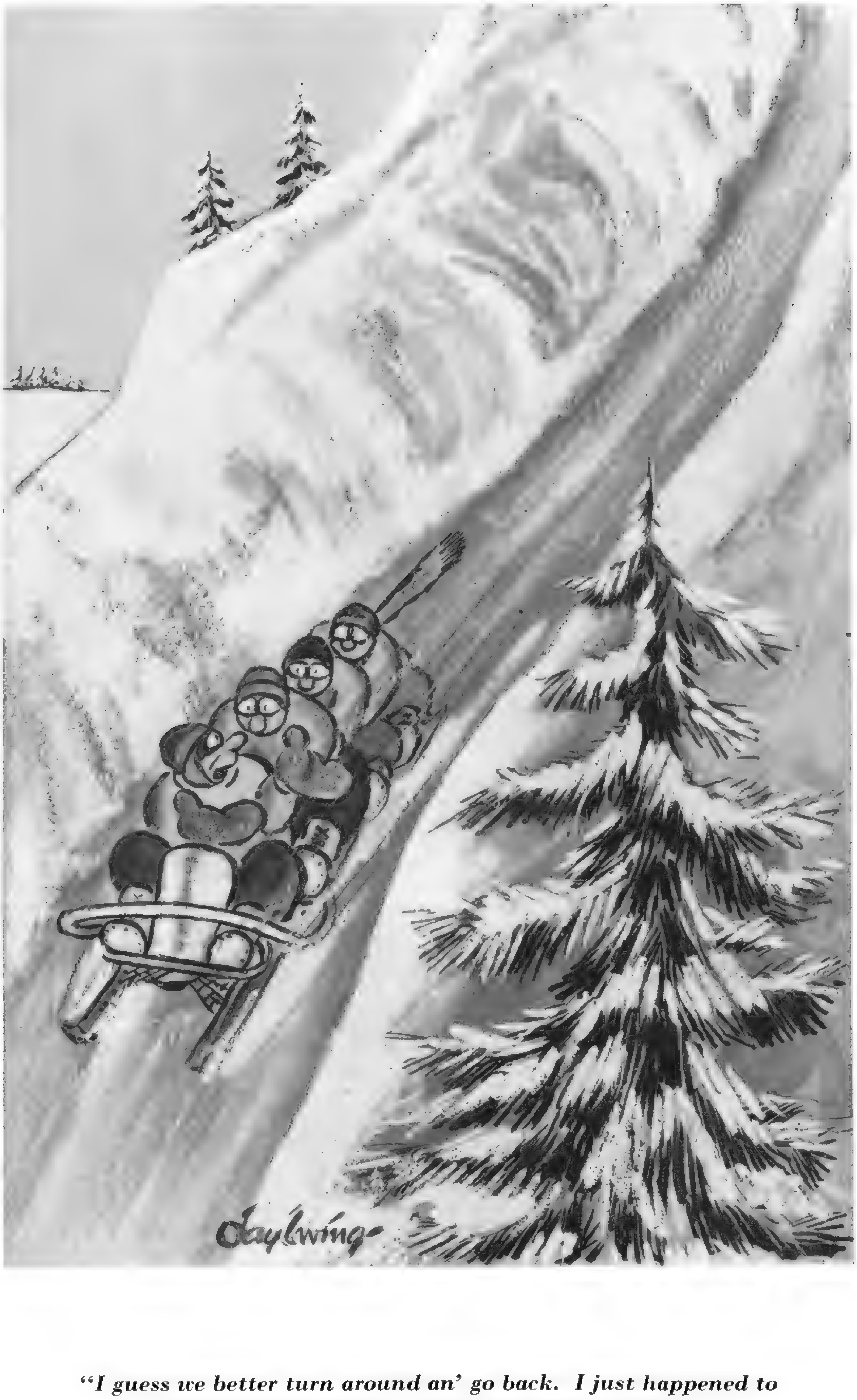

"I guess we better turn around an' go back. I just happened to notice that I forgot to put on th' steering wheel!"

For Madmen Only

All anyone has to do to join the world's most exclusive club is take a one-minute sled ride

by ALAN BARTH

• SPORTS •

THE first advice given to any novice who wants to ride *The Cresta* is the simple formula, "Leap before you look." This advice is based, probably, on the quite logical assumption that any novice in his right mind, who looks first, will prefer to go in for steeple-jacking or airplane-stunting or some other more straightforward form of suicide. For there is terror—the kind of terror that chokes off breath—merely in watching a racing rider plunge during an everlasting instant from mountaintop to valley down the twisting, icy chute which is the Cresta Run. Experienced Cresta-riders will tell you that it's not so bad as it looks. But looking generally spoils the appetite for leaping. Only a few, having seen this sight, will want to try the Run themselves. There is a special type of mentality which discovers in sheer terror a kind of ecstasy.

The Cresta is a run for skeleton sleds—a refined species of tobogganing. Now, a skeleton sled differs from a bobsled in one very significant respect: it has no mechanical device of any sort for braking or for steering. The rules of the Cresta Club permit you to use any kind of sled you please—any kind of sled, that is, provided it has nothing on it which will enable you to stop it or to steer it. Cresta-riding differs further from bob-running, itself no sport for sissies, in that you go down alone. And you go down head-first, instead of sitting-up. You go down, when you get really going, at something better than eighty miles an hour. And what you go down is a narrow trough, harshly banked, sharply curved, surfaced with ice, three-quarters of a mile in length. In this three-quarter mile distance, it takes a drop of 514 feet. The record time for the Run, established in 1929 by an American, J. R. Heaton of New Haven, Connecticut, is 58 seconds flat.

This Cresta Run is unique. It exists only in St. Moritz. And perhaps no other locality in the world affords the requisite combination of altitude, incline and temperature which serve to distinguish *The Cresta* from the ordinary toboggan run. St. Moritz has high altitude (above six thousand feet), perilously steep slopes, and a temperature which does not vary from December to March. The Run is built in a steep valley between two hills, shielded from sun until noontime. This is important because it must be ice-coated. At dawn it is watered, and the intense cold insures immediate freezing; it is open for use only in the mornings. In Germany, the slopes are not steep enough to construct a run which would be comparable. In Austria, the altitude is not sufficiently great. At our own Lake Placid, there is not the sustained cold weather.

It may be true, also, that St. Moritz, the winter sports center of the world, draws each season a greater number of sportsmen of that special temperament which finds its fun in almost-dying. Some tease Destiny on skis; some sneer at Death on bobsleds. These are games for girls and boys. Certainly the most ingenious of these sensation-seekers are the reckless few who form the exclusive little organization known as The Cresta Club. They are of many nations. They are men who are in love with speed and danger. They are men who have grown tired of racing boats or cars or horses, men who have become names in other sports and sought something still more hazardous. Aviators appear to find a particular fascination in *The Cresta*. Amateur racing-car drivers are among the most enthusiastic riders, such men as Prince Ruspoli, T. E. Rose-Richards, Baron von Mumm and the late Archie Birkin. Some are British or American army officers. Taken all together, The Cresta Club's membership constitutes a kind of combined International Who's Who, Social Register and Lost Battalion.

And they are all men. *The Cresta* is possibly the world's one remaining exclusively masculine sport. It is true that women once took part in it. But since 1921, they have been debarred. Lady Ribblesdale (Mrs. Astor) was the last lady to compete officially against men; she was an unusually daring and skillful rider. But even in the ordinary riding, without accidents of any kind, so many women suffered internal injuries from the hazards of the Run that active membership was limited to males. The only woman who has been allowed to go down the Run in recent years is Amy Mollison, the British aviatrix. She was, it was felt, definitely within the tradition of the Club. But for some reason, masculine vanity perhaps, no mention of her ride was ever made to the newspapers.

Once in a great while some famous personage, arriving in St. Moritz, asks permission to try *The Cresta* once. The permission is always granted; and all the active members go out with him and coach him carefully for his single ride. But much more frequently famous personages are content to take an enthusiastic interest in the sport from the point of view of spectators. The list of the club's non-active members includes most of the world's celebrated athletes and cinema idols. Such men as Douglas Fairbanks, Babe Ruth, Adolphe Menjou and Rex Bell, the daredevil of Wild Western films, are ardent Cresta fans. But one and all they declare quite frankly that they just can't afford to risk their limbs or their lineaments. No reproach to them is intended in this observation. They are quite right about it. Most of them are expressly forbidden by their contracts to engage in anything so dangerous.

Cresta-riding demands strength, skill and, of course, above all, nerve. It is by no means simply a matter of lying on a sled and coasting down a groove to the bottom. A sled started from the top would never reach bottom by itself. Somewhere, on the way, it would inevitably pitch over one of the banked corners and go crashing to a splintered destruction. It wants "riding." It wants cool, precise control. And this is achieved, since it has no steering wheel, by the agile shifting of the rider's weight. It is not only more dangerous to ride than a bobsled; it is also more difficult. The sled customarily used by Cresta riders consists of two steel runners, the forward portions of which are rounded, the rear portions of which are grooved and knife-edged, so that they will bite into the ice surface. Mounted between these is a small rubber-cushioned sliding seat on which the rider lies as though he were taking a belly-wopper on an ordinary flexible-flyer. At the start and on a straightaway he keeps this sliding seat forward, throwing his weight on the rounded front portion of the runners. He gains his speed solely by the force of gravity. On turns, he shifts the seat rearwards, so that the grooved rear of the runners will grip the ice; and he slews his body round to lean in the direction he wants to turn, shoving the nose of the skeleton hard downwards with the other arm. The maneuver sounds fairly simple. But there are ten corners to be accounted for within the frenzied minute or so between top and bottom.

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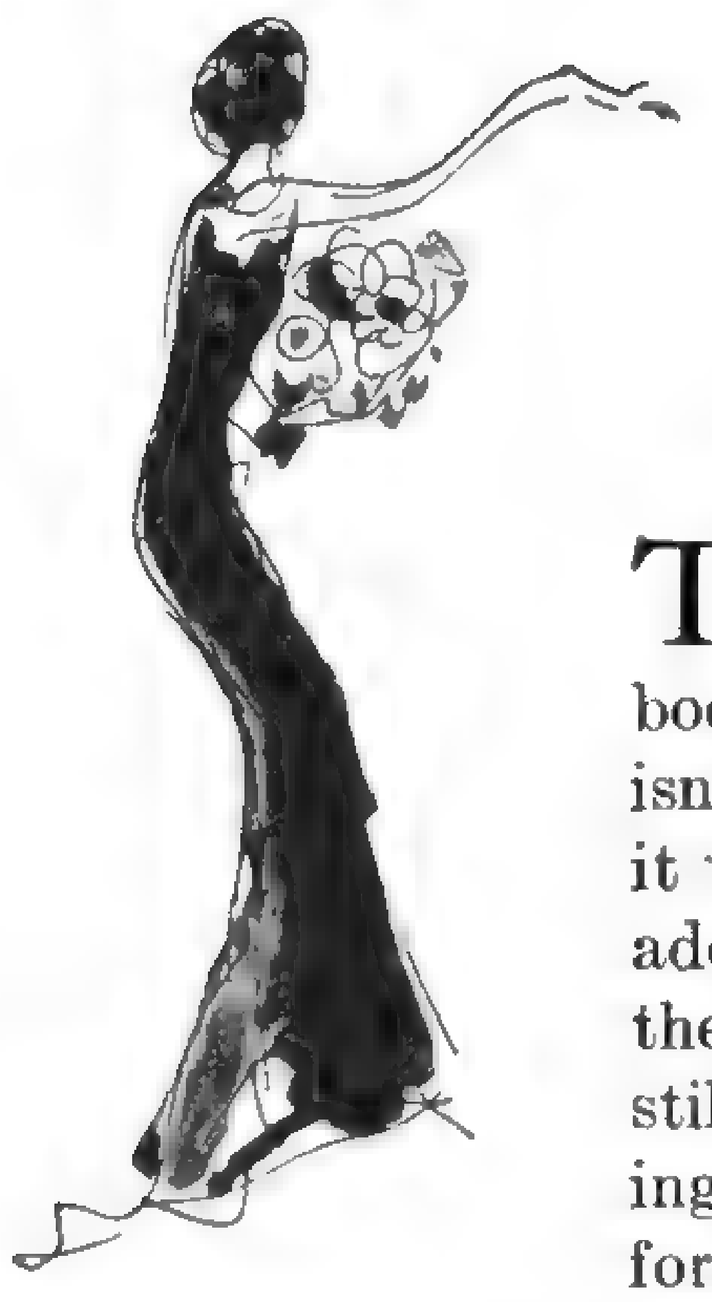
If You Say It With Flowers

You don't have to know the language of flowers any more to put across your message

by WILLIAM B. POWELL

▪ ARTICLE ▪



THE old idea that a man should give a girl only books, candy or flowers isn't taken so seriously as it was in the Mauve Decade. But Emily Post and the etiquette experts are still pretty firm about sticking to this trio for "good form." Of the three, flowers are certainly the safest bet. The blonde to whom you send the latest work of your favorite author may whimper (to herself) "But, damn it, I've got a book." And your box of candy may fall to one whose lot is to watch calories and to whom sweets are anathema. But I've yet to see a débutante or dowager who doesn't beam when a box arrives from the florist. They're flattered and pleased as punch to get as much as one rose. Yes, I honestly believe that even in this age of gold digging, a woman who receives flowers appreciates the thought as much as the intrinsic value (though I must admit when I asked a Louisville belle why she preferred a man to send her orchids rather than any other flower, she blithely replied: "I like to think that he paid five dollars apiece for them").

I've talked to dozens of women about this business of sending them flowers—and I have unearthed a lot of good tips. There are all sorts of little things they do or don't like—but they probably will never let you know them. So *I'll* tell you a few in the hope that your investment in flowers may pay you dividends.

ABOUT CORSAGES

If you are taking a girl to a dance, dinner, game—stepping out, in other words—naturally she likes to be seen wearing flowers. It serves as a sign, so to speak, which announces—"See what he thinks of *me!*" But if you feel in the mood just to send flowers and don't care in what form—it's pretty generally agreed that cut flowers are more appreciated than a corsage. But remember, this applies only when there is no special function in the offing at which a corsage could be shown off.

In sending a corsage the main advice seems to be "Keep it simple." Women don't like their flowers fussed up with tinfoil, ferns, and ribbons. The gals on the fashion magazines hammered the idea into my head that "It's not smart to wear flowers hidden by a lot of spinach and tinsel." Moreover, they say that women like to do all sorts of stunts with flowers—such as wearing them in their hair, pinning them on bags, putting a cluster at the neck. Ganna Walska went into a New York florist the other day and clamped a gardenia on her hat. So, send your gardenias and orchids loose. One more thing about the plea for simplicity. No amount of dolling up a corsage can fool a woman as to its intrinsic value. One orchid to her is one orchid and nothing more—and no end of added doodads can camouflage it.

Right here let me say that too many men are afraid of sending a modest gift of flowers, whether for the home or to wear. A mistake—they shouldn't hesitate to send even a lone flower. Many women never wear more than two gardenias at a time—and dislike a large corsage. Mrs. Cole Porter, whose taste, like her husband's song, is *The Top*, said she'd rather have a bunch of cosmos or pompons than overpowering chrysanthemums, and inquired "Why don't men send simpler flowers?"

So it seems to be sane advice that if you don't want to spend more than three, four, or five dollars on a corsage, put that amount into two good gardenias or one orchid. Of course there are exceptions. Flowers and sentiment often go hand in hand. If you are aware that a girl is crazy about lilies of the valley, send them. If she likes white carnations, select five or six of the best looking white carnations you can find and have them made into a rather tight little bunch so they'll look like one big flower. This idea, they tell me, is new and, as we French would say, chic. But whatever you send, be firm with the florist about not dressing your corsage up with this and that.

AN ORCHID TO HER

There's no getting away from it, the average woman would rather wear an orchid corsage than any other kind. True, there are a certain few women who have such a surfeit of flowers they want to be different but orchids to most women mean the last word in swank.

Besides adding to a plush look, orchids have the added advantage of lasting longer than most flowers. Even after being worn at a dance orchids can, if unwound and placed in the icebox, be good for the next day. I remember once buying some orchids at the market in Rio de Janeiro on the way to my ship. The steward put them on ice and two weeks later when I landed in New York, lo! they were fresh enough to hand over to a lady waiting on the dock.

They say the best way to wrap the stems of orchids is with narrow velvet ribbon. Keeps them fresher. But that doesn't mean bows or loops. If you notice that the object of your affection is wearing your orchids with the stems sticking up (and lots of gals do it) you might tactfully suggest you read somewhere that orchids look their best when standing upright. Then the petals curve as nature intended them to do.

In buying orchids remember there are an infinite variety. Although you usually think of them in shades of purple, more and more kinds are becoming popular. Brown, green and pale yellow orchids go well with tweeds—so you might keep that in mind if you're taking her to polo, races, or some event in the great outdoors. Women have warned me that purple orchids are risky to send—if the man doesn't know what dress his lady love is to wear. Apparently purple is rather a trick color and doesn't get on with lots of others. You can either come right out and ask if she would like orchids or, if you want to surprise her with your gift, tactfully find out what dress she is going to wear and then decide if purple would swear. Or you can ask your florist to telephone and decide the big problem of color—or kind of flowers, for that matter.

GARDENIAS AND OTHERS

Though an orchid is a safe bet when deciding on a corsage, it isn't the only one. Thank God for gardenias! Not only do they let you off cheaper but there's many a woman who prefers them. Joan Crawford, for instance, never wears anything else. You can always feel sure that two beautiful gardenias will make a hit. Those inferior ones which are being peddled around the streets of many cities have lessened the value of the perfect type no more than synthetic hooch has affected an appreciation for Napoleon brandy. Gardenias are, then, man's true friend. You can get away with merely two—but don't have them fussed up!

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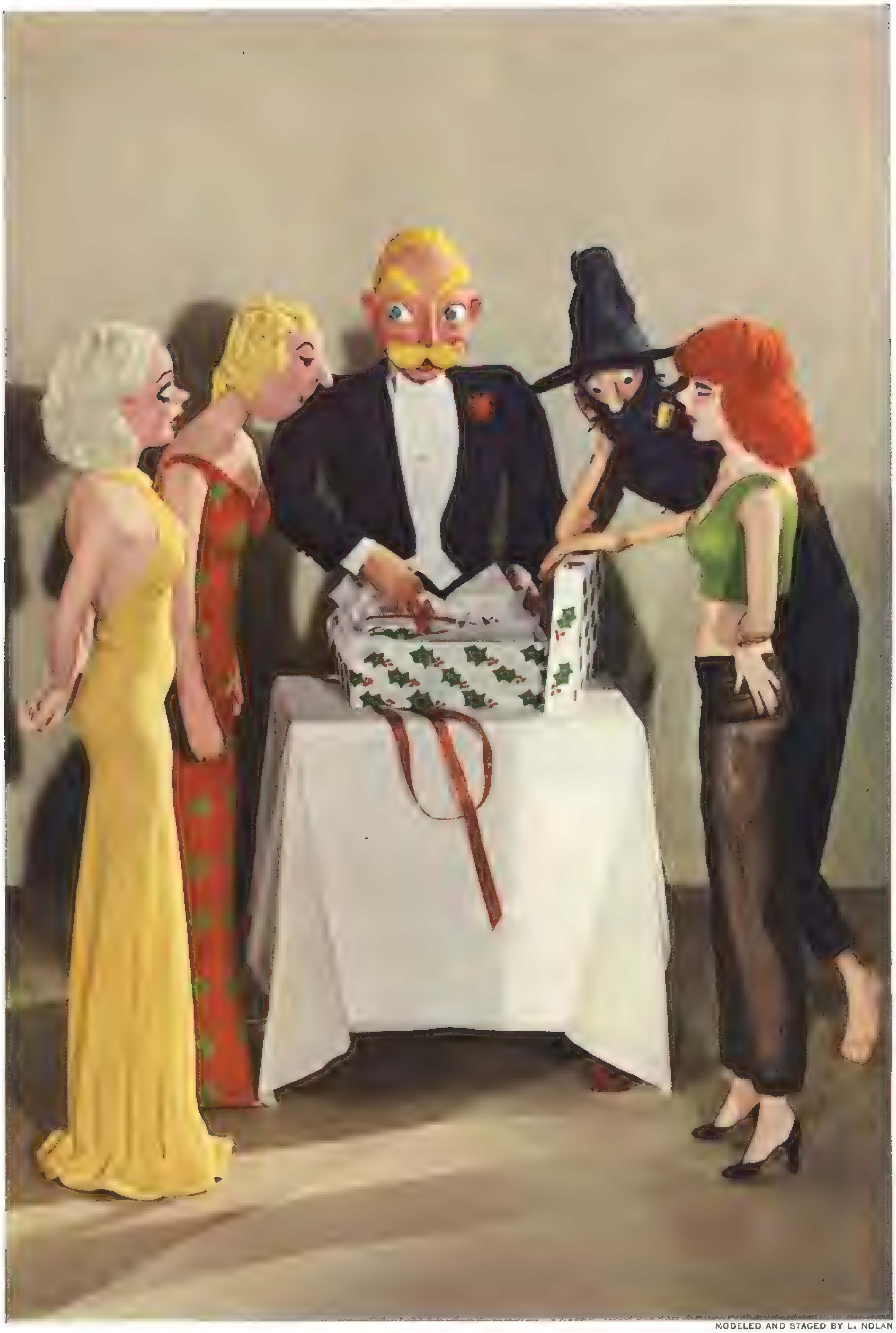
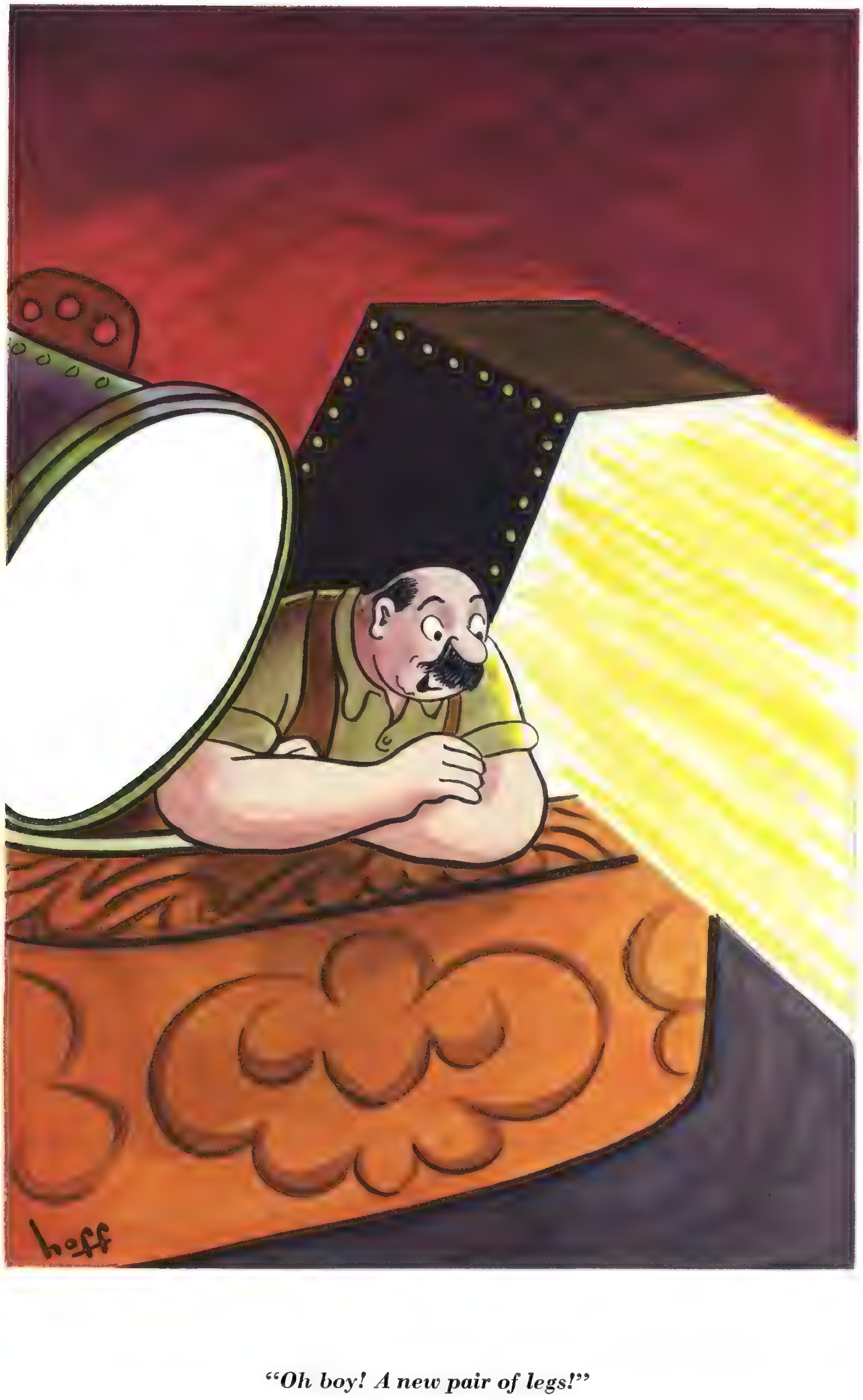


MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"Where's that Petty girl? Still on the phone?"



"Oh boy! A new pair of legs!"

A Sick Dog Tells Where It Hurts

A noted Hollywood director finds that the industry is suffering from spinal decay

by FRANK CAPRA

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Did you ever see a crowd of people surround a sick dog trying to guess what part of his anatomy is in pain? Well, that's what I'm reminded of when I think of all the "Impressions of Hollywood," and the countless "What's wrong with the Movies" articles that have been written. Sometimes they say it's lack of good stories, or the directors are stupid people; sometimes they say the stars can't act a lick, or the producers are morons who stifle talent, etc., etc. The dog could tell where it really hurts, but he's too ornery. He just lies still and inwardly chuckles at the remarks, and turns a mischievous eye toward some more astute critic and says to himself, "You're getting warm, brother, you're getting warm." As one of the numerous hairs on the movie canine's body, I'll try to say a few words for him.

To begin with, I believe that pictures are inherently ever so much greater than the people who make them. I'm not denying that we haven't had some success with them, or that it is no small achievement to have made every man, woman and child in the civilized world "movie-conscious." We have in fact perfected film, photography, sound and all the attendant technique to an amazing degree. Why, we've even made the darn things talk! But the actual movie itself, the piece of entertainment the audiences look at from their comfortable chairs, is still far below what it should be. We set the stage beautifully for what may eventually be the highest of arts, a blending of all the arts; but when the curtain goes up we most always give birth to a dud. Like most everything else in modern times we struggle to make it easy to do certain things, and then forget to do them.

It is possible now to talk to millions over the radio, yet few have anything to say. Printing houses are geared up to turn out countless books, but very few write anything. Hundreds of religious sects to convert us to piety, yet how many of us follow the Golden Rule?

Well, in pictures we have the same trouble. We have perfected the machinery yet we can't deliver the goods, and when I say can't I mean we generally don't. We are called artists by some people but we are still not artists. We are like children playing with colors, laughing with delight and taking great pride in our childish efforts, not realizing what the Da Vincis, the Raphaels and the Rembrandts have done with those same colors.

With few exceptions none of us realize the tremendous scope and possibilities of the Motion Picture. Literature, history, biography, pageantry, social problems, current events, music, opera, the ballet for our raw materials; a composite blend of all the arts for our finished product. Never in all the history of creative art have the creators had such magnificent tools to work with. We have a magic carpet, but we don't fly with it.

This will be quite a mouthful, but I venture to say the audiences will be more moved emotionally, more intrigued intellectually, and more entertained generally by the good pictures that are sure to come than by any and all the other artistic mediums put together, and that includes literature, the theater and all the fine arts. But before that happens we must learn to fly with our magic carpet.

Although I've been called a "giant" in my particular kind of work by some overly kind critics, I'm really just a pigmy among pigmies. In discussing art in the movies I realize my lack of background. My early training was purely scientific. I graduated from Dr. Millikan's California Institute of Technology as a chemical engineer, and for eight years was a complete flop at getting a job. I was a discouraged wanderer "on the bum" most of the time, when accidentally a certain freak situation threw me into pictures.

From that moment on I knew I had found something. That's why I carry a torch for motion pictures. They may still be very crude, but they are vital, ever-new, ever-changing. They are the frontier of a new art!

But to get down to earth.

Many times I'm asked by people not in the business why certain pictures were ever made. "Any 10-year old child could do better," they disgustedly say. I even heard them cry out "I'm cured. I'll never let them insult my intelligence again," and frequently the words "stink" and "lousy" are critically applied. They are very right. There are some huge boulders holding down our magic carpet, and one particularly large one is that three-fourths of the pictures made today are made because the studios have release dates to meet, and not because anyone has anything that must or should be expressed by them. They are sold a year in advance, and now must be delivered like so much merchandise.

While on the subject of boulders weighing us down, let me get a few off my chest. I admit it would have to be a miracle. To relieve the burden of the flying carpet in its flight, the following strange and magical things would have to happen:—

(1) The business will have to stop being an industry in which good pictures are less important than stock manipulations.

(2) Producing companies will have to stop owning their own theaters through which they practically condemn John Public to see their pictures, good or bad.

(3) Writers, actors and directors will have to stop being artistic prostitutes and think more of their work than they do of their salaries. Are you laughing?

(4) There will have to be a definite change in the spineless attitude of the whole industry toward censorship. If there is freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of the theater, why shouldn't there be freedom of pictures?

(5) And last and most important: the creative elements in our business, the writers, actors, directors, will have to refuse to be high-pressured and black-jacked into signing long term contracts, and have the artistic guts to make only the pictures they want to make, or go into the business of making pictures for themselves—which reminds me of the story of little Goldilocks.

Art must be an individual expression. No factory can create anything but models and

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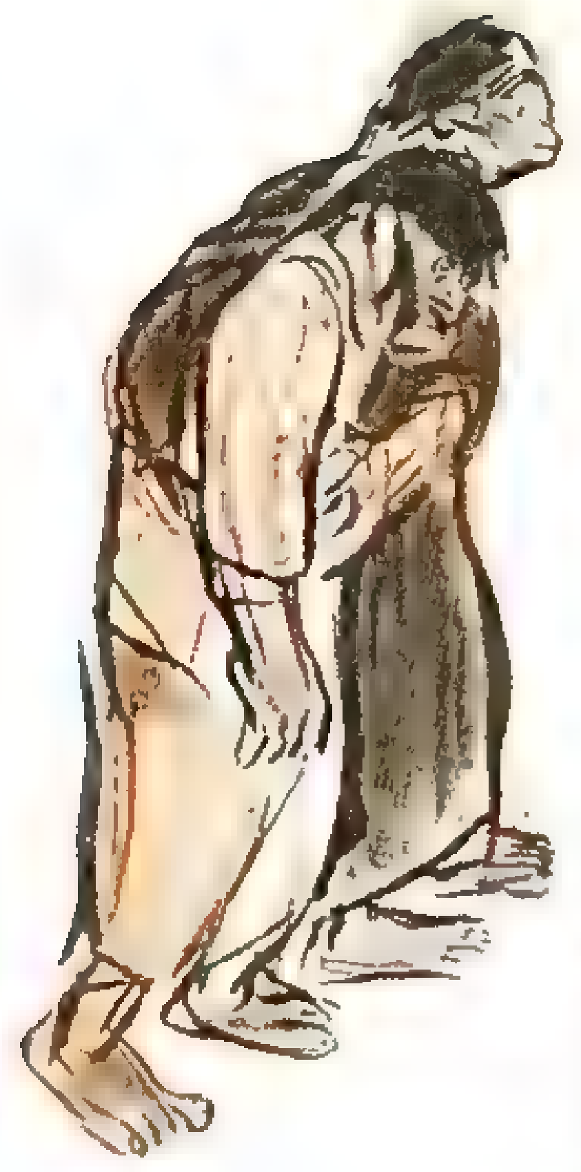
Guatemalan Goodbye

A passing archeologist touches two diseases, and knows that tragic beauty is only a myth

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• SEMI-FICTION •



Change of Scene

On the first trip, the medicine trick had worked splendidly. With the Aztecs of Pajapan, the Popolucas, the Bachajones, a little quinine and aspirin, a wound dressed, gained us any amount of friendship.

But our visits with those tribes had been short; it never occurred to me how it would roll up when one stayed permanently in a village.

At 5,000 feet, Jacaltenango ought to have had a good climate, but the hot air draws up the valley from Tierra Caliente as though propelled by a fan. The Indians had a tropical luxuriance of diseases, and as our reputation spread they came in ever greater numbers, from Jacaltenango itself, and its colonies down by the Mexican border, from San Marcos and San Andrés and Nentón, asking treatment for freckles, running sores, pyorrhea, head colds, infected wounds, senile dementia, boils.

I know that our work progressed steadily, because I have a great, fat book of notes and drawings, and I can remember at what seasons we advanced this degree or that in the secret ritual. These people preserve a goodly part of the old Maya religion, all under cover and jealously guarded. That was what we were after, and we began giving out a few medicines to make friends. We did pretty well, too, and eventually published a report several inches thick and intensely dull, so I know we can't have put in all our time treating or dodging patients, but that is how I remember those latter months.

My memory is probably confused by the return of my own malaria, and then Byers and I both got mild dysentery. Informants are hard masters. You are generally paying them—employing them in theory—but in fact they are your bosses. If Shuan is inclined on Wednesday to tell a myth which he was afraid to mention on Monday, if the Shower of the Road suddenly decides to meet with you in a hidden place at ten o'clock at night, and then a good mood gets him going on vital information till all hours, you have to stay with it. You may be exhausted and you may feel the fever running around inside you, but you make a machine of yourself to produce the right questions, to be tactful, watchful, your own self and its sickness set to one side, separated. It was our business to be brightly cheerful, to greet everyone cordially, to be always ready, keen, when a man had information to give us.

Whenever we were home, the sick would come. Our days were an endless repetition of the formula, in Spanish or Jacalteca, "Father, forgive the molestation. Make thy heart big. Perhaps thou hast a little remedy. . . ." Always the voice whined, and if, in treating them, we had to hurt them, they winced and cried and struggled. Or we would lock our doors and not answer, and the voices would become pathetic. Infinitely patient they were to knock and knock, to call our names, so sit and wait, besieging, while we wrote our notes by candle-light or read a mail from home.

Then there was the emotional drag of telling people that their husbands or children or whatever could not be cured in the last stages of pneumonia, and the pity one felt for the relatives, so anxious and trusting, so touchingly willing to follow directions and make every effort. A friend of ours persuaded us to come and see his mother. She had something that looked like impetigo on an incredible scale. From her throat almost to her navel she was covered with red, ridged skin such as comes after a burn, edged by an inch-wide, raised wall of scab, beyond which nasty looking yellow matter seeped out onto the healthy skin. If we had had our choice, we wouldn't have touched her with a ten-foot pole, but we treated her regularly, without any notable success, because we could not withstand the young man's earnestness.

After all of this, if there was no ceremony going on and we had no appointment with the Shower of the Road or any other priest, we wrote up our notes, went over our drawings and so on while the elusive feeling of coolness which comes just after nightfall lasted, and climbed into cots which in time became red hot, to toss and turn and throw off blankets, and go out for the dysentery, and try to sleep again. The sickness would generally pull me out of bed at the first light of dawn, to the bushes along the edge of the cliff where we, like the others of that part of the village, had staked out a claim. There would be the lowlands under my hand—the cliffs were a good five hundred feet high, and the great valley below sloped sharply—sunlight beginning to streak across it, tinted mists, blue, green and brown country, the mountains above me looming high and deep blue in silhouette, a quiet and freshness in the air which yet had no life in it. In a minute a buzzard would come sailing with wide, unmoving wings, sweeping at top speed accurately through the branches of a tree, landing of a sudden, with a little swish. Then another. If I hove a rock, they flopped heavily, awkwardly, a few feet. They turned their bald heads, watching, and I could see the caked dirt on their beaks. Before I had gone more than a few yards back towards headquarters they would have hopped in to scavenge. Hope to sleep again, a half hour longer. About then would be Byers' turn to wake and curse, and at the same time, as like as not, the first of the sick parade would knock at the door, and we'd lie still, hoping that he'd give up and go away, that Byers, or it might be me, could hold out long enough.

One hot morning we went down, as usual, to Pedro's house. There was nothing in the world we could do for his daughter, she had cerebral meningitis and that was that, but we were trying to help his wife. The little girl, seven years old and pretty as you could imagine, with a delicate, oval brown face, the long, Indian eyes, and her mouth drawn truly square with pain, like a Greek tragic mask, lay on a mat and grovelled and groaned feebly, mechanically. Pedro got out into the fields every day, away from it, but her mother sat in the hut, watching and crying. She was sodden with grief, she was sick with it, worn out, ready to break.

This morning the child could no longer say, as she had up to then, "*Ai-nan, ai-nan*, mother, mother." She could only moan, and the distortion was more evident, beginning to be grotesque. Pedro was present. He was a Todos Santos Indian—a manly people of bad reputation—with the characteristic acquiline nose, long face and straggly beard, rather goatlike. The mother was cooking something, and Pedro talked to us while we fixed a dose.

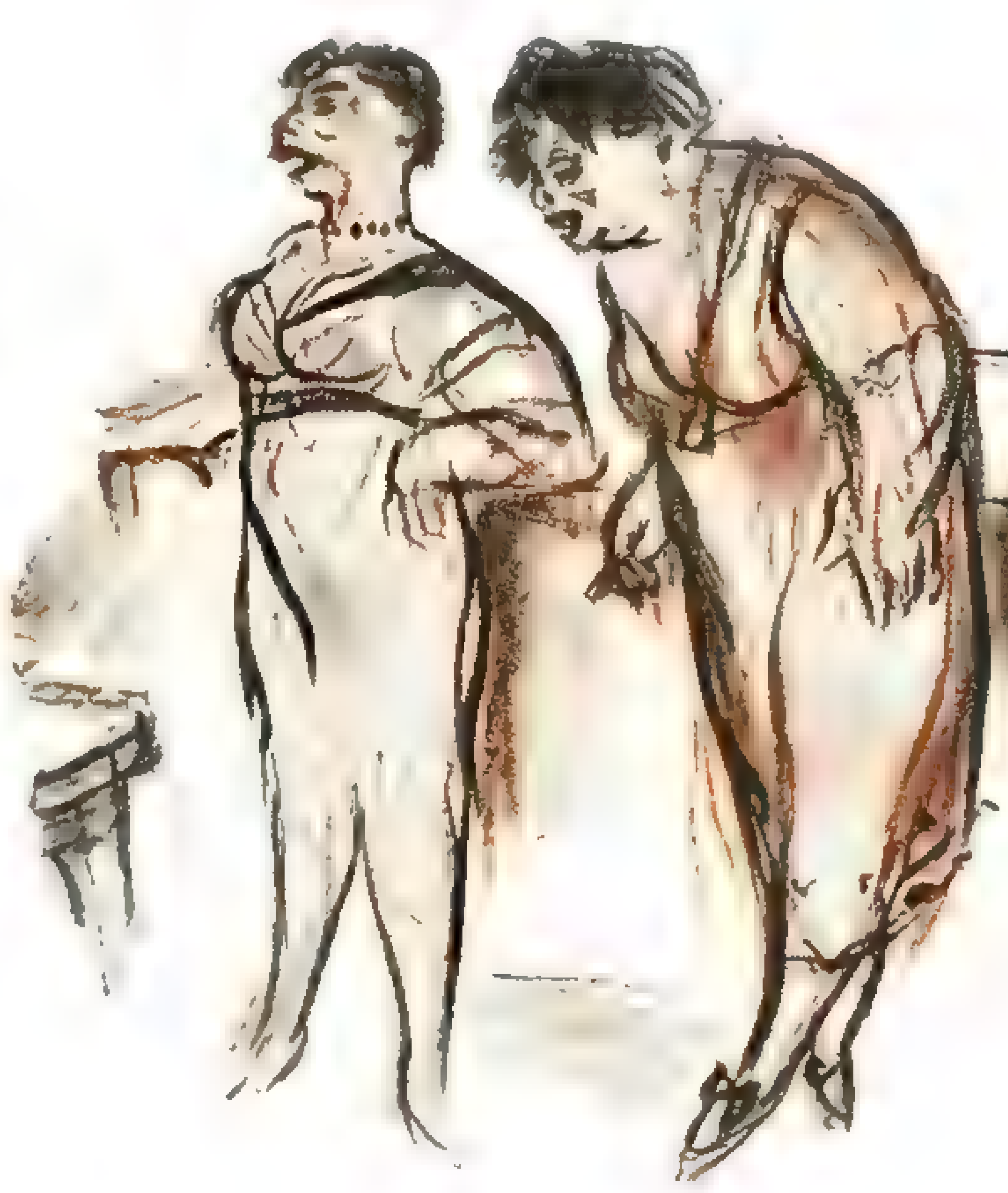
"For the woman, too, my heart worries. She is crying, crying, all the time."

He hardly needed to tell us. Her face was never quite dry, her eyelids were puffed. We had the sedative ready. A single egg on a dish, a pile of tortillas, gourds of posole were set before us.

"Eat," he said.

"No thanks, we have eaten."

"You are treating my daughter. We have not much, but here it is. Eat. Or if you wish, we can wrap it up for you to take."



Byers and I looked at each other. There was the girl, and the woman with her hair all messy and that repellant, almost comic look of exaggeration, incongruity, which is likely to come with real tragedy. Tragic beauty is a myth. Pedro's face was opposite us, heavy, long, and you could see the weight on him, and feel them both reaching towards us for hope and comfort. He pushed the dishes towards us, and urged us sadly, in broken Spanish. It would be worse, evidently, if we would not eat. We forced the egg into ourselves and drank a little posole. Then I made up a big batch of medicine.

"We have to go away tomorrow," we said. "We are long past due to go to San Mateo, tomorrow we must leave for there. Perhaps your daughter will die. We have to say that. It is likely that she will die. But there is only one hope, one thing you must do. As soon as the last light has gone, at night, as soon as the night has entered, your woman must take so much—thus—of the remedy. We have to go. Thank you for the food."

We got out fast, started making arrangements, and crowded ourselves with quinine and bismuth subnitrate. The next morning we left before more than a few sick people could get to us.

At San Marcos we had taken part in a ceremony. They knew us well. There we were still our usual selves, seekers of knowledge, members of the ceremonial brotherhood, and perhaps, if our hearts were big, there was a little remedy. . . At San Andrés it is hotter, and we were known. The dialect is the same, we gathered information. At Nentón, though one has descended three thousand feet and the nights are intolerable, there are no Indians.

From Nentón one climbs relentlessly. Among pines and fir and live-oak the Indians speak another language, they had never heard of us. At noon of the second day we reached ten thousand feet, we could see our breaths, a short rain was bitter cold. At San Mateo the Indians did not wash much. They had pink cheeks, they did not whine, they looked rugged, and there were no mosquitoes.

Carváo Ruin lies just outside the town. A ruin doesn't change its mind. If it's there today, it will be there tomorrow. The work is exact, definite, steady, accurate measurements, lines of sight, cross-sections, measured drawings, photographs. Impersonal; you don't have to be cheerful or sympathetic or dominant with a ruin, you don't have to pretend to hold any curious beliefs in common with it.

The two Indians we hired to help us first thought, then knew that we were crazy. They didn't care, and neither did we. We weren't concerned with their thoughts, their customs, or their health. When one of them developed sniffles, we gave them both a stiff drink, and that was that.

Our chilled hands were awkward at the fine drawings. Drifts of icy rain, occasional mist, made sighting difficult. Every so often we chased ourselves round a pyramid, every so often took a drink, which set well in this Scotch climate. In the evenings we crouched over a fire on the stone-flagged *corredor* of our lodging, warming our hands, taking nips, copying the plans. Our room was a great stone box, high roofed and unceiled, cold as the tomb. Our beds were really long, wooden tables. We dug up some flagstones from the *corredor* and made a fire on them, inside, took another drink, put on everything we owned and rolled up on the beds. They were hard. Our feet were chilly, our noses projected into cold, we were dog-tired, we had sniffles. We had eaten the most enormous meals. It was great.

Celebration

At the Hotel del Norte bar, after supper, we met some of the younger Company men, clerks, accountants and so forth, who preferred that place to the Company club for getting their Saturday night under way. The fact of Saturday didn't mean so much to us; for long now we had gone by the unavoidable imperatives of time—days measured and brought to end by the sun, our calendar by the oncoming of the rains, rest by the logic of getting to a resting place, or the condition of our horses. This night was, for us, the one preceding the day when we should go aboard the steamer for home. We were tired from the long train ride, oppressed by re-entering the heat and lax, wet air of the coast, but we thought it would be pleasant to talk with North Americans again, and took our turns buying drinks with the rest.

These boys were unlike the planters, oil men and prospectors we had met in Mexico. Those fellows had had, in the main, neither intellect nor much education, but instead, a personal reality, sheer force of hard things seen and done, of complete maturity which made them, however limited, interesting, even instructive to meet. The boys here knew little beyond the confines of the Company's prepared territory, the jungle was something they viewed dully from the deck of a launch on a fishing trip, or the porch of a screened house. With the superiority of the white collar worker, they listened to men whose grammar was bad reporting on work in the interior, occasionally telling stories of their experiences, and these they appropriated without comprehension. They were young, and had come out seeking a dream of white linen, pith helmets, glamour, the whole literary concept of the Sahib. The miserable town of painted shacks had long ceased to be romantic to them, and become merely a brightly coloured squalor along the edge of a muddy shore; here they were stuck in a routine of heat, desks, boredom, and forms in triplicate, and before strangers rather pathetically dressed themselves in scraps of the romance they had failed to find.

As the liquor got to them, their talk became more and more assertive, their tales wilder, until we should have been angry with them for trying such stuff on us, with two thousand miles of jungle and mountain behind us, had it not been increasingly clear that these were other men's stories, swallowed whole by them and now regurgitated. They talked, not for us but for themselves, and all we had to do was look attentive while we dipped our noses into our Tom Collinses and appreciated the luxury of ice once more.

Having been so long in the sticks, they were sure we'd like some fun, so they decided to take us down the line. We went out, about ten all told. It was raining intermittently, making sloshy going underfoot. We left the Company grounds for a street running parallel to the railroad, a road of mere mud, with pools and long ruts of water, and scattered litter along the sides. The shacks, widely spaced, looked as if they had been thrown together the day before yesterday out of second-hand material, mostly old boxes, with the knowledge that they were to be torn down tomorrow. Their lights were orange-yellow in the thick air, that warm air which seems so heavy as to be nutritious, like soup, warm, relaxing, and yet charged with sensual restlessness, smelling of fresh vegetation, rain, marsh water and rot.

The first place we entered was a fair enough pattern for the rest. A smallish room with scuffed, uneven floor onto which in two places water fell from the leaking roof, a couple of bare tables and some chairs, on the walls old calendars, a patched, short bar at one end behind which an elderly, gloomy woman stood, wearing a shapeless, huge print dress. The lights were unshaded, two open doors showed dark rectangles leading to invisible dinginess. Three girls in cheap, shabby dresses became industriously vivacious. They did not seem well washed, but had on much perfume, and white powder over their dark skins. Two were clearly of Negro blood, the other probably part Indian. They were young

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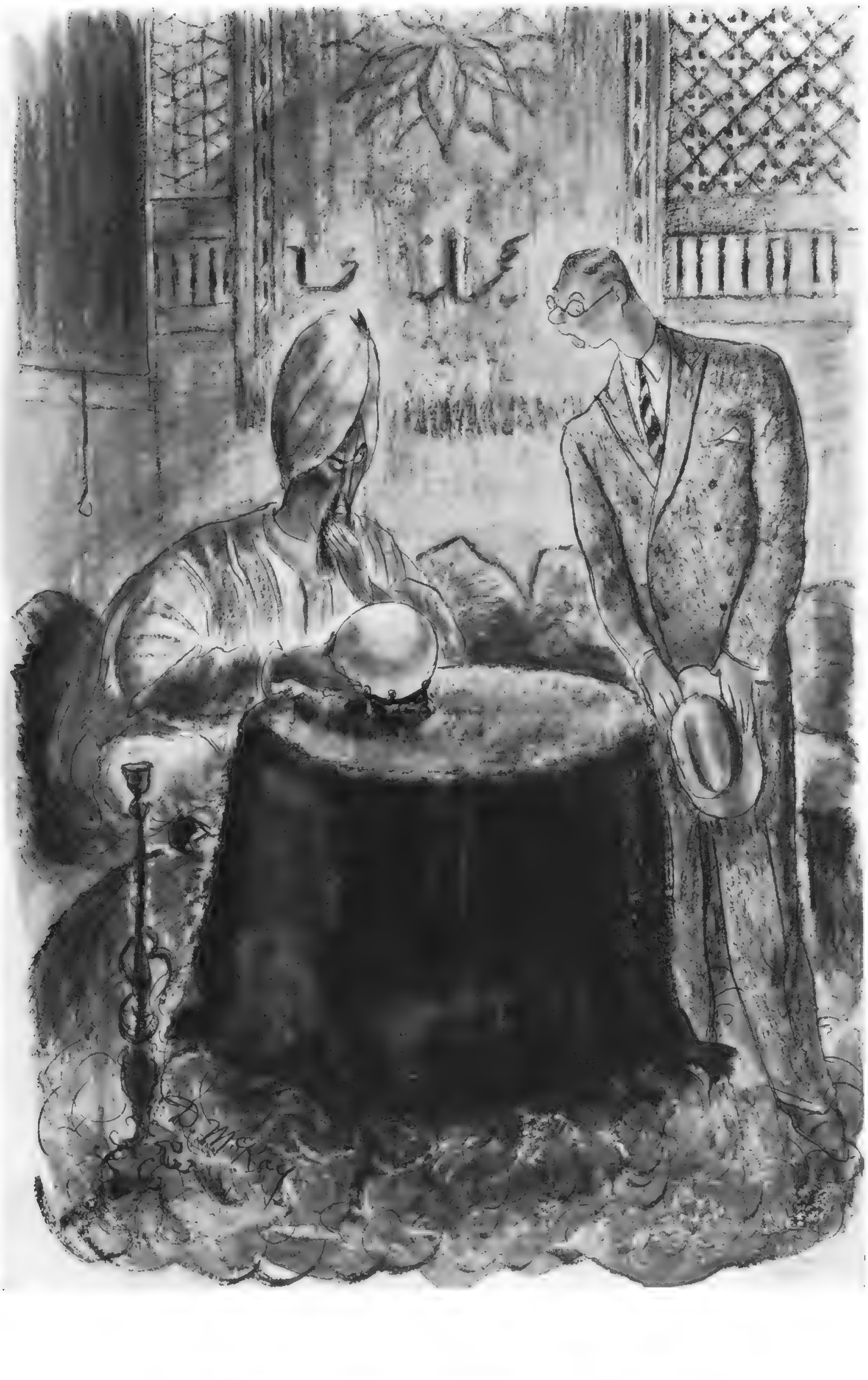


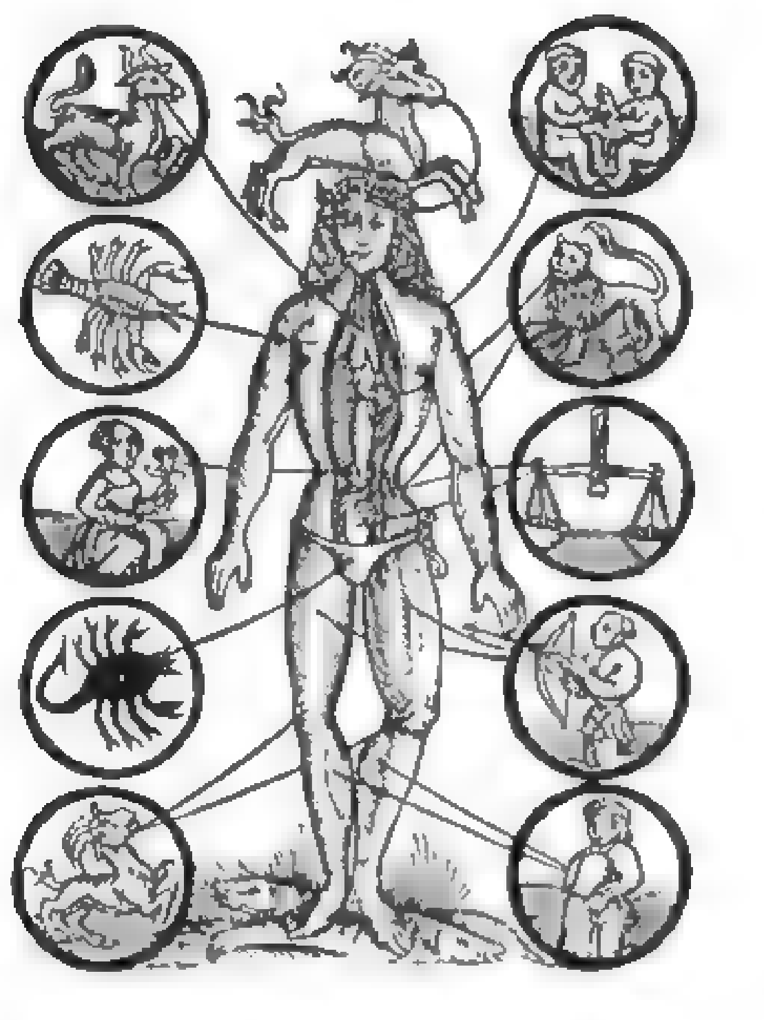
"Will you send a message to my uncle, collect?"

Lo, the Pseudologist

An outline of the sciences of unwisdom, from astrology unto numerology, with business index

by JOSEPH JASTROW

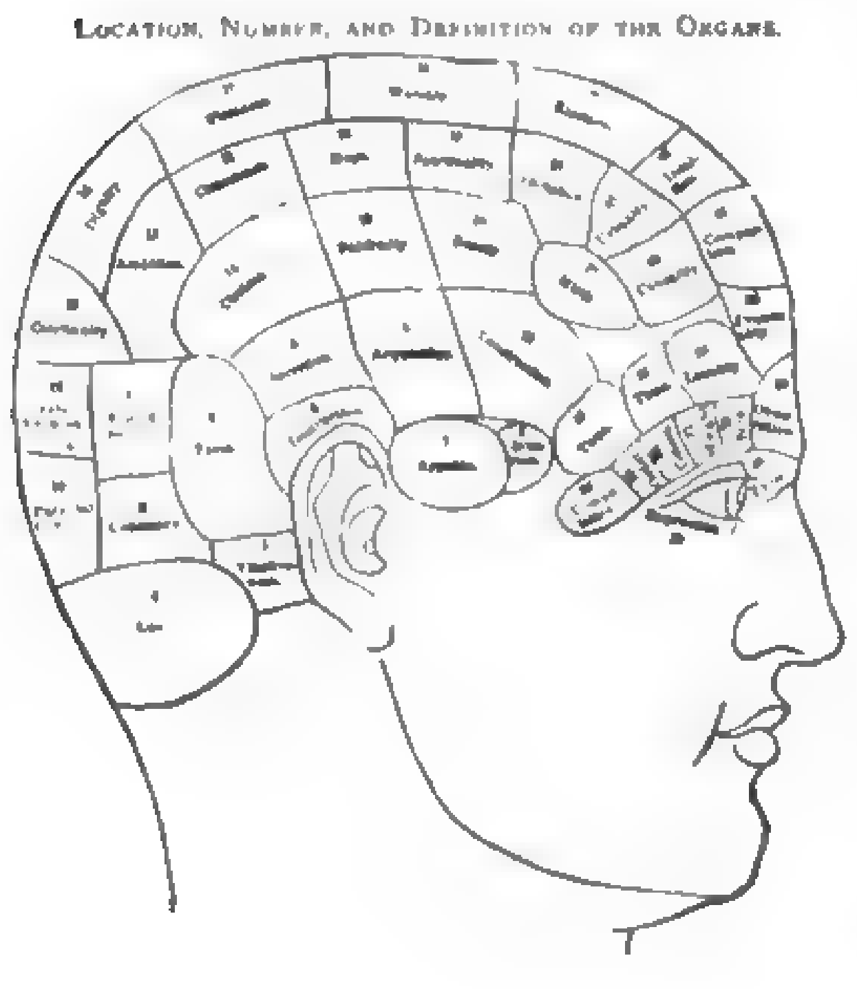
• ARTICLE •



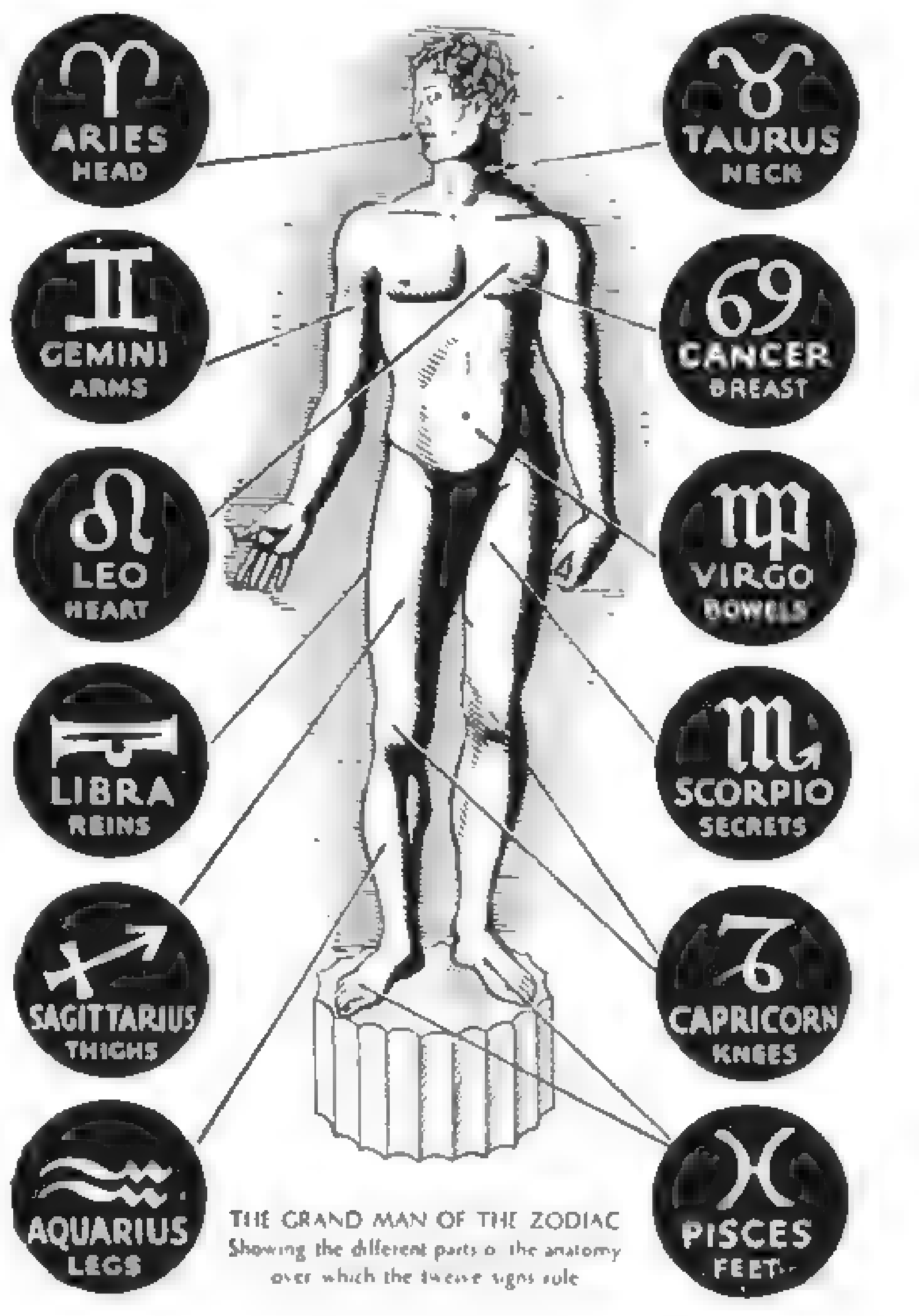
If man in his wisdom—*homo sapiens*—produced science, man in his unwisdom created pseudology. The pseudologies are the cults and systems that proclaim beguiling doctrines without benefit of fact. Outlawed by science, they circulate in the best as well as the worst society. That otherwise intelligent citizens accept the authority of science in most affairs, but in a few personal relations listen to the lure of pseudology, is an amazing paradox of our day.

The popular pseudologies deal in fortune-telling and character-reading. The patriarch among them is *Astrology*. Claiming derivation from the stars, its actual source is in the human ego, arrogantly converting the stars into harbingers of human fate, thus making man central and immense. The astronomer constructed a planetarium, the astrologer a horoscope—a striking contrast in the use of intelligence. The horoscope may well be the most fantastic product with large consequences, ever devised by a human brain—whose, is unrecorded; it goes back to the obscurities of history.

In the distant and uninformed past, Astrology was the universal oracle. The favorable time for letting blood, planting crops, sending out expeditions was determined by planetary positions as interpreted by the sages. When in ancient Badgad the astrologers announced a propitious day for letting blood, the gutters of that opulent city flowed red. And across great spans of time and space and thought and enterprise, in a world luxurious beyond ancient dreams, rich in knowledge that shows the venerated gold to be tawdry dross, the same profession still flourishes. The march of time has brought only improvement in its dissemination and a degradation in its employment. A thousand daily newspapers circulate the same inconsequences; they arrive over the magic air; they are offered over the counters of the proletarian "5 and 10"; there are astrological keys to Wall Street; there is no problem, sacred or profane, that pretenders to starry knowledge do not undertake to solve for fees suited to all purses. The picture is as incongruous as would be that of a knight in chain-armor driving a streamlined motor-car on incandescent Broadway.



The picture becomes even more incredible when we examine the framework of astrology. The fanciful bond between the stars and our fate rests only on the coincidence that the Greeks assigned human qualities to their gods and also named the stars after them. On the basis of a mere namesake kinship, the pseudological mind decreed that a mortal born when the *planet* Jupiter is in a certain position, by that name communion, must be "jovial" in disposition because the *god* Jupiter (Jove for short) was so rated. If Saturn is the predominant "influence," the child is fated to gloom and ill-fortune. To assume the influences, and by such remote and fantastic analogy derive the consequences, reads like a strangely labored jest; but it actually had a hand in shaping the behavior of men and nations for long centuries.



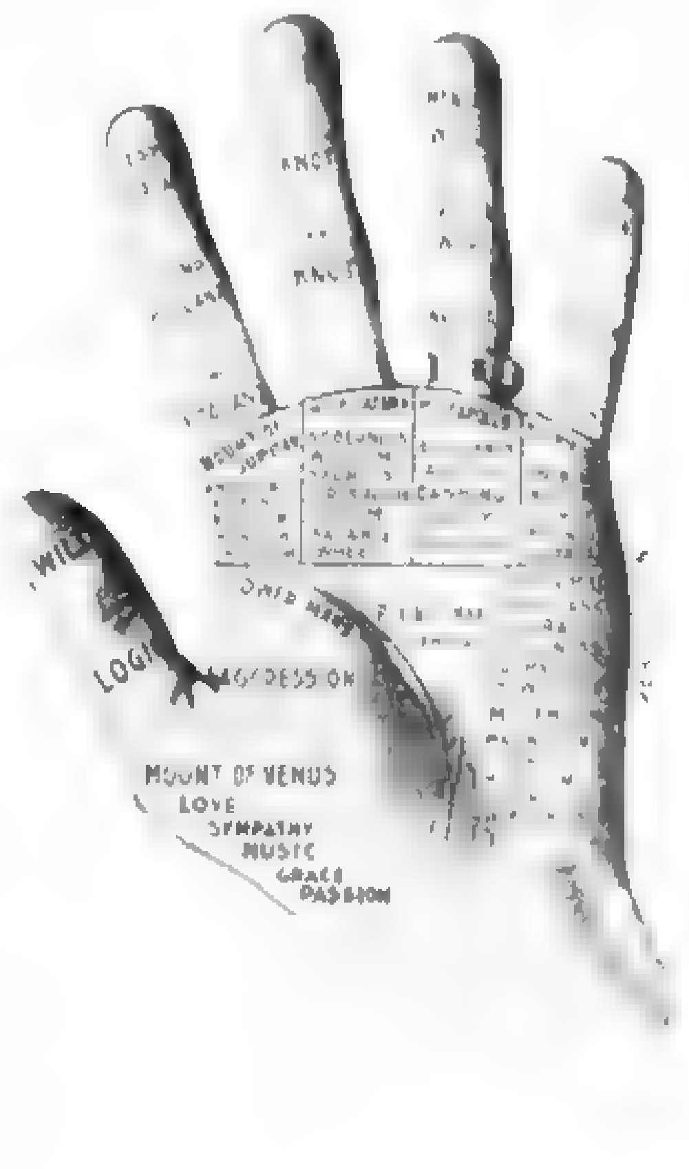
THE GRAND MAN OF THE ZODIAC
Showing the different parts of the anatomy over which the twelve signs rule

Among the products of astrologizing, is that weird composite of anatomy and constellations—the zodiacal man. He came into imaginary existence when fancy traced in the grouping of the stars certain sketchy resemblances to animal and human forms, and by a feeble analogy of relation, assigned the *Ram* (Aries) with its prominent horns to the *head;* the big-necked *Bull* (Taurus) to the *neck;* the *Fish* (Pisces) at the bottom of the sea, to the *feet*, the *Twins* (Gemini), in that there are two, to the *arms*, and the *Goat* (Capricorn) because of its nimble knee-action, to the *knees*. Four hundred years ago, this construction led to no greater irrelevance than prescribing goat's grease for pain in the knees; today it gives rise to such sapience as this: "Thirty-odd years ago, the world came strongly under the influence of Uranus in Scorpio, which rules invention on the material plane. Children born during this period were sure to be interested in mechanical things like phonographs, player-pianos, moving pictures, automobiles, airplanes and radios." *And they were*—strangely like children born at any other time!

By a similar conjunction, the imaginary *Lion* (the constellation Leo) of the heavens confers king-like traits of dominance and power upon such August-born children as Mussolini, G. B. Shaw, Henry Ford, Ethel Barrymore, Ann Morgan and ex-President Hoover—but no less certainly upon a million or two butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, policemen, tramps, college instructors, socialites, shop-girls, and stenographers—to say nothing of endless numbers of the great army of the unleonine unemployed. Yet they are all admonished to "*remember that you were born to the purple!* A *Leo* child belongs to the royal sign of the Zodiac; you wish to dominate; and so great is your power and so magnetic your personality that you generally do so." Such un-royal men as Washington had to get along with the lowlier sign of the Fish, and Lincoln with the Water-bearer—their lack of distinction being the inevitable consequence of choosing the wrong hour of birth. (As a fact, careful studies have shown that there are no more great men born in any one month than in any other.)

Anyone who discusses the truth of Astrology with a semi-believer meets the practical challenge that it works. But does it? Ancient sceptics asked whether all who fell at the battle of Salamis had the same horoscope? Gettysburg, the Argonne, the Lusitania will do as well. Or you get the retort direct that Madame X, or Swami Y read "my horoscope that fits me like a glove; told me things about myself and my life that took my breath away. There just *must* be something in it, even if you can't explain it."

We hardly waste wonder upon the amazing fact that gloves fit hands and any one glove many hands, or upon the truism that some persons are shrewd and others compliant. If you will take the mill-run cases of prediction or analysis on any pseudological system, you will never be impressed with the hits—far more so with the misses; the seeming hits result from delineations so loose, generous and general that inevitably they fit loosely an indefinite number.



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Orpheus and His Lute

A tale of the Irishtown band which was raised high and laid low by a tankard of inspiration

by FRANK O'CONNOR

• FICTION •

Du holde Kunst . . .

"THE changes in this city—!" said the old man, and then paused as though overcome.

"What changes?" I enquired.

"Ah, well," he concluded in a shocking anti-climax, " 'tis God's holy will."

"But what are the changes?" I persisted.

"What are the changes? Isn't it change enough for anyone that the two things the people of this city were fondest of under the sun, the two things they'd give body and soul for, are after falling into disrespect?"

"And what are they?"

"Why, porter of course, and music—what else? Sometimes it was the music got the upper hand and sometimes the porter, but the one and the other were in every bit of sport and mischief there was. When I was a growing boy a man would cut his neighbour's throat for a pint of porter and travel Ireland to learn an old song. I knew wan two men that followed a fiddler all over Munster to pick up a solitary tune. I did so. But did I ever tell you the story of the Irishtown band?"

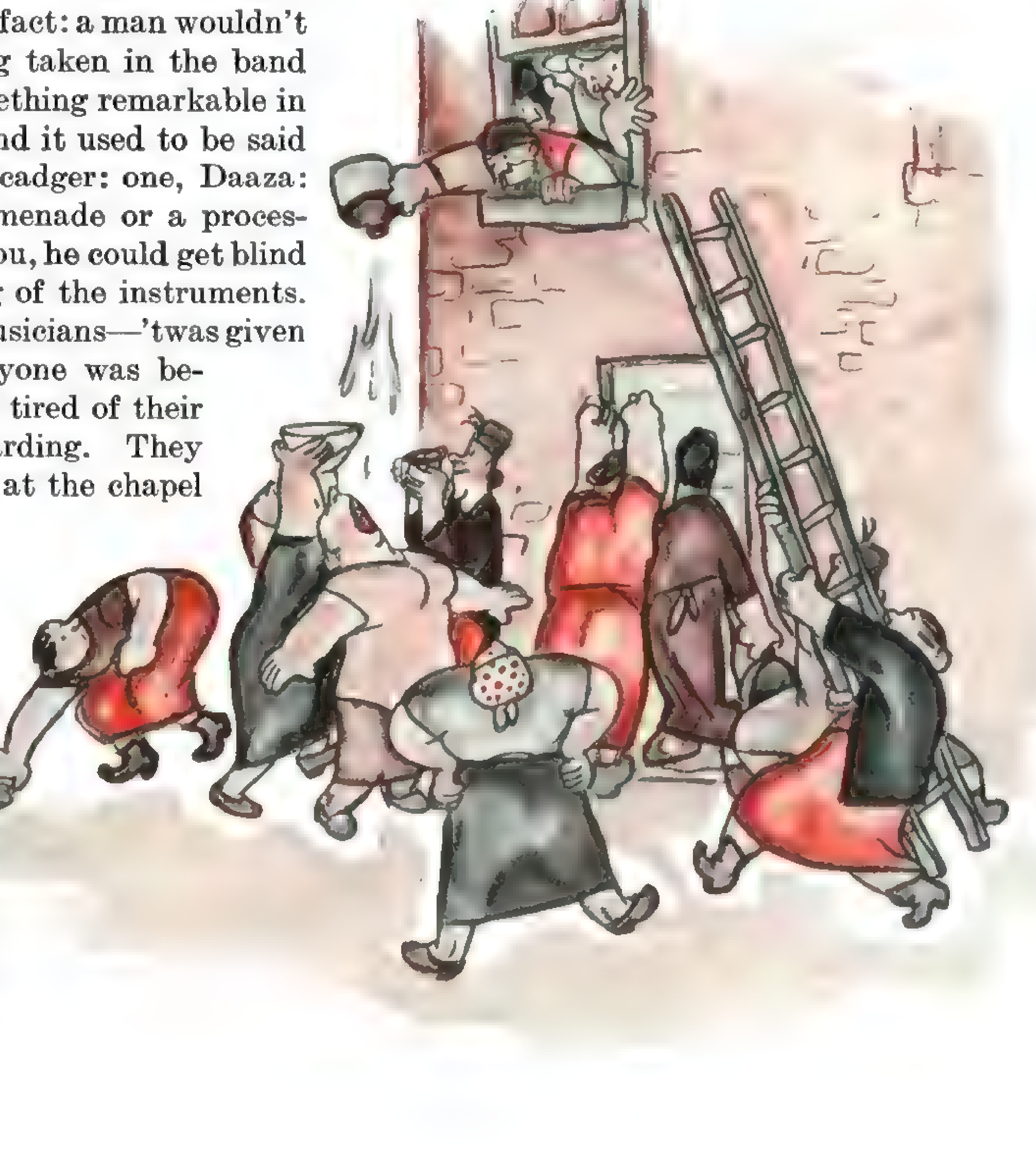
"You did not."

"Well, now 'tis a little story worth telling, just to show you the sort of *criothans* that pass for musicians nowadays. In those days—I'm speaking of fifty years ago—every parish had a band, and some had two bands and even three bands, but the Irishtown band was the best of the lot. There wasn't a man in it that wasn't born and reared as you might say between bar lines, and every one of them would drink Lough Erne dry. That was a well-known fact: a man wouldn't have a chance of being taken in the band unless he could do something remarkable in the way of drinking, and it used to be said of a certain notorious cadger: one, Daaza: that after a band promenade or a procession, with respects to you, he could get blind drunk on the emptying of the instruments.

"They were lovely musicians—'twas given up to them—but everyone was beginning to get sick and tired of their begging and blackguarding. They were forever collecting at the chapel gates for new this and new that, and of a cold winter's night you'd hear a knock at the door, and when you went out you'd see a couple of them outside with a collecting box, and they not able to stop it rattling with the shivering and the lust for drink that would be on them, and one of them would up and say 'Sorry for troubling you, old flower, but 'tis the way we're collecting for new uniforms for the band.' Uniforms! No one ever seen tale or tidings of anything new on them, and the old rags they had, there wasn't a vestige of a seat in one of them.

"You wouldn't remember it, but in those days it used to be a common thing for bands to serenade supporters of their own; Aldermen or M. P.'s or big butter merchants, more particularly when they were giving dinner parties, and when dinner was over the man of the house would come out and slip the bandmaster ten shillings or a pound to get drinks for the men. But in the latter end no one would open his doors to the Irishtown band for as sure as they got any sort of an innings, they'd be up week after week and night after night, puffing and blowing outside for hours, and midnight wouldn't see a sign of staggering or giving out in them till they got the price of a wet. And that was the rock they perished on, for one by one they lost all their backers, and towards the end even the dirtiest old ward politician wouldn't have the nerve to give them a show.

"Well, one cold, wet night in February they all gathered in for a practice. Practice, my eye! Damn the bit of practice they were fit for, any of them! They sat down round the fire, the whole lot of them, in the jim-jams, and 'twas two fellows called Butty Bowman and Ned Hegarty that weren't as bad as the rest that were lighting the pipes for them. That much they couldn't do for the jigs in their hands, and whenever the door opened or a cinder fell out of the fire, the whole bloody lot would give one loud shriek and jump three feet into the air, chairs and all.



" 'Boys, boys,' says the bandmaster, trembling and rubbing his hands, 'what in the name of the sweet and suffering God are we going to do this night?!'

" 'Send out the conjuring box quick!' says Shinkwin, the big drummer.

" 'But who will we send it to?'

" 'Send it to the pubs. Crowley's at the bridge ought to be good for a bob anyway.'

" 'Here, Hegarty,' says the bandmaster, 'take a turn at it you now, yourself and Butty Bowman. And to make the one errand of it ye might as well take the jug as well.'

" 'So off with Hegarty with the collecting box, and little Butty Bowman behind him with the jug; and there were the rest of them, some not able to sit down, but walking up and down, clenching their fists and grinding their teeth; some too bad to move stretched out on the benches, and the whole lot of them shivering and moaning like men in their last agony, 'Oh, Mother of God, have pity on me! I'm dying, I'm dying! Oh, will this night ever be over me!' And every few minutes the bandmaster would be hopping to the window looking up across the bridge, and all the poor penitents crying together, 'Joe, Joe, are they coming yet?'

"After three quarters of an hour back comes me two buckos. The bandmaster made one wild dive for the jug and when he looked into it he gave a holy oath and covered his face with his hands. Butty Bowman held out his palm and there were three coppers in it. All at once the whole band began to shriek and shiver again.

" 'Boys!' says the bandmaster.

" 'What is it, Joe?' says a few of them.

" 'Ye know me a long time, boys,' says he, 'don't ye?'

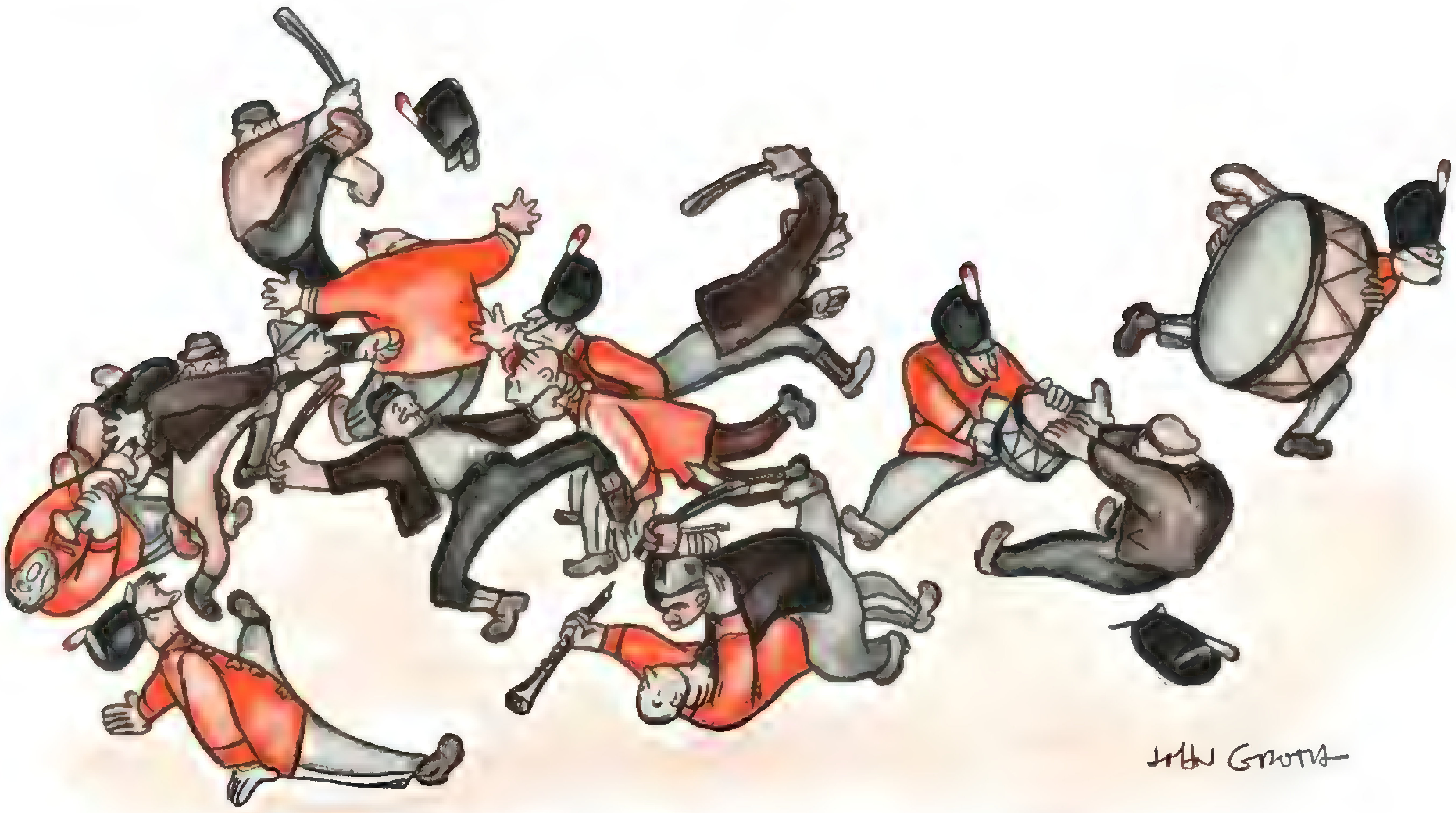
" 'We do so, Joe,' says they.

" 'And ye'll bear witness,' says he in the voice of a man that was inviting them all to his funeral, 'ye'll bear witness before the world that I'm a musician to the eyelets of me boots.'

" 'You are, Joe,' says they, 'you are, of course, but how's that going to help us in our troubles?'

" 'Well,' says he, standing to attention and thumping his chest, 'I don't care who hears me say it but I was a man before I was a musician. . . . Butty, run down to Coveney's and tell them to send up the donkey and butt.'

" 'Erra, what's up with you, Joe?' says



Butty, thinking, you know, the bandmaster was after going dotty with the need for drink.

" 'Do what you're told,' says the bandmaster, and the teeth chattering in his head, 'do what you're told and do it quick, for be the Lord above me, I'm not responsible for me actions at this present instant.'

"Well, the bandmaster being twice Butty's height and a man that would crack your skull in a procession if you played a wrong note, away with Butty, and no sooner was he out of the room than the bandmaster breaks down, and sits in by the fire, shivering and crying. They didn't like the look of him at all, and no one went next, nigh or near him till Butty Bowman came back and tapped him on the shoulder. He got up without looking at anyone, took the keys from his side pocket and opened the instrument cupboard.

"At the sight of this they all brightened up like one man, because though only a few of them guessed what he was about, they all knew there was hope in sight.

" 'One minute,' says Ned Hegarty, 'can we do this without a comity meeting?'

" 'I'm the meeting,' says the bandmaster.

" 'But shouldn't we have a resolution or something?' says Ned.

" 'I'm proposing it,' says Shinkwin.

" 'I'm seconding it,' says another.

" 'Any objections?' asks the bandmaster.

" 'Anyone that have,' says Shinkwin, 'just leave him take off his coat and I won't be long dealing with them.'

" 'Passed unanimously,' says the bandmaster. 'Hurry up, boys, or ould Moon's will be shut.'

"With that, out with them all in a scramble, every fellow carrying his own instrument, and Shinkwin cursing, trying to get the big drum downstairs. They put the instruments into the old donkey butt and covered them with bags and tarpaulins, and off with them, beside the butt, in the pouring rain.

"Old Moon, the pawnbroker, thought they were mad when they came in, one by one, each of them with his own contraption. He didn't want to take the things at all, but they would not listen to his objections.

" 'How much so?' says he.

" 'Ten quid,' says the bandmaster, like a shot.

" 'Erra, what ten quid?' says old Moon.

" 'Ten bob a man?' bawls the bandmaster with his fingers doing the Morse code on the counter. ' 'Twill only quieten the drouth in us.'

" 'Five,' says the pawnbroker.

" 'What five?' says the bandmaster. 'The drum alone is worth more than that.'

" 'And a lot of use a drum will be to me if ye don't release it!' says Moon.

" 'On the sacred word of a musician,' says the bandmaster, 'we'll release the lot on Saturday night. . . . Take pity on us, Mr. Moon! For the sake of your dead mother, Mr. Moon, or your dead father, or whoever is dearest to you of all that's dead and gone, take pity on us this night.'

" 'Seven ten,' says the pawnbroker, and not a ha'penny more would he give them if they lay down on the floor and breathed their last on him. Well, when they got the money out with them in one mad rush like a lot of demented creatures after escaping from the asylum, seeing who'd be first to reach the pub, when all at once Butty Bowman gives a yell at them. They stopped, and the eyes hopping out of their heads.

" 'Jacus,' says he in a disgusted voice, 'are ye going to spoil it all, are ye? Are ye going into that pub with our sorrowful seven pound ten to blow it on the shawlies and cadgers of Irishtown? How long will it last ye? Be said by me, and in God's holy name, have grace about ye and leave the bandmaster order it, and we'll bring it back in the donkey-butt.'

"They all saw the sense in that, and, holding up their stomachs the way they wouldn't drop out of them with the drouth, they went round to a quiet little pub along with the butt, and by the back way they brought out four half-tierces. Then back with them the way they came, and when they got inside the bandroom, Butty Bowman turned the key in the door and went upstairs to the window.

" 'What are you up to?' says Shinkwin.

"With that Butty threw the key clean over the bridge into the river. They all applauded him for this, and well they might, because it wasn't long before one woman and two women and three women began to hammer on the door below.

" 'Leave them hammer away to hell now!' says Butty.

"Then they set to it and they didn't leave much of the liquor behind. What made it worse was the wild mob that was after gathering outside. The women were dancing and shouting and screaming for drink, and when they wouldn't get it they drove in the window with stones, and when that didn't serve them they took a ladder to it. Butty Bowman and the bandmaster had rare fun knocking them off it again. The last I saw of the spree before I went to bed that night was Big Shinkwin and he with the jug in his hand pouring down the drink on top of them. They were trying to catch it in buckets and basins.

"The following night there wasn't a shilling left of the seven ten, and the bandmaster says, 'Boys, we'll have to steady up now and try to release the old instruments. And as we're about it, I'll start taking the subscriptions from ye.' And what he collected was the sum of fourpence ha'penny. 'This won't do, boys,' says he, 'this won't do at all at all. Seven and six a man is what I want from ye, and I want it in a hurry.'

"He might as well have been asking a slice of the sky as asking seven and six from that crowd. Weeks passed and a month passed, and three days before St. Patrick's Day they had five and ninepence collected betwen them. 'Oh, boys, boys,' says the bandmaster, 'this is shocking. On Sunday morning I want every man jack of ye at the chapel gates and if that money isn't collected there'll be bad work.' And to make it more solemn he got special labels for the old collecting boxes printed 'Great National Appeal.'

"*Mo leir*, 'twas the sorrowful national appeal for them. The people went in and went out without as much as good morrow

Continued on page 111

To Hell, in a Word, with Art

Art has no place in a perfect world and the imperfect present has no place, it seems, for Art

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

In their quietly furnished offices and their discreet private dining rooms in Hollywood, the gentlemen who invest money in making movies referred, last Spring, to a picture called *The Scoundrel*, saying how much it cost and how much it had grossed here and there and what its profits would probably be. It was, on those occasions, a moving picture as any other, a commodity like a pint of milk, its value judged by the price it fetched. Strictly business.

But in Beverly Hills, where these same investors live in remarkably attractive houses with, usually, even more attractive wives, and give dinner parties of remarkable friendliness and amenity and good food, the conversation about *The Scoundrel* had a different pitch. It didn't resemble in the slightest the tone of the New York saloons in which everyone called the principals by their first names and knowingly or spitefully discussed the picture. No. In Beverly where those met who put in and took out a variety of millions, the tone was quite different. It was sheer mad envy. Envy and, underlying envy, a yearning to create an artistic failure. Later, when it appeared that *The Scoundrel* was not going to be an entire flop and, having cost little, might even show a profit, the hushed, reverential tone was not so marked. But Beverly still envied and yearned.

Now it happened that at about the same time, Hollywood had produced a picture called *The Informer* which was to *The Scoundrel* as Shakespeare to Oscar Wilde, as an oak to a pansy, as a bull to a Dresden figurine. Except for Liam O'Flaherty, who wrote the original novel and also worked on the picture, every man concerned in creating this veritably impressive picture was a good Hollywood workman, chief among them Dudley Nichols, on the script; John Ford, the director; Victor MacLaglen the principal player. But Beverly, while nodding approval, was not interested in what Hollywood had done; even the fact that *The Informer* would be, if a failure, ten thousand times more complete and honorable a failure, did not touch Beverly. For Beverly, which is both the domestic and the intellectual phase of Hollywood, wanted Art worse, as Sherwood Anderson used to say of a certain fellow-writer, than a cow wants a calf.

My friend Mr. Werner, who has studied great men and shifty bankers, once said that he had found almost a permanent type among business men. They fancied themselves Napoleons and, in order to convince themselves that they really were Napoleons were driving themselves in a sort of calculated fury to their Waterloos. Nothing but Waterloo could prove their greatness. And nothing but a disastrous failure, of something they think good, will persuade the businessmen of Hollywood that they have produced a work of art. The flops they put out for money serve no purpose whatever, except to depress the stockholders or the bankers. What's wanted is something like *The Birth* or *All Quiet*—which won't last a week. Then their craving for art will be satisfied.

I hope that each one of them has his flop quick, and gets over it. The itch for art is beginning to corrupt the good commercial film. The author of a famous novel told me that just before it went into movie-production, the head of the company read it. "It was the first book he had ever read through," said the novelist, repeating a slander he had heard somewhere, "and from that moment the picture didn't have a chance. We had prepared a quick scenario, but this so-and-so took it and made us put back everything we cut out, with loud cries about not spoiling an artistic masterpiece. So we had a long dull picture that did about one-third the business it should have." (Names on file at this office.) There is even a touch of art, the art of the whimsical light comedy theatre which makes me sick, in *The Call of the Wild*. I suspect it was art that made the producer give the part of Buck to a Pekinese. (It was, too, a Pekinese, made up to look like a St. Bernard.)

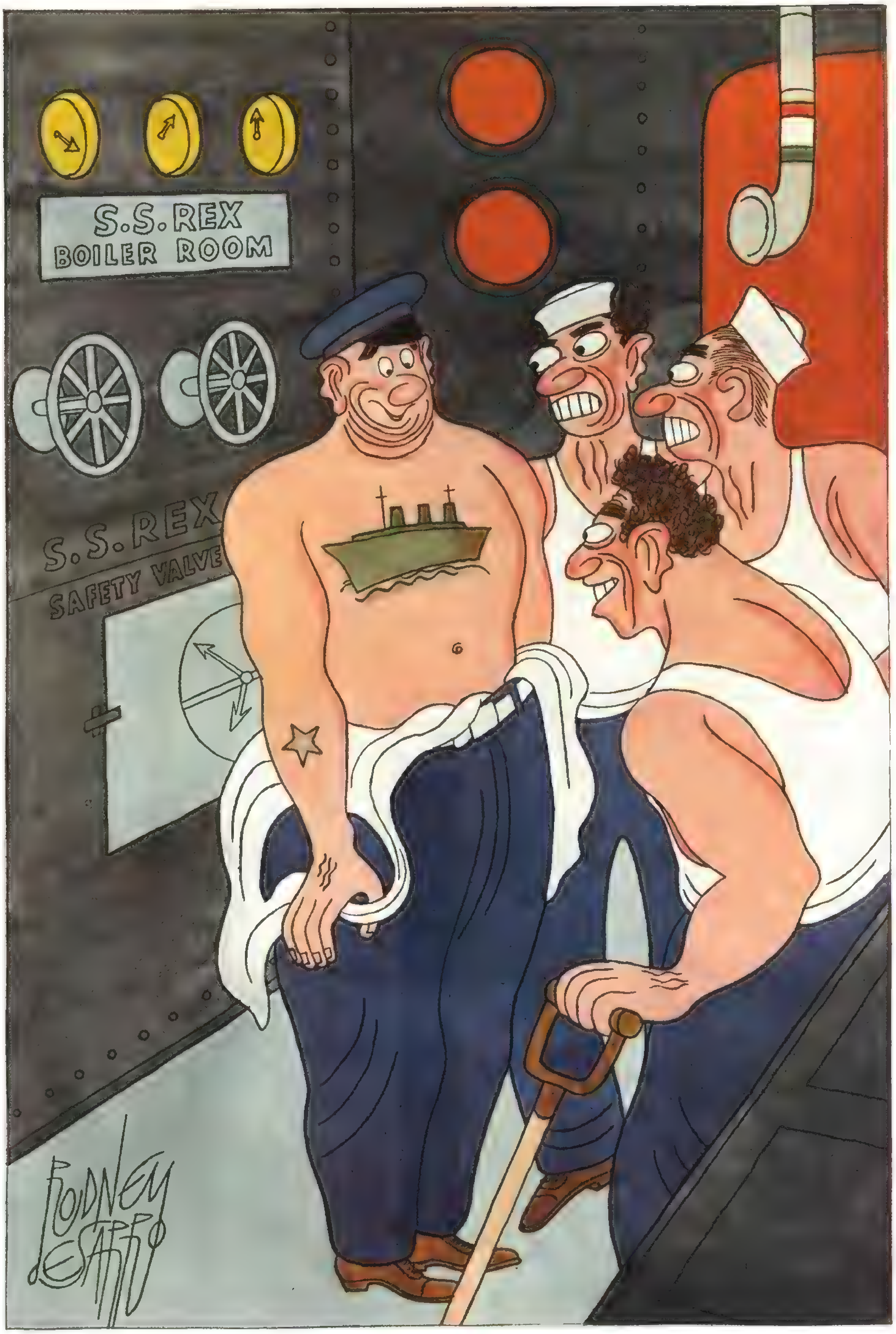
The hanker to do something artistic appears elsewhere. A notable writer of detective stories turns out, now and then, a serious, rather sombre, and very bad novel, which his publishers are more or less compelled to issue. They aren't, however, compelled to sell it, and the way their salesmen murmur "Ixnay" out of the corner of their mouths as they peddle the spring list is a warning to all of us. Even the little bookseller will advise you not to buy, for fear of spoiling the market for the next good thing. Another novelist fancies himself as a writer of essays, and his publishers have the same trouble. They know that art will spoil everything. A lot of playwrights get the bug, too, on occasions and the plays they write, then, are handsomely bound in leather. About the only place you do not encounter the corrupt desire to be artistic is, so far, in baseball.

The sound American citizen used to get simple hell because he didn't appreciate art and let our Whistlers and Jameses go off to Europe and was altogether what Mencken might call a vulgar fellow. And now observe what has happened: art is sliding down the chutes and the chutes have been prepared by the intellectuals themselves. Our Babbitts were bloody bourgeois because they didn't love Cubism and now it appears that Cubism represents the last writhings of a civilization which is worse than bloody bourgeois itself. The Communists look back over our literature and say that it was all thin and bloodless and without any real connection with the facts of American life, which is precisely what the tough-minded businessman thought when he shifted the burden of reading to his wife and kiddies. A good barn is structurally a better building than a gimcrack cathedral, which is what the hayseed farmer thought when he built himself the good barn. Music is only an opiate, which is what the shoe clerk felt when he refused to go to a symphony concert and preferred a popular song. And all art, our new leaders tell us, can only come from a discord in the soul of the artist and can only represent a flaw in society, so that when the perfect classless state exists, there won't be any art at all.

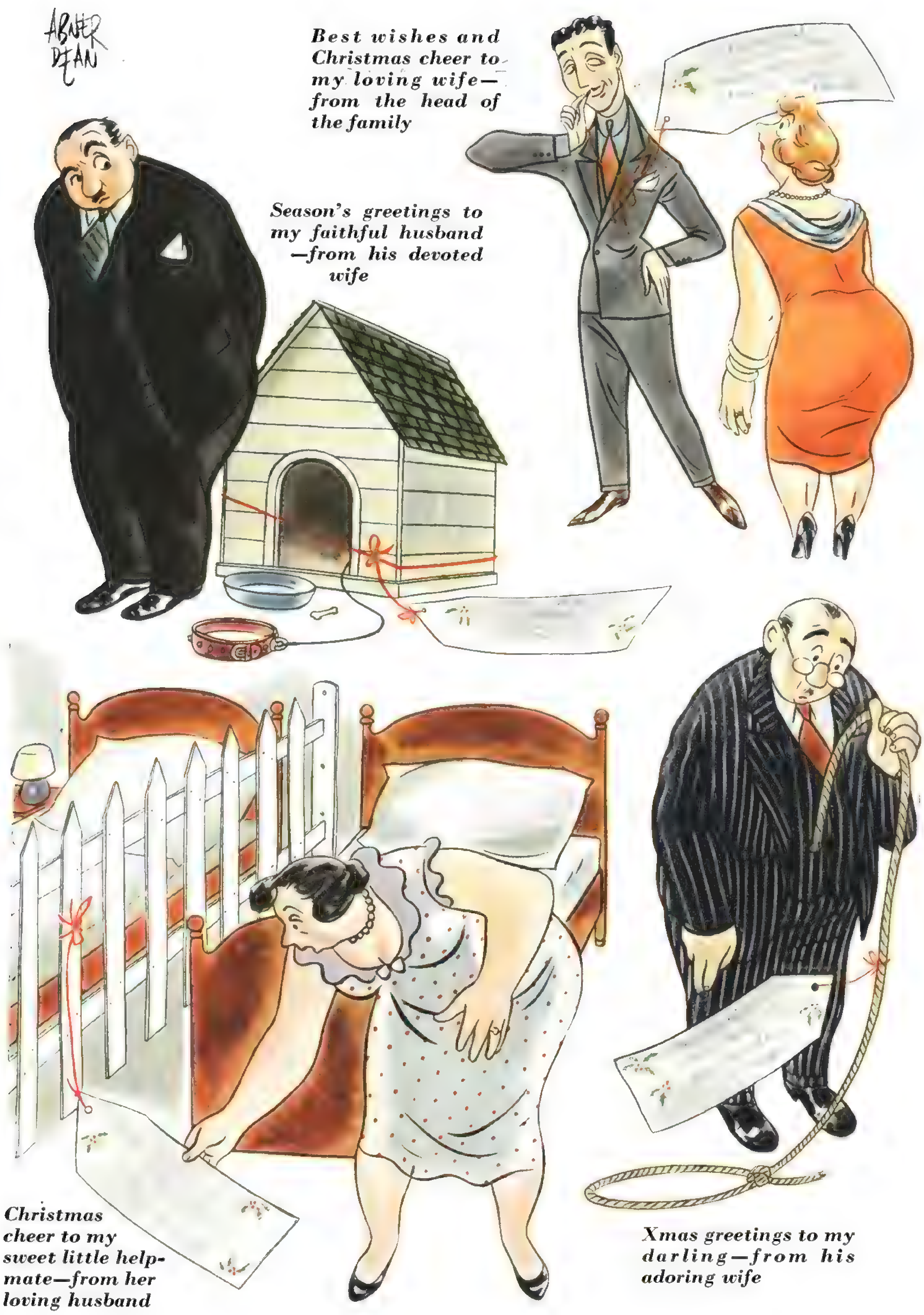
About ten years ago Deems Taylor wrote: "The American asks whenever he is confronted with any work of art, 'Does it point a moral? If not, will it help me to kill time without boring me'?" All the latest critical works assure us that if a work of art does not point a moral, and a good sound Marxist moral at that, it is worse than worthless. In the ten years since Taylor wrote, the American people have devoted billions of man-hours to listening to operas and symphonies which pointed no morals whatever and could hardly be put down in the same class as a bagatelle game for killing time. But if Taylor was right, the American people were on the right track. Benighted, they didn't know the moral had to come from Marx with the imprimatur of Stalin; but at least their hearts were in the right place.

I have as little patience with the Marxian explanation of *Thanatopsis* as I have with the Freudian account of *The Raven*, but I think we owe a vote of thanks to the Communist critics for knocking artiness into a cocked hat. A man can say he hates art and two-thirds of the intellectuals will answer with a cheer. The old deplorers will still insist that the bourgeois Philistine hates art for the wrong reason; they can't surrender

Continued at top of page 133


S.S. REX
BOILER ROOM
S.S. REX
SAFETY VALVE
RODNEY deSARRO

"Da old man'll probably boin when he sees it. It's da Normandie!"


ABNER DEAN
Best wishes and Christmas cheer to my loving wife—from the head of the family
Season's greetings to my faithful husband —from his devoted wife
Christmas cheer to my sweet little helpmate—from her loving husband
Xmas greetings to my darling—from his adoring wife

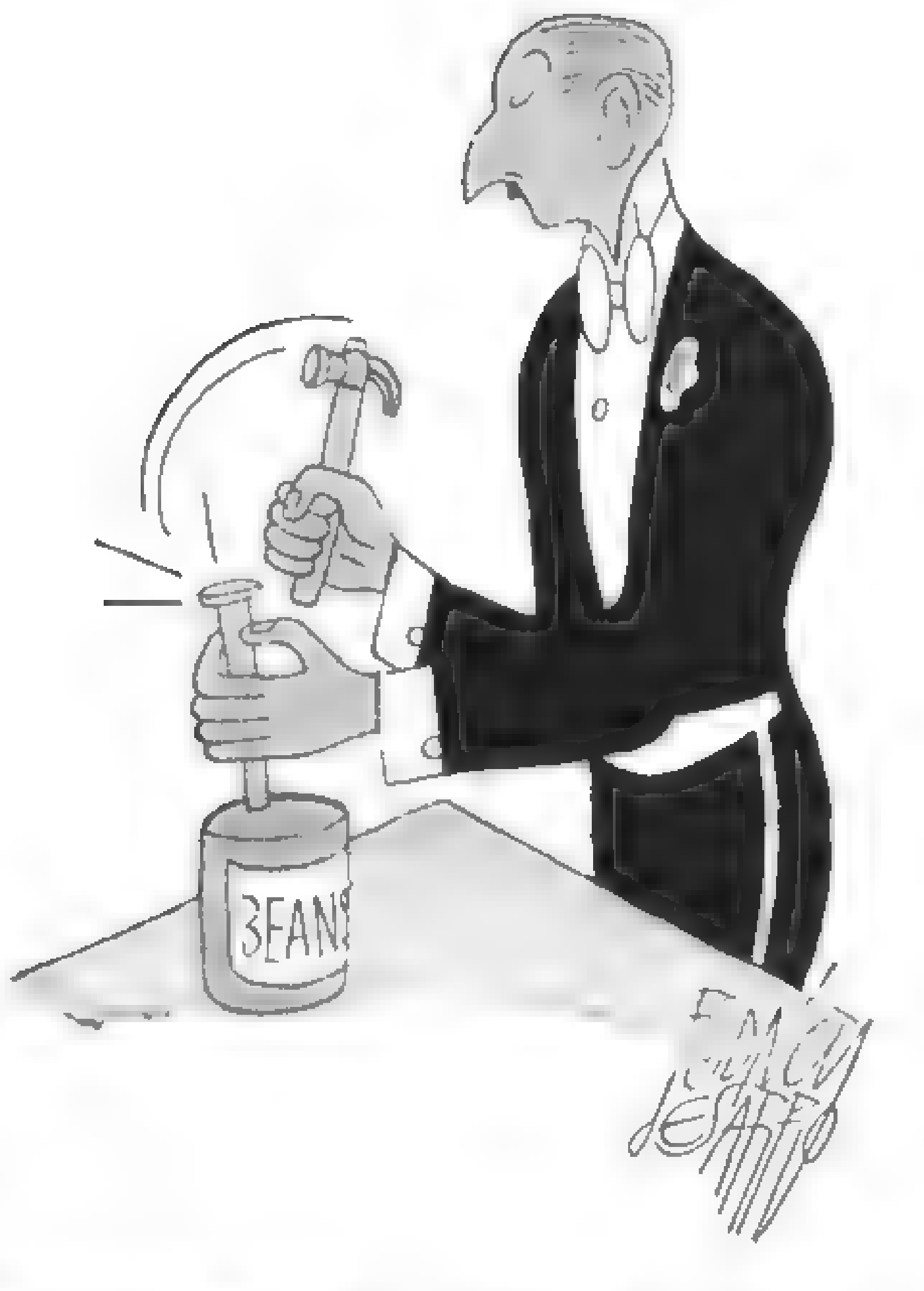
TO EASE THE MARITAL GIFT PROBLEM

The Conservative

The ultimate gesture of the Last of the Manhattans who truly might be named Die-Hard

by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪



Mr. Herbert Eustis lived in an old and rather magnificently gloomy house just off Fifth Avenue. Mr. Eustis was not old in years, but he was old in family and in the inherited dignity of tradition, which had taught him to ignore the changes that went on in the world about him. Events passed before him, but he saw no more of them than if they had been so many mirrors reflecting only his own distinction. He was insulated against vulgar contacts by his housekeeper, his butler, his lawyer and his pride.

Back in the nineteen-thirties nobody foresaw that the Government's effort toward decentralization of industry and business would go as far as it did. Business men hadn't realized that communications had been developed to a point where it was no longer necessary for them to be close together. Factories and wholesalers went first, the banks followed them, and as the population of the city shrank professional people and retailers moved after their vanishing business. The city exploded like a bombshell, strewing its contents over hundreds of square miles of countryside.

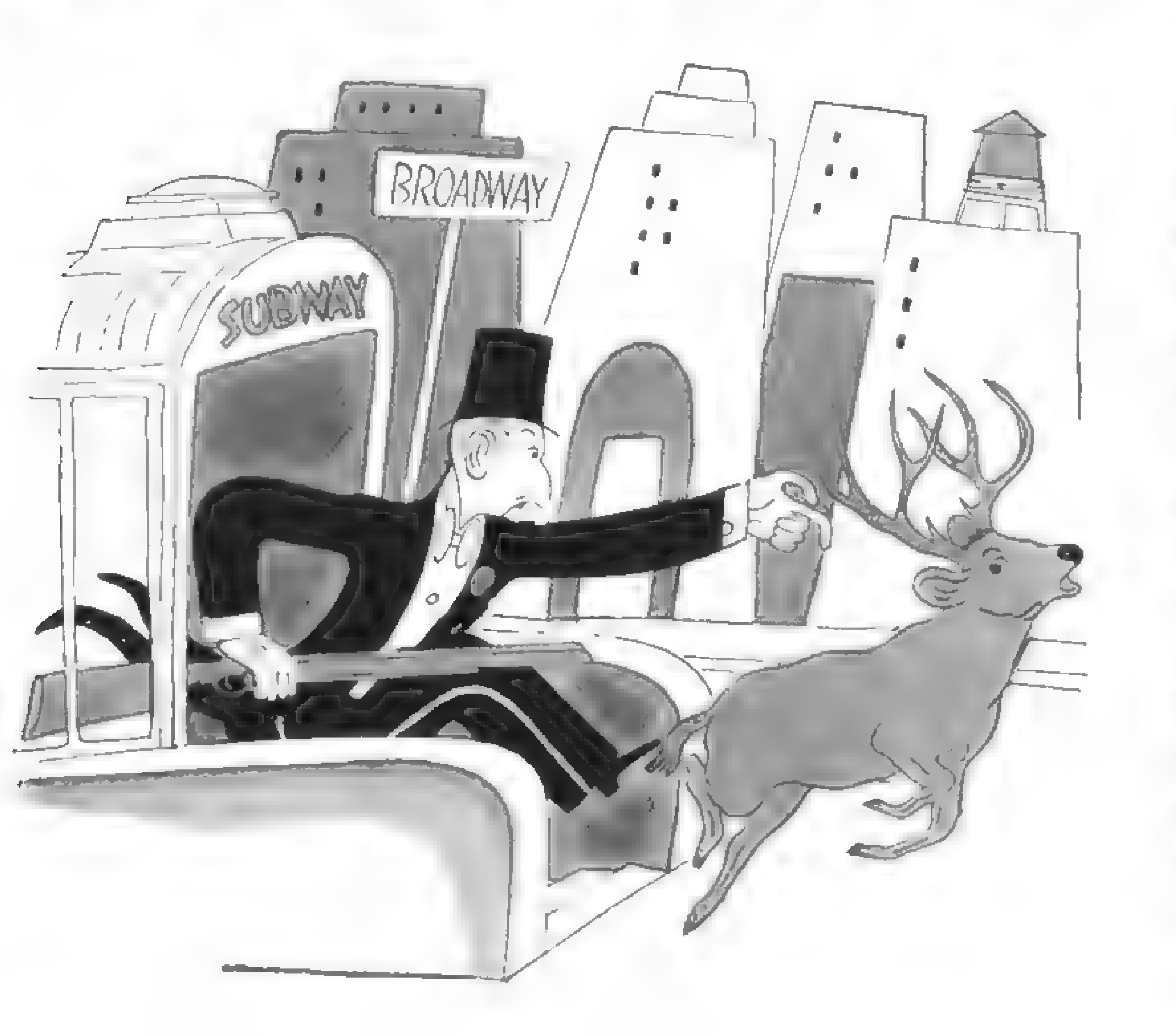
During the first few years of decentralization Mr. Eustis' life was unchanged. As the most recent book in his library was a study of the internal policies of Mr. Hoover, no inklings of change had access to him. His servants referred such difficulties as they increasingly met to the housekeeper. At the club, he attributed the emptiness of the rooms to the deplorable unsoundness of the younger generation which made it unfit for membership. When the club at last closed its doors, he was rather relieved than otherwise. It hadn't for a number of years been giving him the service he was entitled to. Until the pavements began to break up, he was driven every afternoon for an hour through the Park. But he saw nothing of the desolation about him—the rubbish-strewn streets, the tangle of second growth that had engulfed the wide spaces of the Park, the blocks upon blocks of blank and dusty windows.

One by one the servants left. The housekeeper, Mrs. Delham, took over their work along with their wages. Once a week she drove out into the country over the hummocky pavements for supplies. But then the animals came—domestic animals that had strayed from farms broken up into building lots, wild animals to whom the country was no longer a sanctuary. One winter day—it was in 1962—Mrs. Delham's way home down the Grand Concourse was barred by a pack of wild dogs. She shrugged her shoulders, swung the wheel sharp round, and headed north for civilization. She had had enough.

Mr. Eustis had been dozing all that afternoon in his library over a volume of Victorian diplomatic recollections. As the early dusk crept in and dimmed the page, he closed the book and leaned his head back, waiting for Mrs. Delham to bring in the oil lamps. After a time he sat up with a slight frown, listened a moment, then got up and gave the old-fashioned bell-pull a sharp jerk. Then he sat down again, preparing words in which to reprove this extraordinary lapse.

He must have fallen asleep, for when he woke it was quite dark. For the first time he was a little afraid. He groped his way to the bell-pull and tugged. The distant jangle died into a blank and ominous silence, underscored by a skittering of rats under the floor. After a time he found matches and a candle and set out to explore the house.

He found the lamps, and after burning his finger and breaking a chimney, managed to light one. It was soon plain that Mrs. Delham was not in the house. It was even plainer to him that he was hungry. He poked about in drawers and cupboards, and at last in the pantry found a supply of canned goods. But he had no idea how to get a can open. None of Mrs. Delham's cookbooks which he consulted gave any instructions. He found a hatchet in a tool drawer, and finally, an hour later, dined on corned beef and kidney beans. He ate them cold, not daring to experiment with the kerosene stove. But he was pleased with his ingenuity. Only one thing bothered him. It was the first evening in many years that he had not dressed for dinner.



It wasn't until some time later that he realized that the house was growing cold. He lit a candle and started for the cellar. Confronted by the huge many-armed monster of the hot air furnace he could only stare blankly and sigh. Perhaps he could build a fire in the library grate. There was coal in the scuttle, he knew. Certainly Mrs. Delham would be back by morning. He picked up an armful of kindling and went back upstairs.

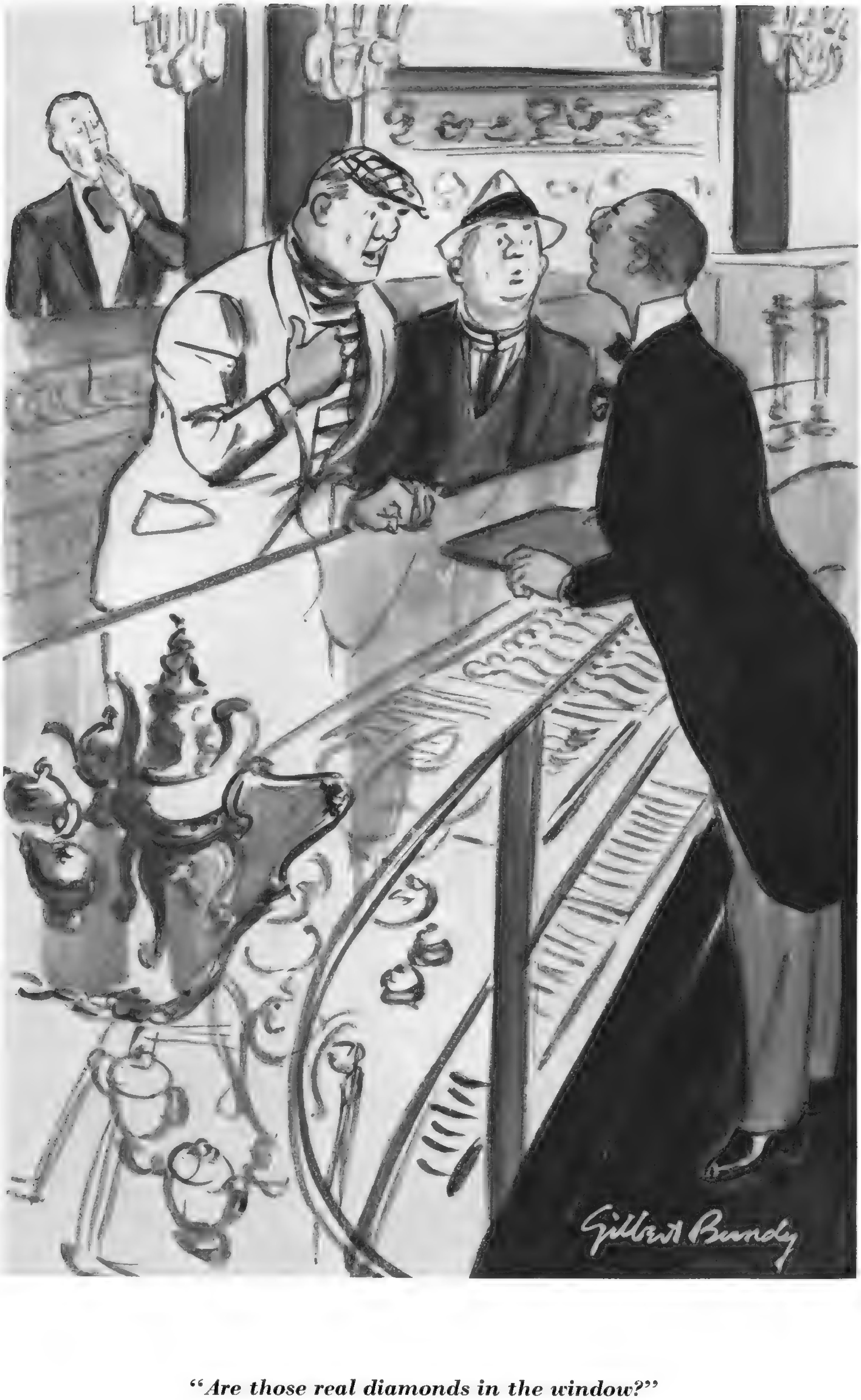
Mr. Eustis had never built a fire, but he had seen them laid often enough, and it took him only about an hour to get one going. But he was thoroughly exhausted, and so smeared with coal dust that he dared not touch anything or even sit down. He went upstairs, washed in cold water—for by some freak of luck the main from which the house drew its supply was still intact—and tumbled into his chilly bed.

Gradually it was borne in upon him during the next trying weeks that Mrs. Delham was not coming back, and that he must shift for himself. The weather was very cold and he abandoned the rest of the house and lived entirely in the library where he kept a good fire constantly burning. He brought in from the pantry such supplies as were in danger of freezing and arranged them upon the library shelves. He did his sketchy cooking over the grate fire, and managed by a concentrated study of the cookbooks to prepare messes which were not too hopelessly inedible. He never learned the proper use of a can opener, but he worked out a passable technique with a hammer and chisel.

He began to spend a good deal of time at his window. At Madison Avenue, half a block away, a burst water main had formed a pond to which the animals came to drink. They passed through the street; he could have touched them from the window—deer, foxes, dogs, horses, small herds of wild cattle led by shaggy old bulls. Once a pack of dogs pulled down a deer in front of the house and dragged it into the area and ate it. And one moonlight night he was awakened by a terrifying scream, and looking out, saw a huge bay lynx crouched in the doorway of the Van Deventer house across the street.

Even from the windows of those empty houses opposite strange faces occasionally looked out at him, for through broken shutters and panes small animals had got in and taken up residence in the abandoned rooms. They would have frightened some

Continued on page 190



"Are those real diamonds in the window?"

Attack: Worm's-Eye View

At least machine gun fire does a neater job than explosives as forty-four men become thirteen

by DAVID LEAVITT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I'M TRYING to remember an attack. It was seventeen years ago. I knew at the time that it was a big attack. I didn't know that it was called the Meuse-Argonne Offensive and that it was the largest battle in American History. The General Staff knew that. They knew that in a very few days before the attack 600,000 men moved into a 25 mile trench sector and 220,000 men moved out. In these few days one item of supplies added to the artillery dumps was 240 trainloads of ammunition. This was in addition to the vast supply already in the sector and to the ammunition carried by the artillery units themselves. Under General Pershing's command for this attack were 896,000 Americans and 138,300 French. There were very few roads and one division moving in stretches out over 14 miles. 25 American divisions were engaged. This attack was to end the war in the fall of 1918. If it failed we would have to wait for the spring offensive. The Staff knew that the enemy could reinforce their positions at the rate of five fresh divisions per day. Secrecy, surprise, and immediate break of the strong Hindenburg line were necessary for success. The preparation was a brilliant piece of staff work and won more commendation from the Allied Nations than the accomplishment of the American troops.

As one of a million soldiers I knew only confusion. I commanded a machine gun platoon of 44 men and 4 guns. I brought back 13 men and one gun. I remember clearly thoughts, commands, conversation and a series of vivid pictures. What was actually done is all rather vague.

ON THE ROAD

"Hey soldier," I yelled, "get off that white road! Quick! Get back under a tree!"

"O. K. Sarge, but there ain't a plane in the sky."

"You don't know Bud, they're pretty high up, with telescopic cameras. I heard a German plane an hour ago. Uneven drone of the motor—not steady like ours."

"I wish to hell we'd get there. We've been four days moving up. Forced marches all night. Hiding under cover all day. We're still a long ways from the front, Sarge. Why do we have to keep off the road in the daytime? We never had to do it before?"

"Well, soldier, they don't tell a buck sergeant much, but this time even the captain doesn't know and I doubt if the colonel does. Nobody knows and if he does he's not allowed to tell—but anyone with half an eye can see we're concentrating for a hell of a big push and they don't want the Heinies to find it out. If a plane sees that dirty olive drab uniform of yours instead of the French blue against a nice white road they'll know there are Americans in this sector and that means attack."

"Sarge, do you think that medico in Nancy knew what he was talking about? Said they were preparing for two hundred thousand wounded in Nancy alone."

"This ain't a tea party, soldier. Did you ever see so many outfits in your life? For many nights now every road in this sector has been covered with miles of men and rolling stock—infantry, artillery, ammunition trains, G. S. wagons, rolling kitchens and God knows what—and traffic cops on the cross-roads—that's what beats me—holding you up two hours to let other outfits through—God! The greatest one-way traffic the world has ever seen. Look at these ammunition dumps way back here, acres of big shells under camouflage, and take a look at those fourteen inch babies. That means the French Navy is moving in on flat cars."

"Sergeant, I can't help thinking about old Buck Bellows, Shorty Martin and Shovelmouth McCarthy—all back in jail in Nancy. They're damn well out of it, but I'll bet they miss the old outfit."

"They never could find this machine gun company now. It would be a tough job to find a division in this show. Have you ever been away from your outfit? Hell, it's a miserable feeling! You're on detached service, say, or you've got a bomb proof job. You're safe, you're well fed, you're out of this filth, this damn physical exhaustion, but you're unhappy, you wonder what the boys are doing. You wonder who got it in the last trench raid. If you missed the show you'd feel out of it, out of the talk in the billets at night, the wise cracks, the fun, the laughter when you're on your bunks before taps and the candles are burning, stuck on the tops of tin hats."

With night come sharp calls of "Fall in!" Heavy packs swing to strong shoulders. Men still sitting beside the road call jeeringly to troops on the march, "Bear down on 'em, pack! Ride 'em! Ride 'em, pack!"

The straight white road bordered with trees—so precisely ten meters apart that you could depend on it when finding the range. The long, dusty road, so deserted in daytime, is again trembling under the heavy transport of men and materials. Far into the night the marching and rolling continues. We're nearing the front.

Soft commands to halt. Grease is applied to axles—wheels are wrapped with sacking—all jingling and rattling things are tied and plugged. We are now within range. If they fire now we'll just have to take it.

Suddenly a mule brays. "Hee-haw." God, we hadn't thought of that! Our hearts are in our mouths. A muffled salvo of a battery. Four wild shrieks of shells—one short—one over—two direct on the road. Three mules are hit—"Muledrivers, cut them loose! We'll have to pull the carts ourselves, men! We're nearly there!"

We leave the road and are dragging equipment through heavy woods. Soon there will be billets and rest.

Above the trees the Big Dipper points the way—ever the guide of the soldier moving in. The North Star hangs low over the Argonne Forest.

ATTACK

"At dawn, September 26th, the 35th Division will attack in columns of brigades, the 69th Brigade on the right and the 70th Brigade on the left. The attacking battalion of the 69th Brigade will be the 3rd Battalion, 138th Infantry supported by the Machine Gun Company 138th Infantry."

That's what it sounded like to me. I heard the major read it to the company commanders. The Attack Orders! Well, there's certainly going to be depth to this attack. The Brigade has a narrow front and will release many thin lines of men a few minutes apart. That means they don't

Continued in center of page 191

WOODCUTS BY THE AUTHOR

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Cabbages to critics and criticism to kings, in a dithyramb on dough and its uses in the literary life

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

When I was in Chicago a few weeks ago I was asked on one occasion if I did not think that the practice of giving awards and prizes for literary work was bad for authors and for the cause of literature in general. I replied that I did not think so. No literary award has ever been bestowed upon me so I cannot tell, from my own experience, just what effect my receiving an award would have upon the quality of the work I do.

I don't think it would affect the quality of my work one way or another. But I should be very happy to receive a prize of some kind, indeed of almost any kind. I think it would set me up quite a good deal. It would make enemies for me, of course. There would be a great many people (authors mainly) who had never bothered to read me before, who would denounce me as a blight on the craft of writing and my work as something my mother should have prevented by drowning me shortly after I came into the world.

Many of them would do this without bothering to read me even after their attention had been called, by the prize, to my writings. In fact, the most entertaining of these denunciations would come from people who were not checked in the free flow of their rhetoric by having something to go on. On reading reviews of my books I have observed that the best feats of excoriation have been performed by reviewers who have not been hampered by any knowledge of what the book they were reviewing was about. Merely to open a book and read a few lines is a serious handicap to some reviewers in their work. It stifles their self-expression; it cramps their style. The really startling bray always comes through the hat.

So now it is on record that I should like to receive an award for my work some time. I shall not spurn the Pulitzer if it is ever awarded me; I shall not decline the Nobel Prize; I should love to have a book of mine given the accolade of the Literary Guild of America, the Book of the Month Club, the Crime Club, the Limited Editions Society or whatever. To be thus singled out for approbation will make other authors, who are not so honored, sore; but I can survive this. I shall purr with delight that my royalties are better; that my dependents will fare less scrimpily; that, of my own knowledge, I can state there is balm in Gilead.

That is why I answered my Chicago inquisitor that way I did. I am a writer. I am interested in, and quite definitely for, any institution, organization, philanthropy or commercial scheme which will enhance the economic status of the author. For that reason I have lent myself, eagerly, to all propositions whereby I have been asked to act as a judge in the bestowal of awards. I have done this with and without pay and with pay not at all commensurate with the work involved.

I have done it because it pleases me to see authors rewarded for their work. It pleases me to see them especially awarded, to see them get something they did not expect. God knows so many of them can expect so little aside from the satisfaction of having done a worthy job well. And I, as an author, can tell you, that is never a full satisfaction. I have never known an author who is any good who did not have some ideal of perfection which he knows he has never achieved, who did not wish he had the stuff in him to write a better book than the best book he has ever written, who did not feel that what you think is excellent is slightly less than what he thinks is good.

I don't know what Franz Werfel thinks about *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.* You and I (at least I imagine you are with me on this) think it is one of the great novels of all times and in any language. But I suspect Herr Werfel would wince inwardly to hear us say this; for, good as it is, it is not as good as the novel Herr Werfel wishes he had written. No book, to the conscientious author, ever is. I can understand why Sinclair Lewis should refuse to accept the Pulitzer Prize for a special novel he considered inferior to novels for which he had not been offered an award and still would accept the Nobel Prize which was made for the whole body of his work and which embraced his intentions as well as his achievement.

I have just been a party to the bestowal of a new award, and I am very happy about it. At the time I write this, announcement of the award has not been made. So I have not learned from the squawkers what idiots and scoundrels my associates, Carl Van Doren and Harry Hansen, and myself are. The information will come to us soon enough.

The award this time is made by the Limited Editions Club for the book by an American published within the year which most nearly approaches the stature of a classic. The award is a gold medal, some cash, and the publication by the Limited Editions Club, for its members, of an edition of the book in an expensive format and typographical design worthy of a classic.

It is very hard to arrive at a decision of this kind. Try it for yourself. What book would you pick, by an American, from the books published during 1934 and 1935, as the one most likely to survive as a classic? There were nominations from literary critics in each of the forty-eight states and no two of the nominators had the same nominees. It was the job of Van Doren, Hansen and myself to consider the nominations and consider also our own nominations and to argue, dissent and ballot until we could agree upon a choice.

The choice went to *An Almanac for Moderns* by Donald Culross Peattie. It is a book, which, when it appeared, I am proud to recall I described in this magazine as being a classic of our day. It is comparable to Thoreau's *Walden* which time, so far, has sustained as a classic. *An Almanac for Moderns* is a book of 365 short essays by a naturalist, who, in telling us things he has learned about bees and birds and ants and flowers and the stars, tells us also the truths we have dimly perceived about us, as human beings, and of our relation to the universe. It is a beautiful book. It is a charming book. It is an informative book. It opens up to us new worlds for wonder and speculation. It is a book about which most of us who reviewed it were extremely enthusiastic. And yet it did not sell well. It was not plangent enough to catch popular attention and our reviews of it were not plangent enough to make readers want to buy the book. Up until the moment I write this, it is a book that has not earned out its advance to the author; it has been no material recompense to the author for the years of study and observation, the caution about facts, the hours of careful, cadenced composition.

Now it will be popular. The small first edition will soar in price as collectors seek avidly for it. The publicity attending the award will cause a demand for the book in the bookshops and a new edition will have to be put on the press by Mr. Peattie's publishers. The accounting room of the publish-

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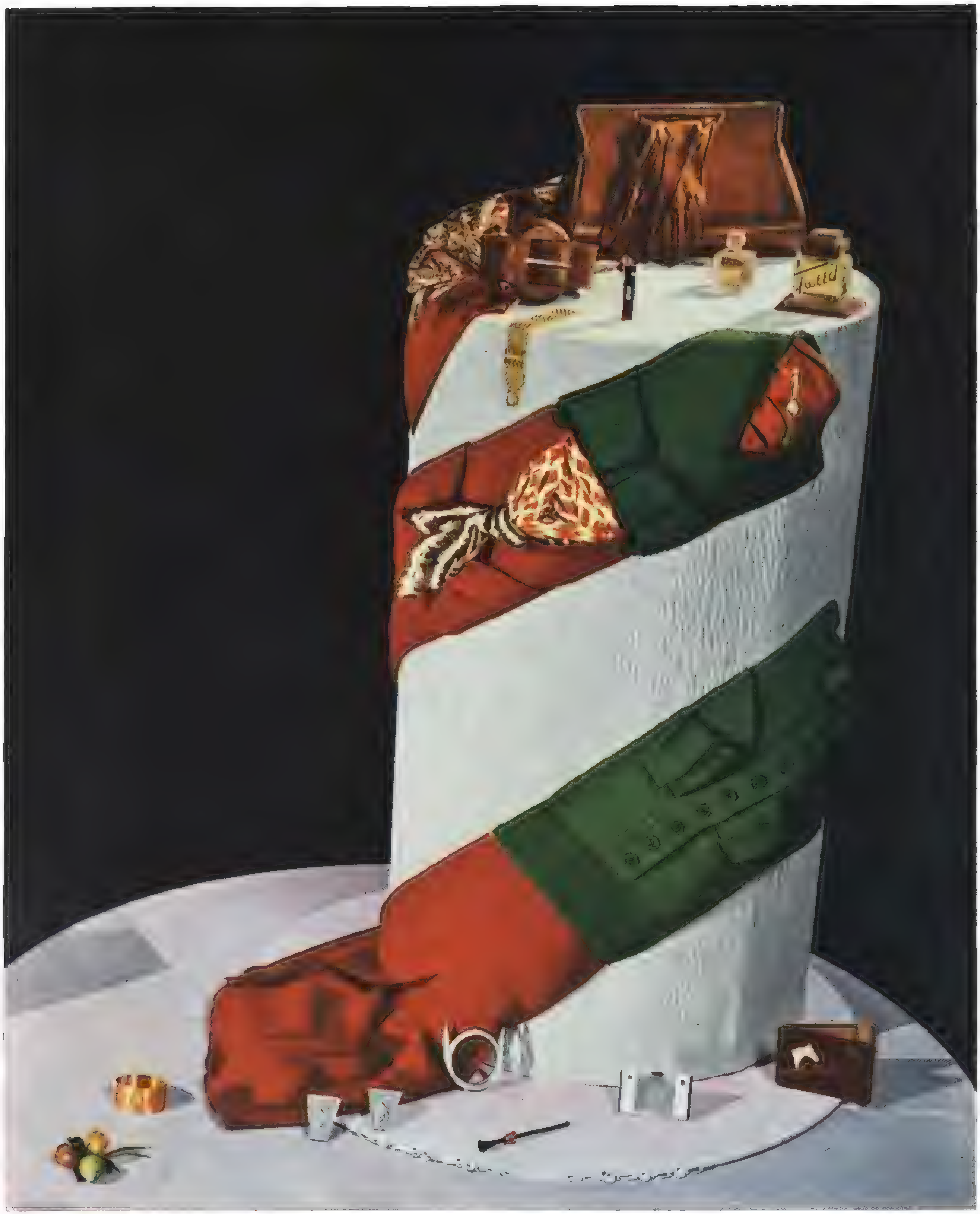


DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

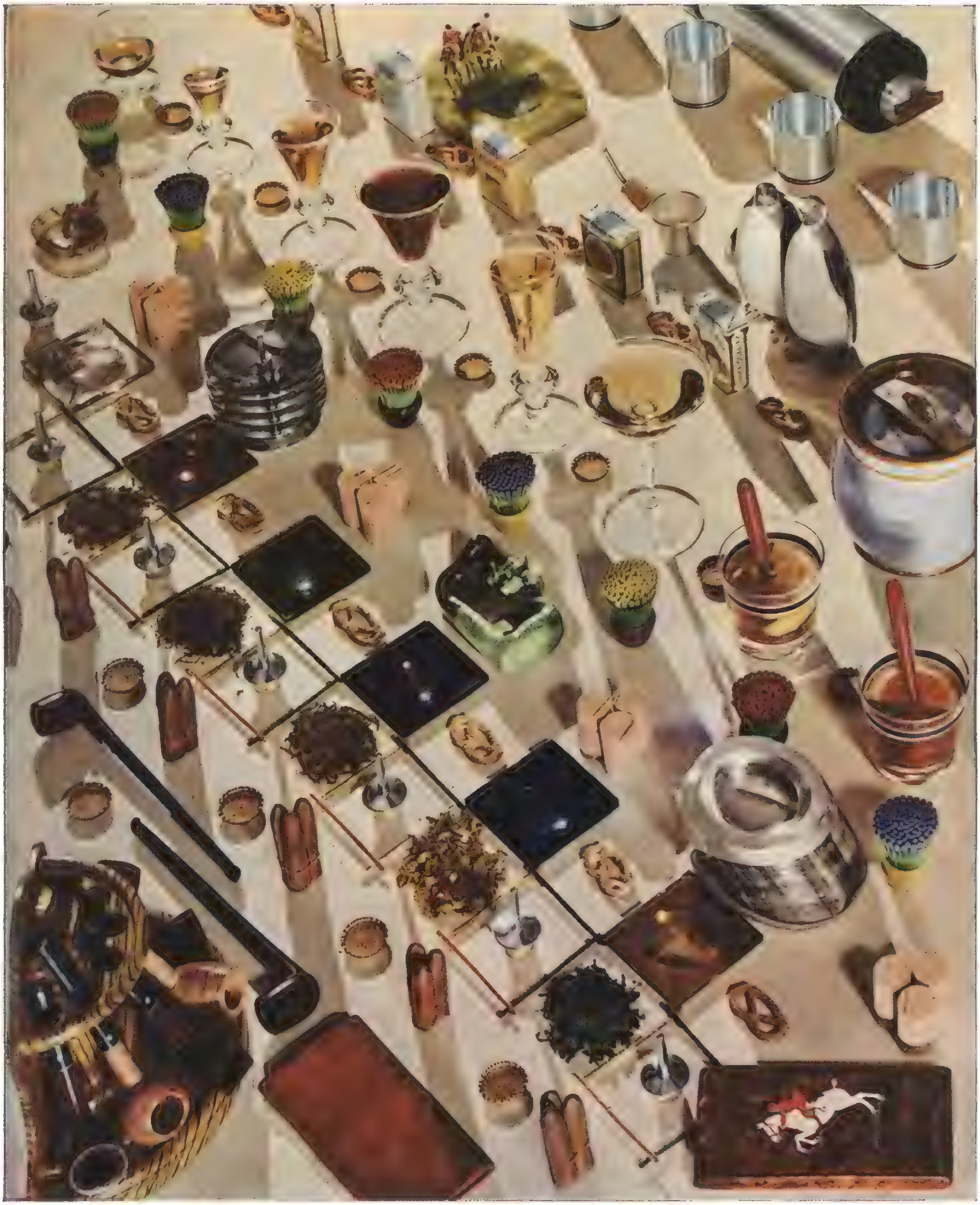
DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

FOR LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES YOU WOULD KINDLE

Supplementing last month's gift pages with second guesses and last minute ideas for the benefit of born procrastinators who don't begin thinking about gifts until the next to the last minute, we again lead off with suggested gifts for a man to present to a woman, and direct your attention to the thin red line of the little numbers on the chart, for quick correlation of the pictured items and their written descriptions. To make the page as useful as possible, related items are shown, of which you could give one or more depending upon the gift's importance; for example, give the handbag and/or the gloves and/or the belt, etc.

1. Leather handbag. . . 2. Gloves to match. . . 3. Paisley silk scarf. . . 4. Leather belt to match bag. . . 5. Flexible gold bracelet. . . 6. Enameled lighter. 7. Perfume. . . 8. Perfume. . . 9. Cashmere pullover. . . 10. Silk foulard scarf and crystal sports pin. . . 11. Cashmere pullover. . . 12. Printed challis scarf. . . 13. Button-front cashmere jacket. . . 14. Tweed sports skirt. . . 15. Silver bracelet. . . 16. Silver clips. . . 17. Gold initialed bracelet. . . 18. Sports wear accessory. . . 19. Crystal sport bracelet. . . 20. Initialed cigarette holder. . . 21. Crystal sport bracelet. . . 22. Vanity—cigarette case. . . 23. Enameled cigarette case with sporting motif.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C. will bring full information.)



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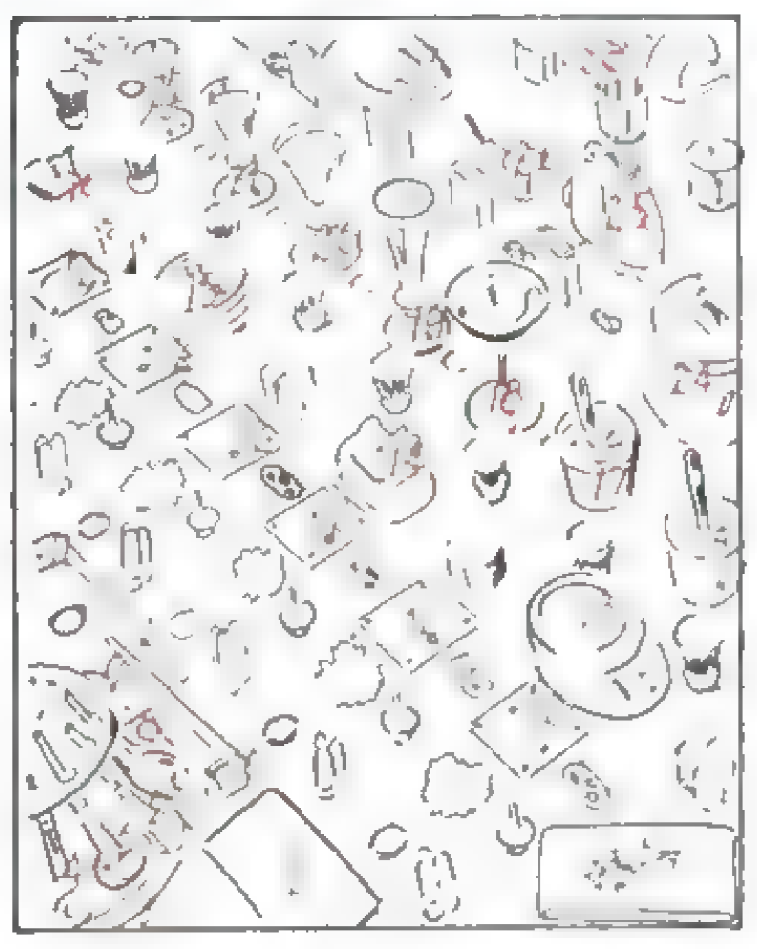
GIFTS TO ENHANCE THE LIFE OF GAYETY AND GRACE

THERE'S not much here for maiden aunts, unless despite their years and state they are connoisseurs of conviviality as well as devotees of the art of graceful living, but here are gifts galore to serve for the remembrance of bachelors or as personal gifts to husbands, and almost a quorum of the page's offerings are suitable as household gifts to the gayly-married. For instance, can't you hear someone saying she just adores penguins? And as for the glassware and the ash trays and the cocktail shaker—but maybe you'd rather browse around among these gifts by yourself. Go right ahead, then, and don't let us delay you further.



1. Birch cigarette case with hand painted decoration... 2. Suede tobacco pouch... 3. Pipe rack... 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Pipes... 10, 11. Church Warden pipes... 12. Set of six colored glass ash trays... 13. Horse's hoof ash tray... 14. Carved jade ash tray... 15. Nested ash trays... 16. Carved agate ash tray... 17. Old fashioned glasses and mashers... 18. Champagne glass... 19. Wine glass... 20. Wine glass... 21. Sherry glass... 22. Liqueur glass... 23. Small brandy snifter... 24. Earthenware tobacco jar... 25. Porcelain penguins... 26. Thrifty jigger... 27. Decorated onyx ash tray... 28. Insulated cocktail shaker and cups.

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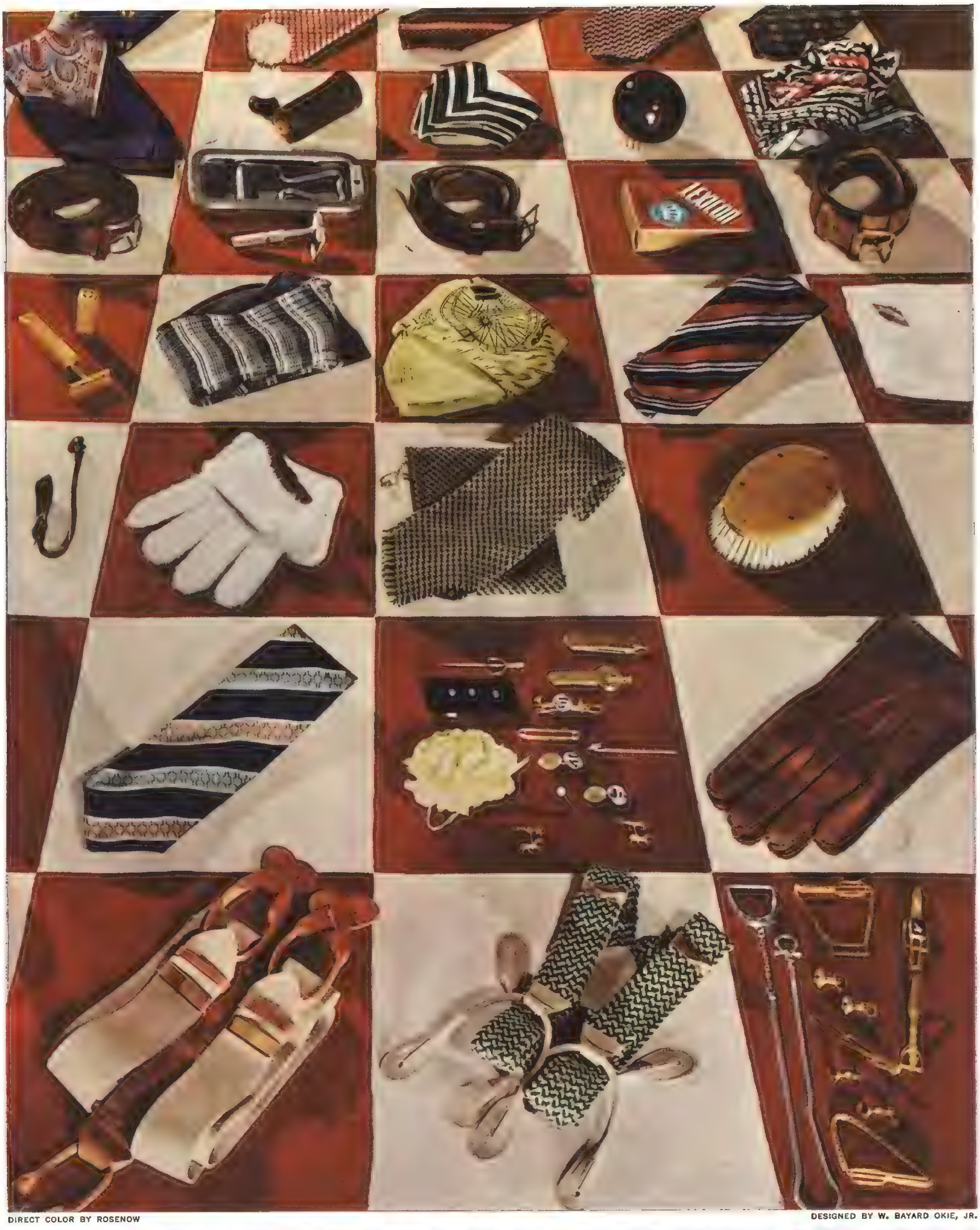
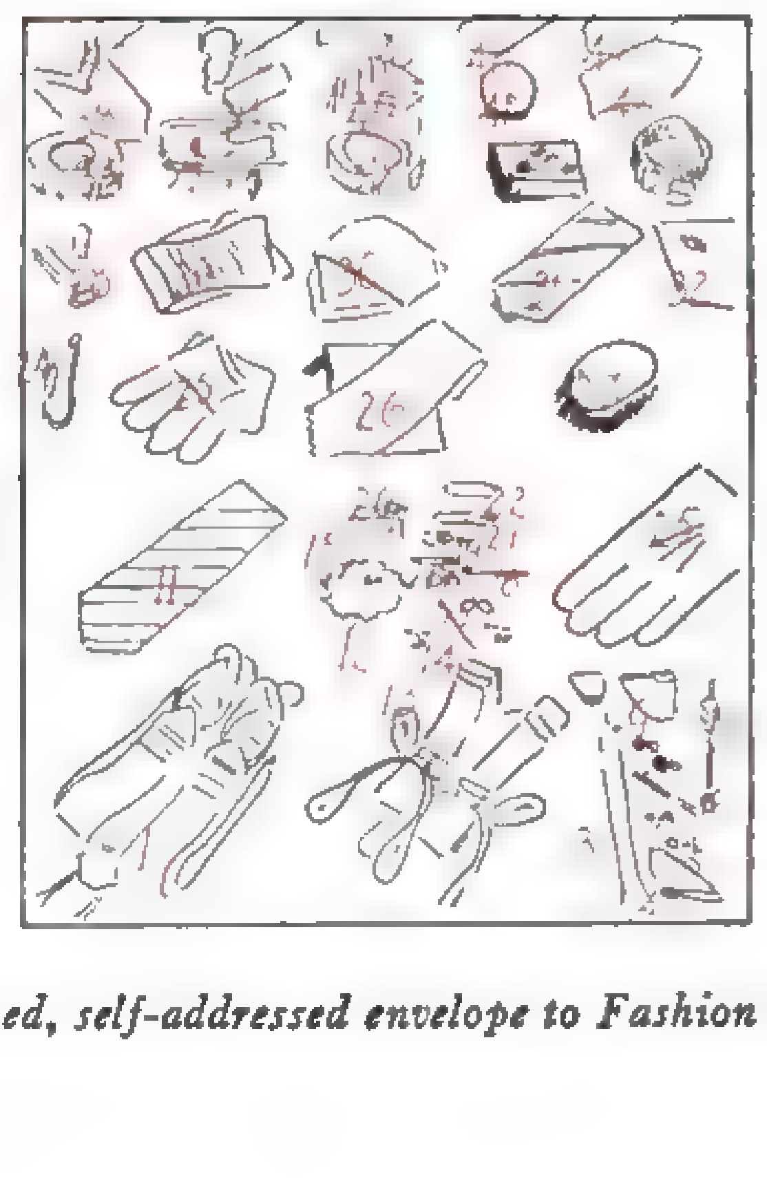


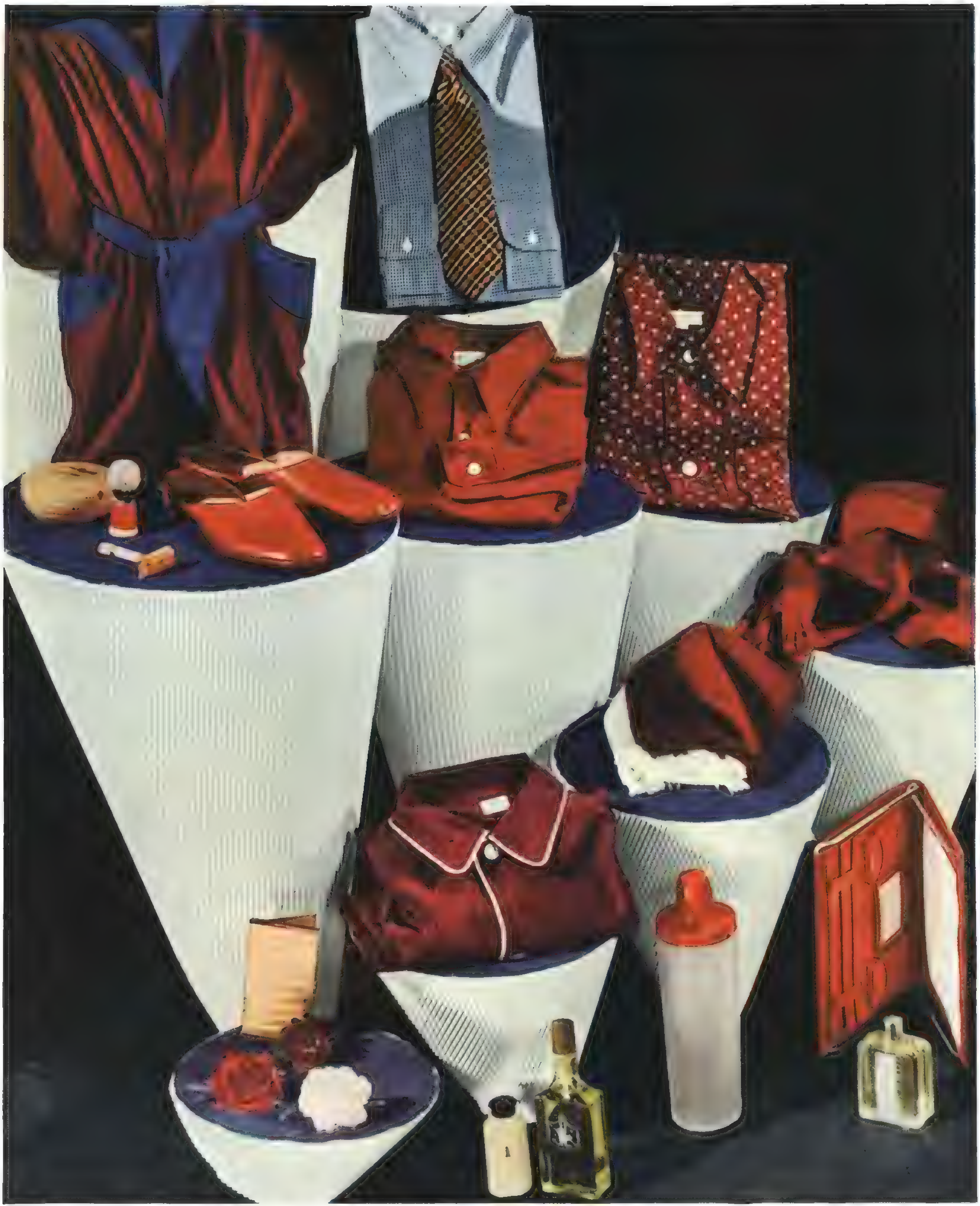
DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

TRICK THINGS AND TRIFLES TO GRATIFY THE MALE



1. Tan felt suspenders. . . 2. Herringbone tweed braces. . . 3. Key chain. . . 4. Cravat chain. . . 5. Stone-end airplane cuff links. . . 6. Stirrup tie holder. . . 7. Tie holder. . . 8. Gold knot cuff links. . . 9. Initialed cravat chain. . . 10. Sporting motif tie holder. . . 11. Silk figured stripe tie. . . 12. Artificial yellow carnation. . . 13. Gold horse design cuff links. . . 14. Pearl stick pin. . . 15. Yachting pennant crystal cuff links. . . 16. Horse stick pin. . . 17. Gold collar pin. . . 18. Three gold dress shirt studs. . . 19. Yacht club pennant tie clasp. . . 20. Stirrup tie pin. . . 21. Gold key holder. . . 22. Gold knife. . . 23. Hand sewn cape gloves. . . 24. Leather watch guard. . . 25. Knitted cashmere gloves. . . 26. Wool tie with matching tobacco pouch. . . 27. Military brush. . . 28. Blade ejecting razor. . . 29. Horizontal stripe 6 x 3 wool hose. . . 30. Yellow silk sporting print handkerchief. . . 31. Striped silk necktie. . . 32. Initialed handkerchief. . . 33. Braided elastic belt. . . 34. Self stropping razor. . . 35. Crocodile belt. . . 36. Card game . . 37. Ostrich belt. . . 38. Foulard handkerchief. . . 39. Badger brush and shaving stick. . . 40. Printed linen handkerchief. . . 41. Imported nail brush. . . 42. Indian corah handkerchief. . . 43. Regimental design silk square. . . 44, 45, 46, 47. Macclesfield silk ties.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C. will bring full information.)

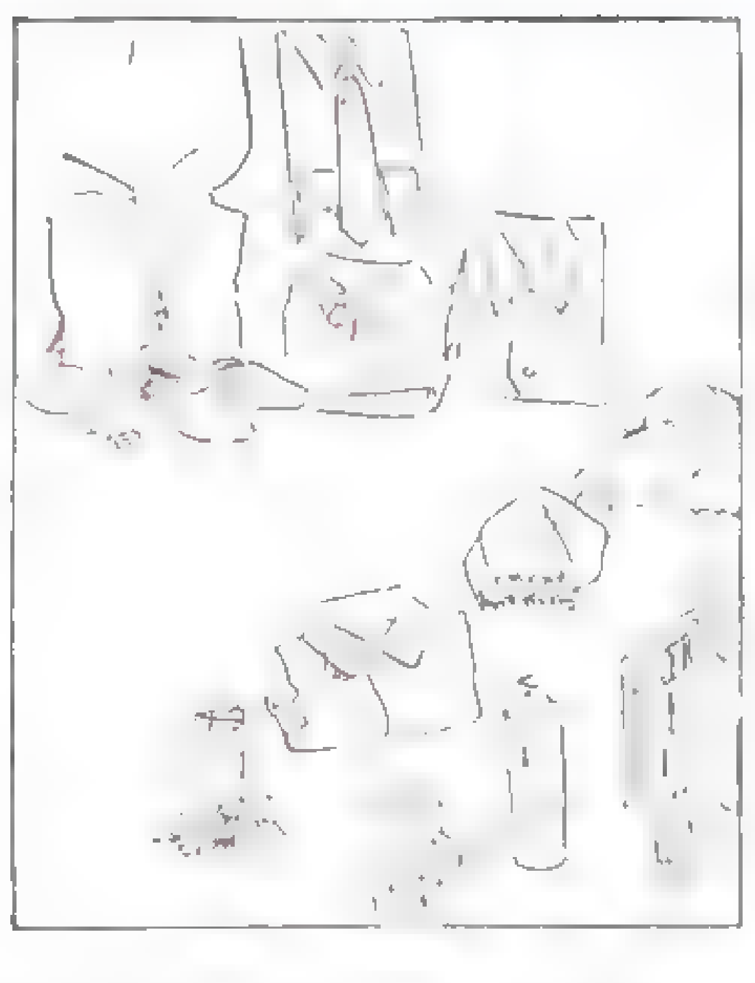


DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

THESE COULD GO, WITH LOVE, FROM HIM TO HIMSELF

Haven't you ever had the impulse, when you were buying a lot of things to go as gifts to other people, to pick out something to be delivered, wrapped as a gift, and tagged with love, admiration, affection, esteem, enduring respect and unwavering devotion from you to yourself? For instance, laying it on the line for silk pajamas for Uncle Joe or Brother George, the while sleeping in candy-striped cheesecloth yourself! Well, anyway, the impulse is a good test of a gift's worth and we'll confess that we felt it a few times as this page of gifts took shape. Also, most of these are feminine-family-member-swipe-proof.



1. Flannel lounge suit. . . 2. Checked flannel shirt. . . 3. Silk and wool tartan plaid tie. . . 4. Wooden shaving bowl. . . 5. Badger bristle shaving brush. . . 6. Standard type safety razor. . . 7. Soft sole leather slippers. . . 8. Knitted wool sport shirt. . . 9. Printed polka dot pajamas. . . 10. Hand woven wool muffler. . . 11. Basket weave wool mufflers. . . 12. Pure silk pajama. . . 13. Cigarette case. . . 14. Artificial carnation, anemone, and gardenia—made of feathers. . . 15. After shaving powder. . . 16. After shaving lotion. . . 17. Cocktail shaker. . . 18. After shaving lotion. . . 19. Folding writing tablet made of leather with spring framework.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C. will bring full information.)

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Young man going west pauses long enough to bid you and Broadway a gracious goodbye

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

NEXT
ACT
LOUSY

Glimpse List

MUSTS!

At Home Abroad. Bee Lillie and some marionettes.

Blind Alley. Good shocking melodrama.

Dead End. One of the two best dramas of the last five years. Place a bet on it now for the Critic's Prize.

Parnell—Beautifully staged, beautifully acted tragedy of the Lost Leader.

Personal Appearance. An amusing game of puss-in-the-corner.

Porgy and Bess. Gershwin's fine musicalization of a modern classic. Great all-colored cast.

The Children's Hour. Tops in tragedy.

The Taming of the Shrew. Lunt-Fontanne keystoning of that old farce.

Three Men on a Horse. Fifth, or London, company ready to join this funny show's other big money-making editions.

Tobacco Road, "Georgia White's Scandals"—Esquire, 1934. Ashton Stevens (according to George Ross) 1935.

Winterset. Maxwell Anderson's poetic drama of the downtrodden—Burgess Meredith grand.

GOOD

Crime Marches On. Many pleasing features, including the public hanging of a radio-announcer.

Jubilee. Funnier than *The Great Waltz*. Nice to look at.

Night of January 16. Entertaining substitute for *The Trial of Mary Dugan.*

On Stage. Characters defy author.

Pride and Prejudice. Relentlessly charming, and really pleasing—almost a "must."

Remember the Day. You fell in love with your teacher.

Squaring the Circle. Reputedly a Soviet farce. Recommendation not too hearty.

There's Wisdom in Women. Almost satisfactory attempt at sophistication.

BEWARE!

A Touch of Brimstone. Needs a good dash of treacle—or something.

Moon Over Mulberry Street. Made of green what?

Mulatto. Hysterics about our cullud brothuh's hard lot.

Let Freedom Ring. Another proletariat-squawk.

Night in the House. Mildred Natwick tries to redeem a dullie—almost succeeds.

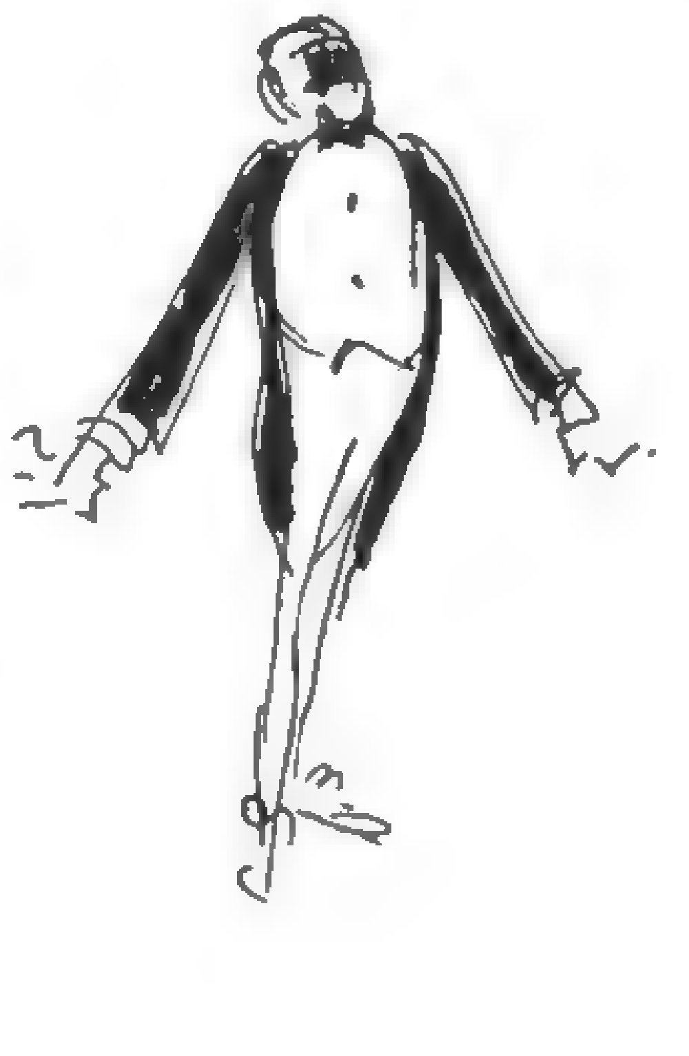
Strip Girl. Too much tease, no strip.

"John V. A. Weaver," reads a bulletin in Mr. Winchell's column, "retires as drama defender for Esquire in Jan." Now that he has let you in on a secret decision made during the dog days, I'm happy to confirm a report which we're confident will bring as much pleasure to you and sundry half-baked hams as it does to Esky and myself.

Esky can now procure a drama-jumper-on-er, and I can now attempt to make a little more money. As I sidle toward the exit, I would like to address an intimate speech to you, the theatre-going public. First, I want to confess that, in a way, I haven't played one-hundred-percent fair with you kiddies. Except when some production or actor therein has aggravated me beyond all bearing, I have, it's to be feared, leaned somewhat backward, endeavoring to prop up the moribund torso of The Stage, giving it a break whenever possible, pointing out the precious drops of ointment rather than the swarm of flies. Now, in closing, I'll utter my private, personal instead of my public, opinion: judging from the offerings of this season's first half, the Theatre seems definitely and finally on the skids.

I've had to sit up with an average of six shows a week since early September. Imagining myself in the plight of you suckers who shell out your dough—especially to speculators—for seats, I would consider that in about half a dozen cases I had received my full money's-worth. In the remaining instances, I would feel thoroughly gypped and disenchanted.

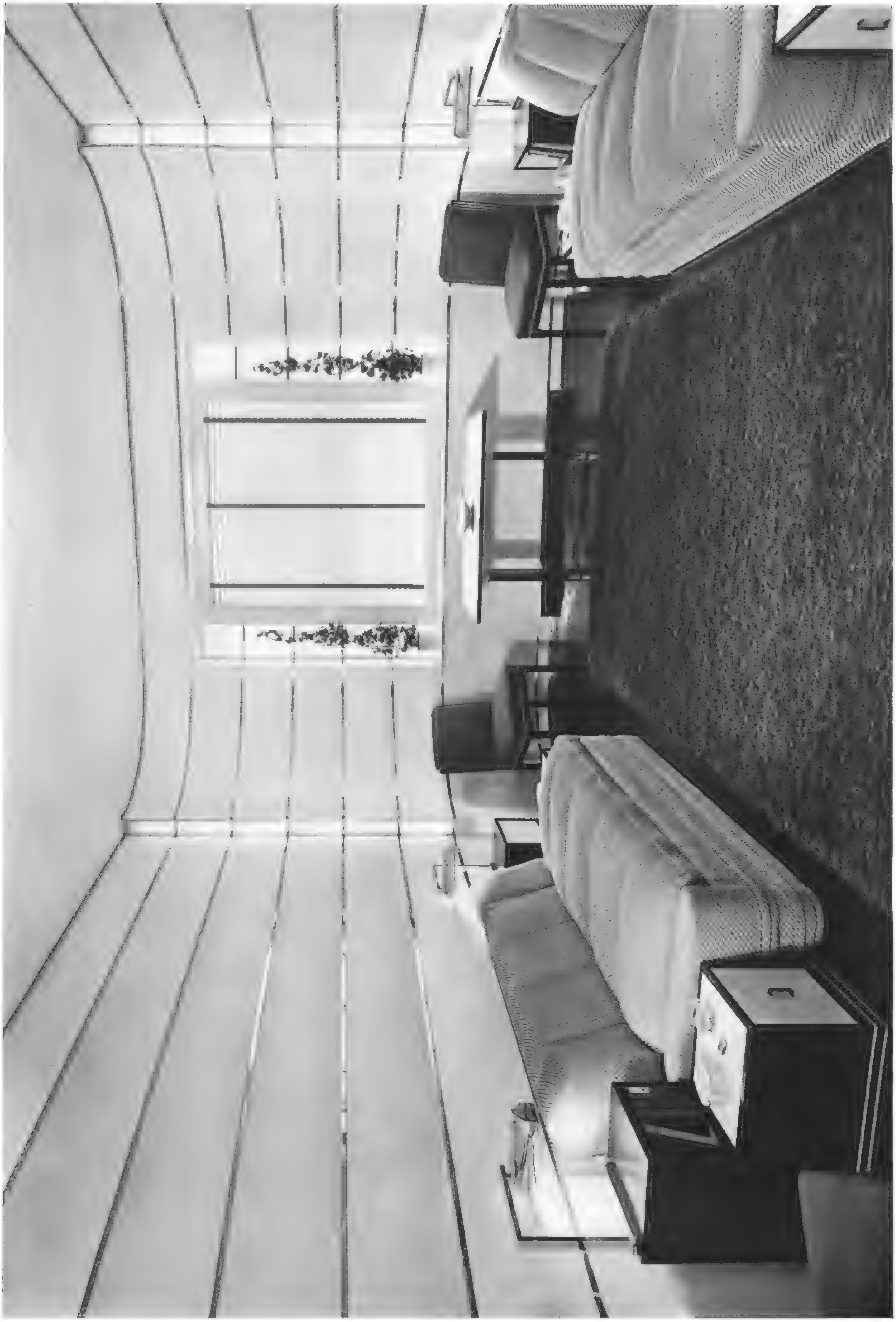
Why haven't I come right out and said so long ago? We-ell—after all, you, dear, dear public, are not—fohgive me, friends, fohgive me—quite so discriminating; you don't expect or demand so much. Indeed, you are pathetically anxious to enjoy yourself. I've had to realize that. Consequently, I have sturdily forced myself to believe that I was an average, not too unintelligent member of a typical audience, instead of the captious sourpuss I actually am, and "reacted" accordingly.



Sometimes, of course, it hasn't been necessary to break the pattern and utter a reluctant but required protest. You've done all right in registering annoyance over the more flagrant disappointments. When Sidney Howard, for instance, by what seems cynically perfunctory "adaptation," performed the miracle of hashing-up the obviously sure-fire *Paths of Glory*, for his second thud in a row, you massacred it before I had to apply my own little wallop. When Arthur Hopkins exhibited another of his anemic productions, Philip Barry's (what *has* happened to a lot of our erstwhile Foremost Dramatists recently?) partly-excellent *Bright Star*, you helped keep Mr. Hopkins' record of flops unsullied by cracking it down in truckin'-time. And when the puzzling Herman Shumlin followed his last-year's masterpiece with an ornery little anecdote, *Sweet Mystery of Life*, in hundreds of sets instead of the two or three it perhaps deserved, (oh well, it was movie money he flung away in such volume, thus hastening the demise of that new Goose which has laid so many theatrical eggs, not exactly golden, this year) you put the slug on it before one could say "Warner Brothers." And to sundry other minor flatulencies you have turned a deaf ear. Congratulations.

Yet—just as it begins to look as if you aren't so dumb, you go swarming and standing up three deep at *Jubilee.* Why? Do you really enjoy being socked in the pocket-book by the ticket-brokers, to sit through a series of tame wheezes about "Noel" and "Elsa" and "George" and "Mercedes" and others of the too, too divine set, which "Moss," according to floods of publicity, apparently hitched together between tiffins on that mad, mad world-cruise? Can you, who have whistled and danced to the swell tunes with which "Cole" jammed *Anything Goes* and plenty of other shows, remain undismayed by the unworthy (except for three songs, which are pretty good) score that he apparently ran up during rests from shore-excursions? Do you like to hear them sung by voices as good as yours or mine? Do you nudge each other and whisper the lowdown on who's being razzed when cracks dealing with a mythical royal family are being eased across the footlights by Miss Mary Boland, with all the subtlety of a Mussolini civilizing an Ethiop? Are you a glad target for the frantic arch-ery of Miss June Knight? Are you flattered by the condescension of Mr. Derek Williams when he summons up enough energy to let out a song, or of that dancer (whom I simply cannot identify, even by poring over the program) who comes out of a disdainful coma every now and then to Astaire around? Do you quack laughs because you want to give the impression that you're in the know, that you and Willie Stewart are palzies? I fear you don't

Continued on page 187



A ONE-ROOM BACHELOR APARTMENT *or* A COCKTAIL LOUNGE FOR A LARGE APARTMENT

A Padded Pigskin Cell

Applying the principles of modern industrial design to the dwelling place both designed and described

by G. McSTAY JACKSON

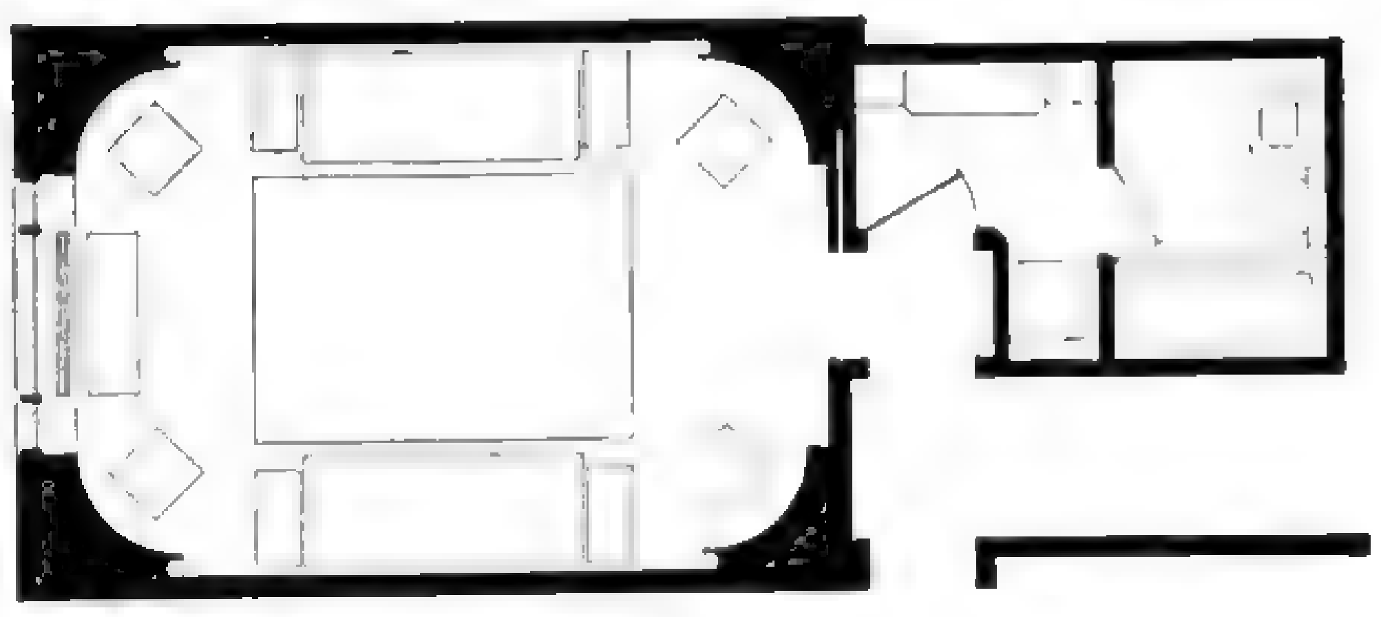
• ARTICLE •

"WHAT a crazy bachelor's apartment," the lady said, "Not an etching in the place!"

To which we could only answer that her choice of an adjective was less casual than it seemed. Inadvertently, she had touched upon this room's salient decorative feature, for it is, in effect, a padded cell. The walls, you see, are padded pigskin. White pigskin, that is, with padding underneath. But perhaps that is a detail to be touched upon later. The immediate thing to be done, it would seem, is to clear up any possible confusion over the double jointed caption beneath the photograph of the room on the opposite page. Labeling a finished room with an alternative descriptive legend like that may smack too much of the kindergarten habit of labeling a drawing, upon completion, as "This is a horse, or maybe a cow."

Which is it, then, a one room apartment, or a cocktail lounge in a large apartment? Well, thereby hangs this page. It was designed and built as a separate and virtually self contained unit in a large apartment, but as the floor plan shows, it could equally well be a small apartment in itself.

As is, of course, it lacks sleeping facilities, but either of the two sofas could just as well be a studio couch, to open out as a full sized bed. And the space between the lounge itself and the bathroom, which is now completely preempted by bar equipment, could easily be divided up between bar and galley. The word galley is used advisedly, as kitchen seems too inclusive a term in speaking of a one room apartment.



Now that we understand each other, then, we can go ahead and show the lady about the place. No, Lady, we haven't any etchings, first because they've long since lost their approach value, if indeed they ever possessed it, and second because modern functional design is impatient of all superficial and extraneous adornment and believes in coming directly to the point.

And perhaps a modern designer ought to practice what he preaches and, having undertaken to describe this room's various features, come to the point. The walls, as we started to say before, are given a slight swell, between the strips of polished chromium, by the presence of padding underneath, or more properly behind, the white pigskin which is employed as wall covering. The lower portion of the wall is fabricoid, lacquered white to match the pigskin. This is the part extending from the floor up to the chromium strip that runs on a line with the tops of the sofas and chairs.

The lighting is indirect, provided by lumiline bulbs which are placed behind the clear glass rods, barely discernible in the photograph, which run up and down the aperture afforded by the space between the room's actual walls and the inner walls that are built out to form the rounded corners. This is perhaps clearer upon reference to the floor plan.

Radio Drawer Pulled Out

The window grouping needs explanation. Originally, this space was broken up by the casings of three windows of equal size. It was impossible to get a good view of the city from any one of the three. Accordingly, the original arrangement was changed to provide one large window, utilizing the space on either side for small panes of frosted glass which serve as effective backgrounds for the two escalier plum trees. The provision of a frame, with routed lines, around the actual window served the dual purpose of obviating the necessity for curtains and enclosing the unsightly mechanism of the Venetian blinds.

Incidentally, although it cannot be seen in the photograph, the window is awninged and, to take full advantage of the awning's decorative possibilities, the cloth was reversed, to show its red and white stripes to the interior, instead of wasting them on the chance edification of passing airplane pilots.

Note that the chairs and sofas are low, and that the table is low enough to be used either with chairs, in its present position at the window, or over in front of one of the sofas. The table top folds over and slides back, thus providing for extension of the table's surface without necessitating the use of extra legs as in a gate-leg table. The top is of red leather, water and liquor proof.

The sofas are of entirely new construction, both the seat and the back being one large pillow each. The covering is of that weave known as friar's cloth, the portion that looks black in the photograph being actually red.

Throughout, but three colors are used, black, white and red, plus, of course, the silvery touches provided by the chromium.

The radio is housed in one of the end tables that flank each sofa. The bottom drawer contains the instrument itself, while the loud speaker is behind the screen in that portion of the table which, in the other instances, serves as a bookshelf.

As the detail photograph on this page shows, the drawer pulls out for tuning. There is no need to get up from the sofa to turn the radio on or off, or to change stations.

All wood finishes in the room are satin ebony. The chair upholstery is red, as is the light weight rough textured pile rug.

The buttle-bar, shown in place beneath the shelf in the detailed photograph on this page, is a movable unit. Its innards are tricky enough that their detailed description must be saved for another article, to appear in these pages at another time. ⧺

The Buttle-Bar in Place

The Plight of the Opera

Random notes, black and blue, sweet and sour, on the health of Drama and Music's love-child

by CARLETON SMITH

• ARTICLE •

Grand opera always has been a hotbed of tradition. Ever since the first unhealthy wedlock of drama and music, high-toned customs have been rooted in and built up until now they are venerated and unassailable. Of these none is more certain than the formal *pronunciamenta* of departing prima donnas, predicting the immediate demise of opera as soon as they quit it. They have long been busy digging a Potter's field of operatic graves. The Associated Press has broadcast opera's death-rattle until the news value of the story is exactly nil. And yet opera refuses to kick the bucket.

Fact is, nobody has paid serious attention to opera. Most people don't give a damn if it lives or dies. It's been the bailiwick of Society, birthmarked with snobbery—a place to hang top-hats and raise lorgnettes—where after dinner gouty old men could doze, snooze, and snore indiscriminately and comfortably. New York music critics still take their naps during long acts at the Metropolitan.

Such opera stories as reach the general public concern sopranos who scratch each other, pull hair, and bounce tenors around. They tell of chokings behind the scenes at *Tosca;* of coloraturas who are murdered nightly and shriek louder ever after. There was a tall tale about the Brunnhilde who pulled her horse over on top of her in an effort to mount him. Her competitor took over a swimming pool, ordered the water to be perfumed and the Rhinegold motif to be played constantly while it flowed in.

Other singers had press stories too. They antedated the movie stars at dishing out matrimonial troubles: They married and divorced on press-agents' schedules, sued for alienation of afflictions punctually.

One soprano refused to begin her season without a front page story. If it wasn't a far-off Indian prince, it was bobbed hair . . . or Coué: "Every day in every way she'd been getting better and better" . . . or she'd spent the summer jumping nude out of the windows of her Riviera villa into the Mediterranean . . . or she had decided to take over Madam Queen's role from Amos 'n Andy.

Another always made a "personal appearance" in street clothes at her rival's performances, and saw to it that her Scotch terrier had a coughing fit in the middle of the principal aria. All this John Public digested.

* * *

He thinks of opera, when he thinks of it at all, as a place where people sing in virtually every known language except English, where bosom-heaving is a competition, and where no one can figure out exactly what is happening on the stage unless he's done a week's boning-up at home beforehand. And even then, he's not sure. They may make a cut. And the time he spent two hours on the libretto, his memory failed him somewhere before the young man in *Die Walküre* pulled the sword out of the tree. He tried thereafter to sit and close his eyes and listen to the voices in the orchestra. But that only put him to sleep.

And when he woke up the singers were standing in exactly the same places where they had been when he last remembered. So he spent the rest of his time watching the old men in the Opera Club box, who had high-powered glasses and never even glanced toward the stage. They seemed much more interested in the gowns on the ladies on the main floor.

He wondered if *Thais* could make those guys turn around. He had read that *Salome* wore so many clothes nowadays that she was completely sexless. For his next venture he tried *Siegfried* and decided to leave opera embalmed in unread story books. Operatic stage mannerisms were lousy anyway. Mention of the subject now brings back visions of three hundred pound dames making semaphoric gestures hour after hour before antiquated scenery and in cahoots with belching dragons.

A friend of his who watched Jeritza sing *Salome* noticed that she pulled silk veils out of her "aidas" and "traumeraidas" (places where most folks didn't know handkerchiefs grew); and, as soon as the Dance was finished, she backed into the wings for her maid to readjust her garments. What a moment for Salome to think of her clothes!

Everyone heard of the swan moving off before Lohengrin could get on it and the big tenor Slezak's inquiry: "When does the next swan leave?"

And no one was surprised when the boy, who was put into Sparafucile's sack (for a dead human shape to give Rigoletto) bumped his head, arose in the tied sack, and crippled off into the wings ahead of the astonished baritone. It was just an operatic gesture, not unlike that of the fine voiced Sparafucile who had not the low F in his voice. When that note came, he merely opened his mouth and dragged his foot across the ground-cloth, receiving thunderous applause for such singing.

* * *

In recent years American singers have been making the front page by being hired at the Met. But most newspaper readers still don't know the opera has a box office. The old place remains simply the best meeting house yet established for dowagers to show off their diamonds and gossip about each other's gigolos.

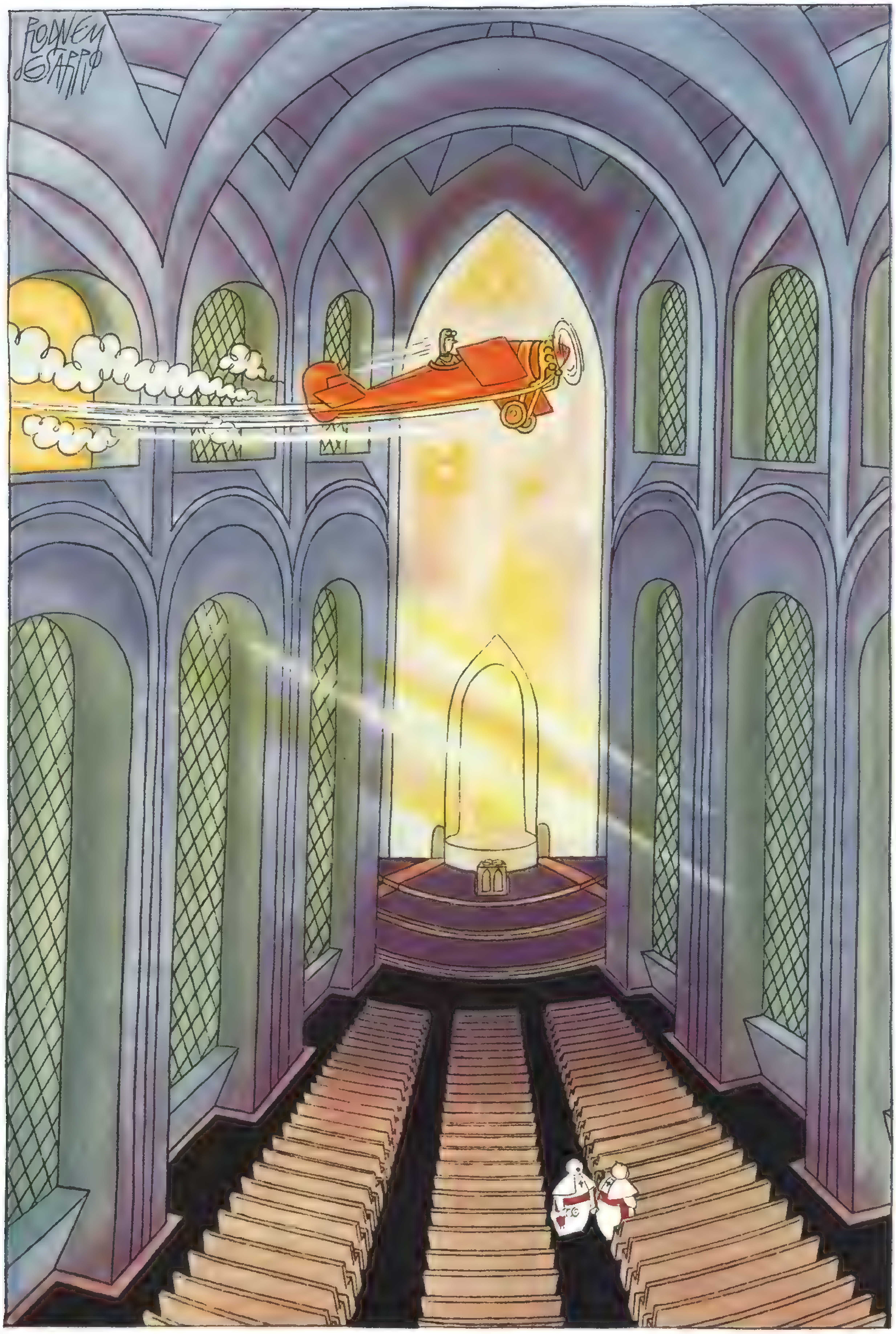
It doesn't matter that it all happens in an undesirable neighborhood, now given over to "lofts" for cheap garment manufacturers. The parterre box-holders of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company refused to take a loss on the old yellow brick and terra-cotta pile at 39th and Broadway, and maintained opera there in spite of hell and high water. When Rockefeller was planning the present Radio City development, he offered to build a new opera house approximating desired specifications. But the wealthy real estate owners didn't fancy taking a loss in renting their property, so they doomed all who would hear opera in New York to continue straining their necks and suffering partial asphyxiation. Their grounds were that it would not be in accordance with the high traditions of the Metropolitan to join up with a radio outfit.

Actually, traditions have weakened a bit in recent seasons. Time was when Otto Kahn, even though he put up most of the money, couldn't get a first tier box. They were reserved for the blue-bloods.

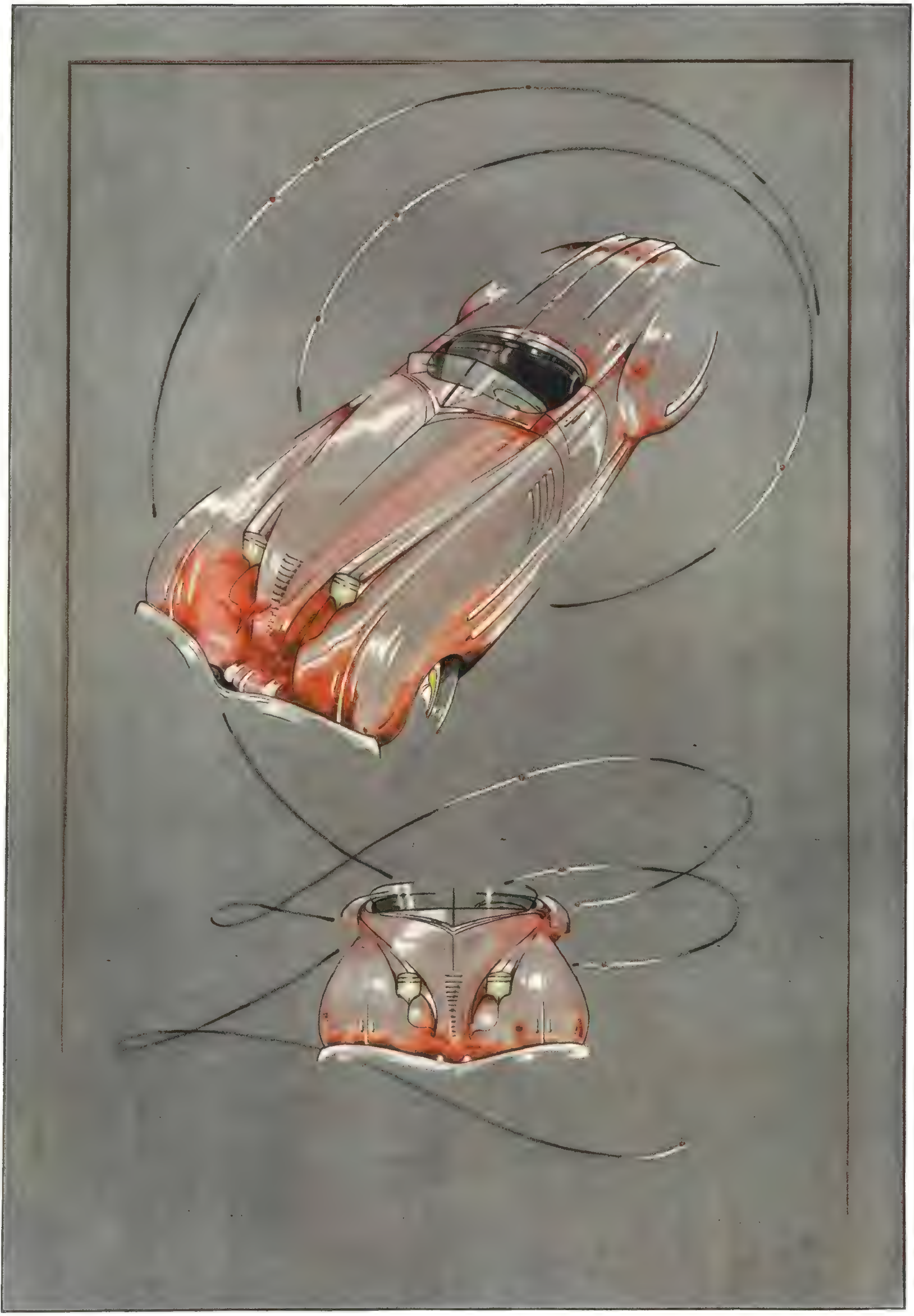
Now that seasonal deficits loom large, the first families don't stop even at Lexington Avenue in their frantic search for someone to take over the elephant. They accept even Third Avenue and Broadway today and scour the hinterland for small-change contributions.

The old boys made an attempt recently to modernize and lift the house out of what an official of the cleaning company called "innocuous desuetude." They didn't get the improvement idea until after several

Continued on page 183


RODNEY deSARRO

"I told you we should have shut that window"



FORERUNNING THE SPORTS CAR TREND *by* **ANTHONY**

Orpheus and His Lute

Continued from page 93

to the boxes or the men that were rattling them. One gentleman they stopped put the whole thing in a couple of words. 'After yeer last escapade,' says he, 'no decent man will ever put his hand in his pocket for ye again.' At the end of that day they had twenty seven and six. The bandmaster was crazy.

" ''Tis the end of the band, boys,' says he.

" 'Erra,' says Shinkwin, 'we won't go down as easy as that. We'll make a house-to-house.'

" 'Take an oath first then,' says the bandmaster . . . 'Not a drop of drink till the instruments are back. . . . Right hand up, everyone! . . . So help me, God!'

" 'So help me, God!' says they all.

" 'That I might be killed stone dead!'

" 'That I might be killed stone dead!' says they.

" 'Well, for God's sake will ye remember it?' says he.

"And they did. They stuck to that as they never stuck to a pledge before. And much use it was to them. They made another pound out of the house-to-house. 'My God,' says the bandmaster, beating his head, 'we'll be the laughing stock of Ireland if we don't turn out o' Patrick's Day.' They all had the scour on them now. Every hour or two one of them would be racing round to the bandmaster with a shilling or sixpence or even a couple of coppers he was after collecting somewhere.

The bandmaster's hair was turning grey with anxiety.

"On Patrick's Eve up with him to the pawn.

" 'This and that, Mr. Moon,' says he, 'we'd be eternally obliged to you if you'd give us the instruments on loan for the one day.' "

" 'What a fool I'd be!' says old Moon laughing in his face.

" 'For the love of God and the souls of the faithful departed!'

" 'No,' says old Moon, being a Lutheran by persuasion.

" 'Then,' says the bandmaster, 'hire 'em out to us.'

" 'No,' says old Moon again.

" 'For a quid.'

" 'No.'

" 'For two quid.'

" 'No.'

" 'For three quid then, and that's every ha'penny we have and more, and may the shining angels make a bed in glory for your soul this night.'

" 'No, I tell you,' bawled old Moon.

" 'You dirty little Protestant scut!' says the bandmaster. 'Hell is too good for the likes of you.'

"After that Shinkwin went in and by main persuasion got the pawnbroker to agree to put the instruments on separate tickets. The first thing he released, naturally enough, was his own big drum, and that walked away with one pound ten of what they had; then he took out a trombone, a B flat cornet, a euphonium and two clarinets. That left them without a penny in the world and there was Shinkwin with tears in his eyes begging old Moon for the sake of the souls in Purgatory to throw in one of the side-drums, and he wouldn't, he was that black.

"They put what they had on the donkey and butt, and 'twould break your heart to see them, one by one, running in distracted, crying out, 'Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon, throw in the old piccolo and I'll pay you o' Sathurday!' or 'Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon, take pity on us and give us the little drum!' They were bad for drink but they were worse for music, and after the pawn shut they were still there, decorating the wall outside, and every now and then one of them would give a tap on the window and if old Moon looked out they'd be all winking and crying and pointing with their thumbs.

"In the latter end they got desperate entirely and up with a couple of them to Father Dennehy at the presbytery, begging him to intercede for them, but all the satisfaction he gave them was to say he'd be glad if the instruments were at the bottom of the sea instead, for all the mischief and scandal they were after causing in the parish.

"That finished them. Next morning, down with them to the bandroom and in the cold light of day there wasn't one that could face the thought of a turn-out with their couple of mangy instruments, and Melancholy Lane band appearing for the first time in their new uniforms. So off with them all behind the bandmaster to get what little satisfaction they could out of jeering the other bands. They took up their stance at the end of a lane where there was a flight of steps, and no one that saw them but was sorry, they looked so lost and miserable.

"Well, you know the sort of turn-outs there used to be in the old times: bands and banners and floats and drays with living pictures of Brian Boru and St. Patrick and Mother Erin playing her harp and National Foresters with their horses and big feathers out of their hats, and the devil knows what else. A procession like that would take two hours to pass, and there were the bandmaster, Shinkwin, Butty Bowman, Ned Hegarty and the others, with their tongues hanging out, and anyone that wouldn't jeer them, be God, they'd jeer him, but you could see 'twas the way the music was after going to their heads.

"However, that was nothing till the Melancholy Lane Brass and Reed came by in their new uniforms playing—of all the tunes they could find—'Defiance', a march the Irishtown fellows were very fond of. Now, some to this day maintains that Melancholy Lane were to blame, and some says Irishtown; some says the bandmaster of the Melancholy Lane gave the order 'Eyes Right' and some says 'twas pure curiosity made his buckos turn their instruments all together on the poor Irishtown contingent. But, whatever it was, there was a roar raised, and the next minute the two bands were at one another's throats, and the new uniforms that Melancholy Lane took such pride in were wiping the mud off the streets so fast that you could nearly eat your dinner off it.

"Well, as God done it, Butty Bowman happened to have a bit of a heavy stick with him and with one lucky swipe he opened the head of a flute player and grabbed his flute. Then he made a run after the procession, and, falling into step as if nothing had happened, he struck up 'Brian Boru's March' on his own. And whether 'twas the warlike sound of that or the way they were after being starved for music for a month past till they were more like hungry lions and tigers than men, the Irishtown fellows laid out all round them, and one by one they were belting after Bowman with cornets, clarinets, piccolos and trombones; and, if they were, their supporters were springing up from every quarter and falling in two deep at each side of Bowman and the others, swinging big sticks and daring anyone to interfere. And still the band kept running up with bleeding noses and broken heads and faces that were after being painted and decorated with mud. The last out were the bandmaster and Shinkwin, fighting a rearguard action with the big drum.

"Within five minutes of the first blow being struck Shinkwin gave the three taps on the drum and if that band didn't play 'Brian Boru's March' it'll never be played in this world.

"But every good thing comes to an end and so did the procession. The band came back by the Stream Road, and by that time they had a force, three hundred strong, behind them ready to shed blood or tear iron. Just at the bottle neck bend they saw a cordon of police stretched across the road. The inspector stepped out and signalled them to stop. The crowd began to wave their sticks, and the bandmaster paid no heed to the signal. The police drew their batons but still the bandmaster marched on. Then, about six yards from the cordon, he suddenly swung round, marking time. And as if they had it all planned the band marked time too and began to fall into concert formation in front of him.

"A dead silence fell in the road as the raggedy-bottomed brigade struck up 'Auld Lang Syne.' They played it like angels, they played it so that no one who heard them ever forgot it, they played it as if they were too full of music and couldn't get it out of their systems. On the last bar the bandmaster snapped out '*Piano!*' The people knew then they were in for a treat. The Irishtown fellows were famous for their *piano;* they could make those instruments sing like angels and never blur a note. The tears began to come to the people's eyes as it went on, and just when they thought they couldn't stand any more the bandmaster yelled so that he could be heard at the farthest corner of the crowd '*Pianissimo!*'

"At that word everyone held his breath. They knew now the band was out to beat itself. For about six bars Shinkwin tapped out the time very softly on the big drum before the band joined in. All the other instruments except the clarinets and the flutes came in on a whisper, playing staccato so that they sounded somehow or other like the voices of women sobbing in the next room, but the six clarinets took up the tune, and I never heard fiddles to compare with the Irishtown clarinets for sweetness. Then Hegarty the champion piccolo-player of Ireland, began to improvise a very melancholy ornamental passage above the clarinets—a thing he never did in his life before and that might have spoiled it all, but that day not a man in the Irishtown band could have made a mistake if you paid him for it. They were inspired, and Hegarty was inspired, and that one lonely voice, playing trills and shakes over the clarinets, gave the last touch to it. 'Twill show you, after the first bar the Inspector of the police took off his little round cap and every man there followed him.

"When the tune was over there was silence as if everyone was coming back to earth by a slow train, and then the inspector laid his hand on the bandmaster's shoulder.

" 'I have to arrest you and your men, Mr. Dorgan,' says he, 'and I assure you no arrest I ever made caused me more regret, because in my opinion you're a genius.'

" 'You needn't arrest us, inspector,' says the bandmaster, and some say there were tears in his eyes. 'We'll go to the Bridewell ourselves. The holy spirits are round us, and we must treat them gently.'

"And there and then they walked back to the Bridewell and surrendered without striking a blow."

"And did they get back their instruments?" I asked.

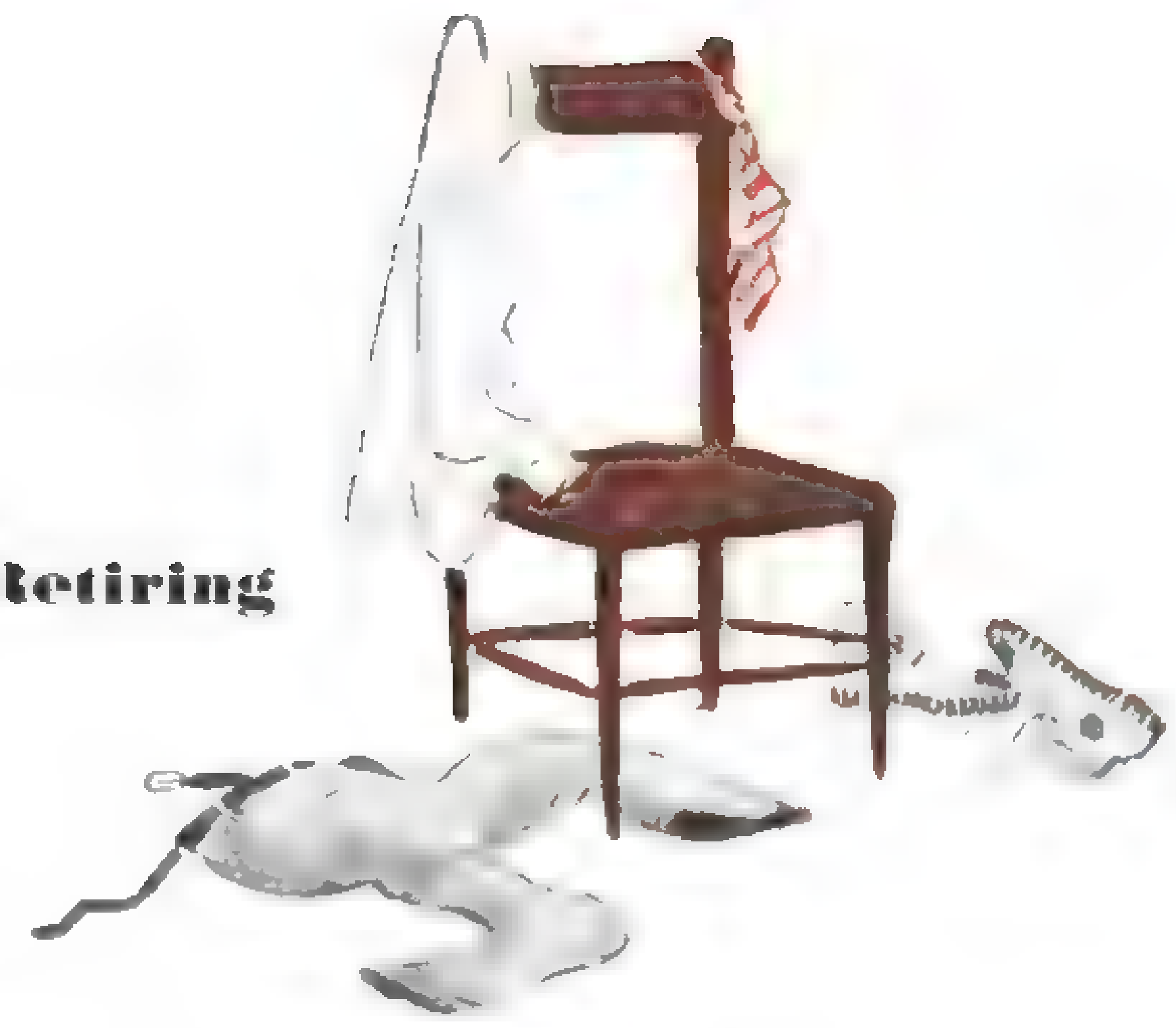
"They did not," said the old man. "They never played again. The Saint Patrick's Temperance Sodality bought the instruments they had and the tickets for the rest for a couple of pounds, and the band had one terrible night before they broke up for good—some time or other I'll tell you about that night.

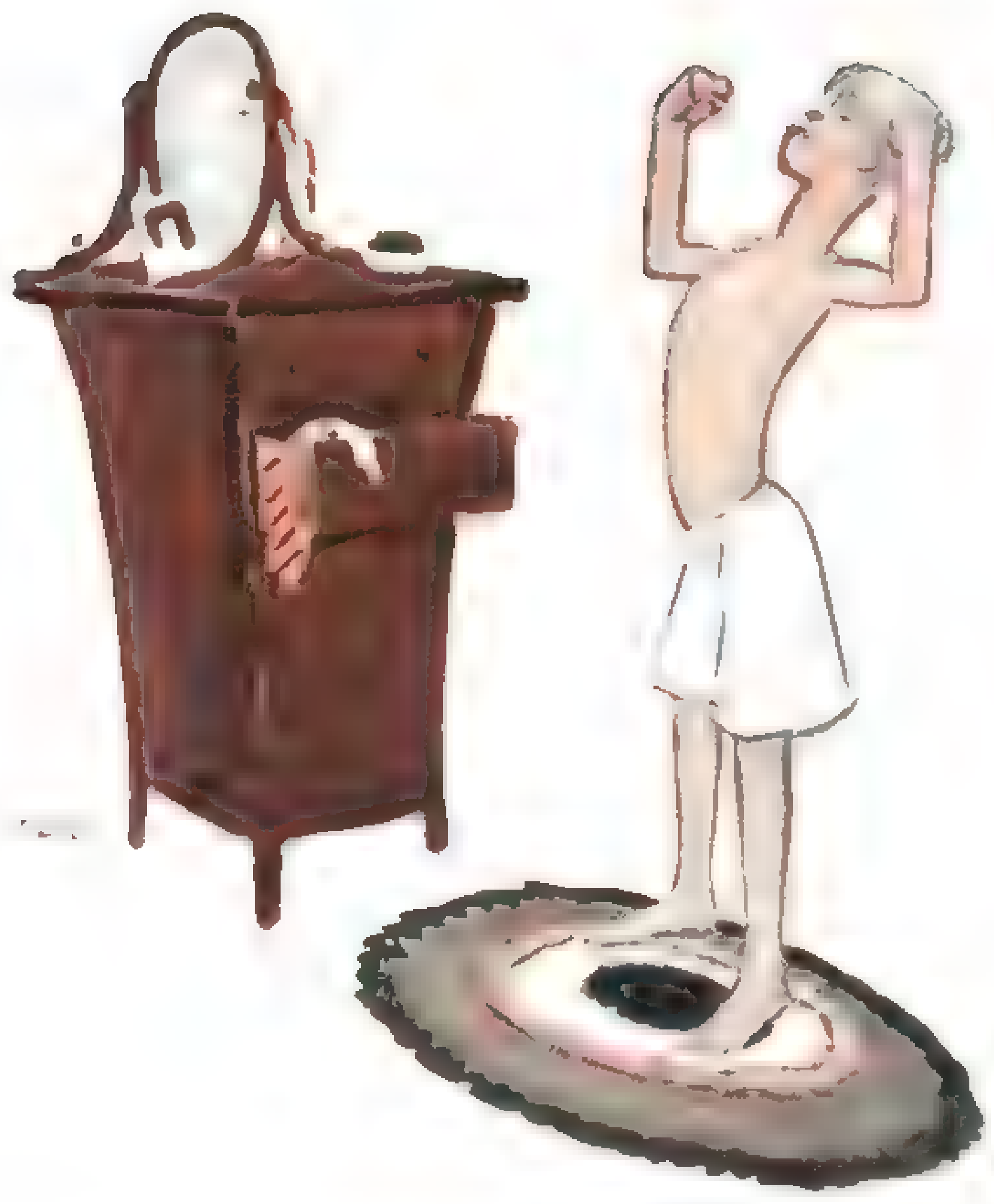
"But sure The Temperance Sodality couldn't play for toffee. Temperance and music don't seem to go together somehow." #

Candid Cameragraphs

Three Poems

by NORMAN CORWIN





Boy Retiring

Shirt on the chair.
Pants on the floor.
Socks on the shirt.
Shoes on the pants.

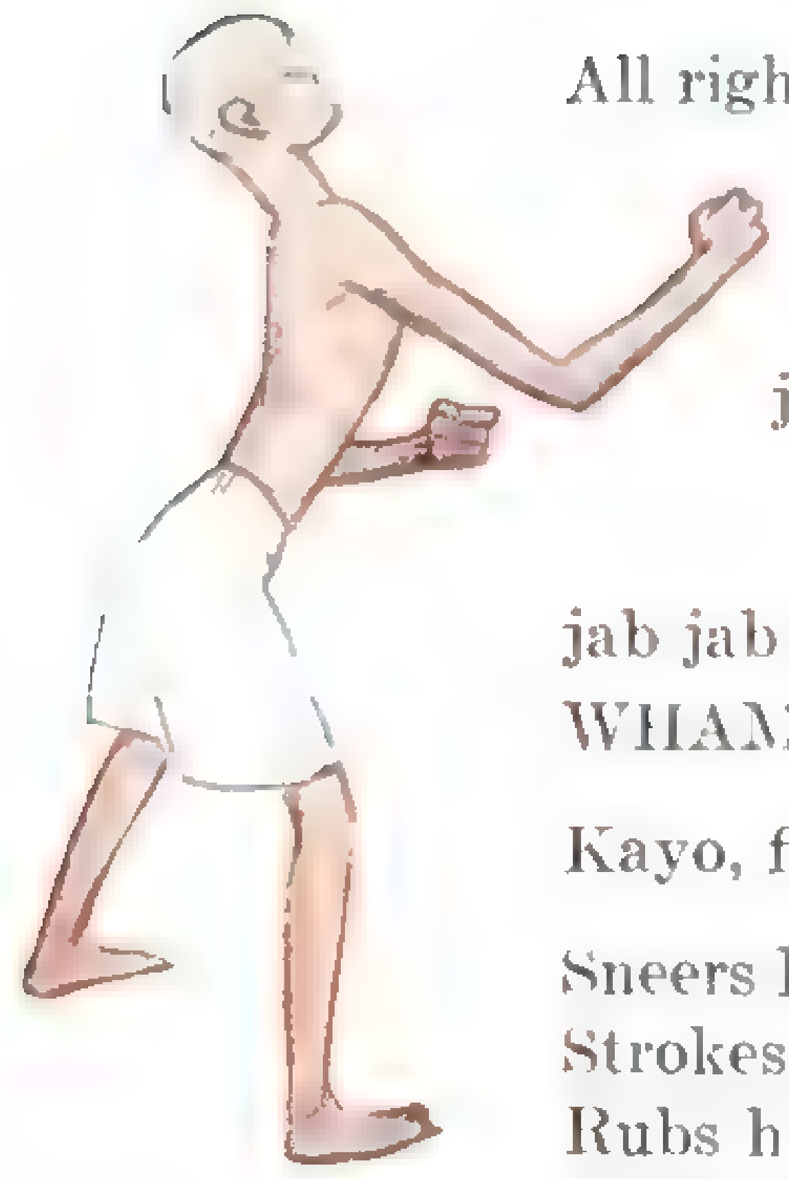
Scowl in the mirror.

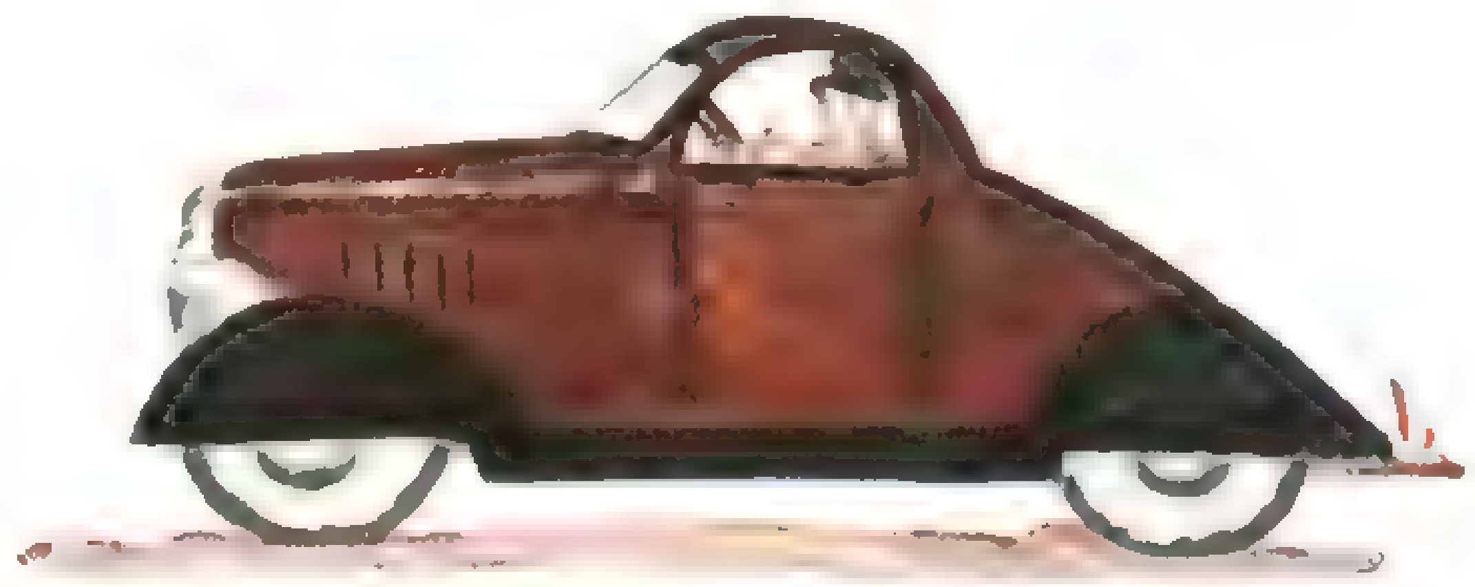
Patently the image wants to start something.

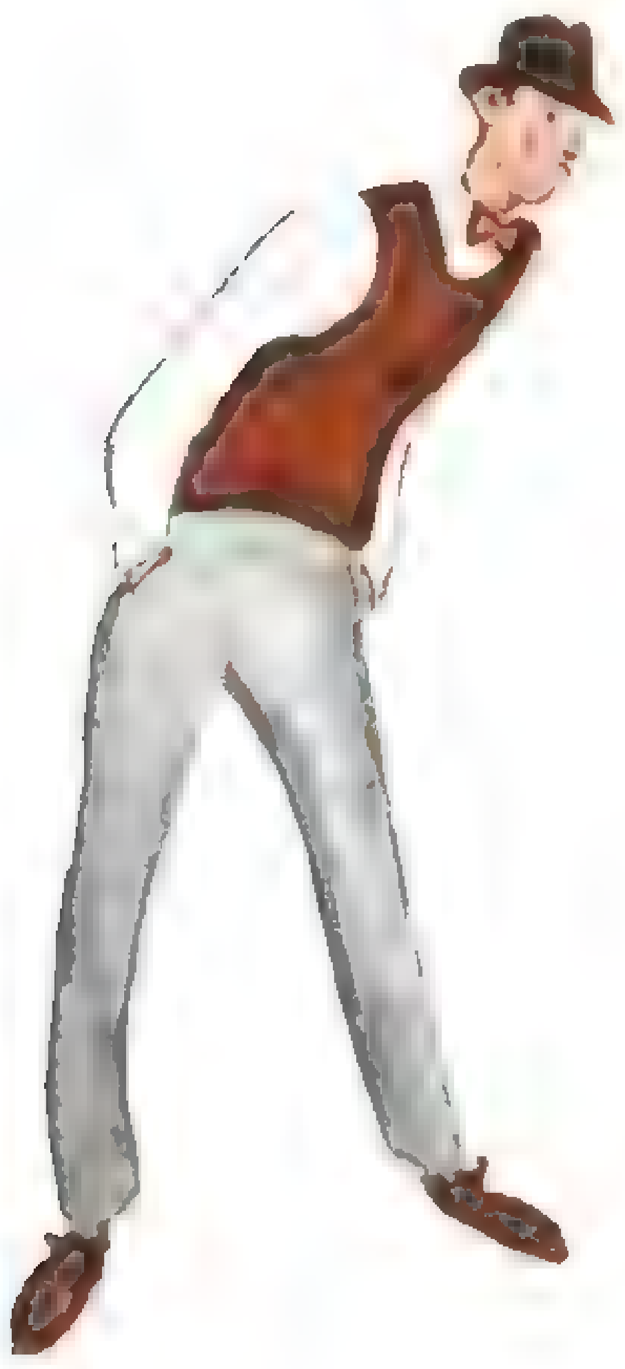
All right, you ast for it:
jab
hook
uppercut
jab
jab
(wow, boy)
jab jab jab jab
WHAM!

Kayo, first round. Killer.

Sneers he.
Strokes his hair.
Rubs his arms.
Touches the floor without knee-bending.
Bounds into bed.

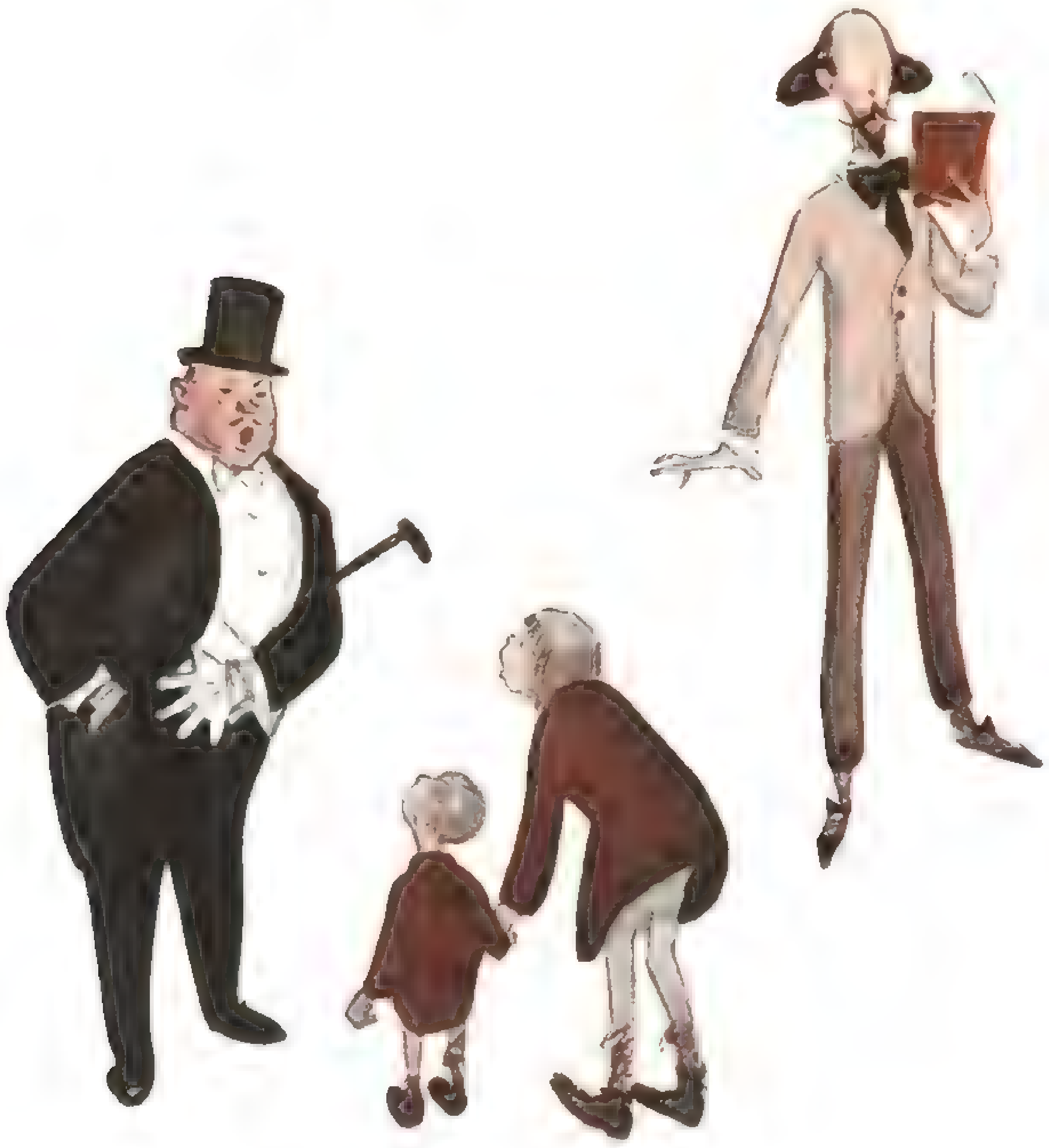


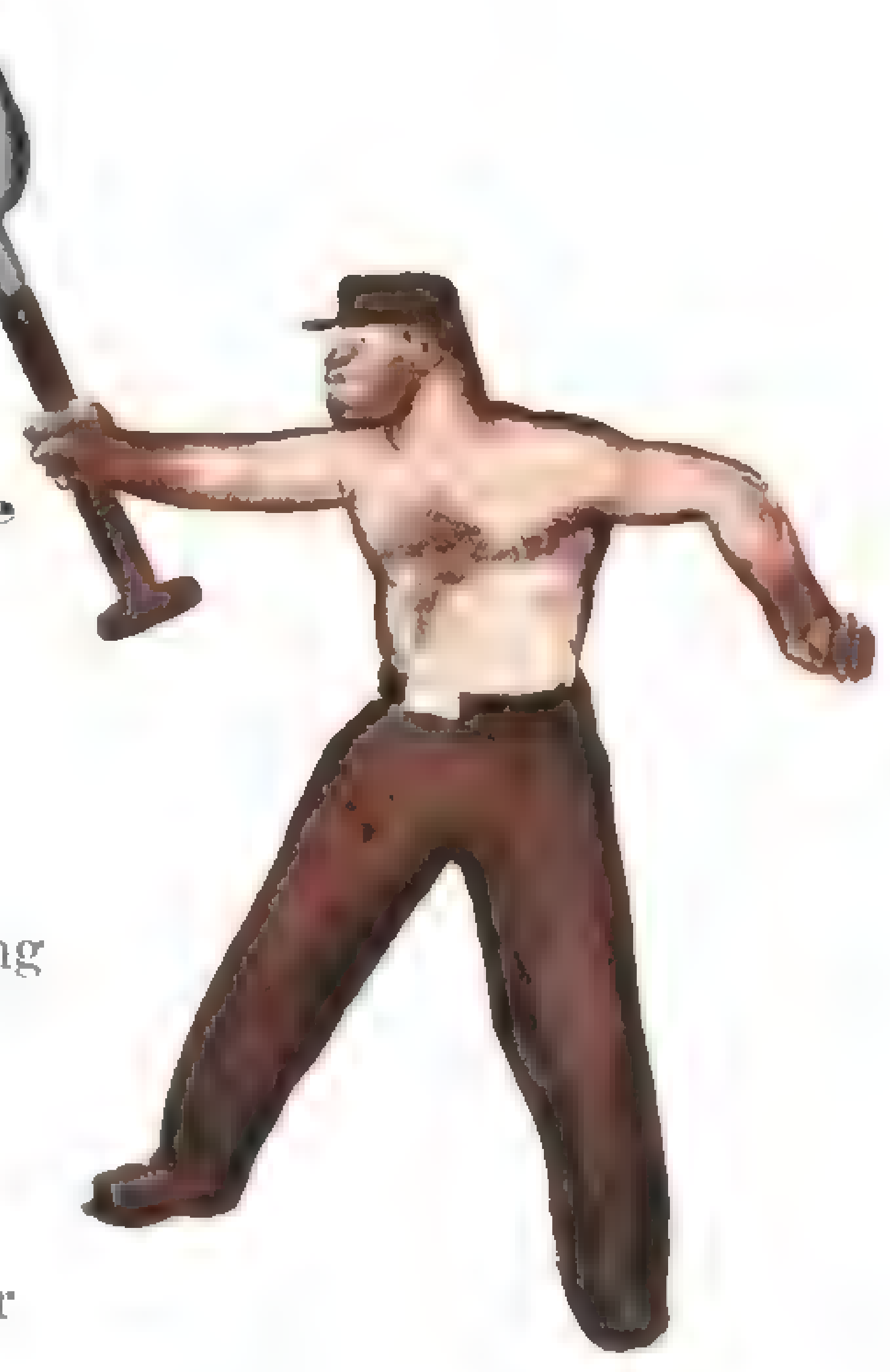




Street Corner

He wears a red sweater and khaki pants and he
stands against a drugstore window.
An automobile stops at the curb.
He plucks a toothpick from his jaw and bends
forward to see who is in the car.
There is only a man.
He replaces the toothpick and shoves his hands
deep in his pockets.





Realist Reading a Sonnet Sequence

Yeah, you and your grave tranquillities
you and your fragile ecstasies and far-off
sadnesses
you and your rainfall in the larkspur
you and your goddam autumn twilight—
How about the beauty of three meals running
and the nearby sadnesses of two kids
with TB?
how about the sweet tranquillity of the
fat bastards behind the lobbies?
how about rainfall in the larkspur when your
shoes leak?

Next time you feel like swooning over some
hollyhocks, for Christ's sake
swoon for good.

TEMPERA DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Master Finger-Printer

Continued from page 69

lished in 1902 the first finger-print bureau in the United States for breaking up this early racket.

The only method of developing finger-prints which was generally accepted at the time Dr. Hudson began his experiments was the use of powder. The skin of the hands and fingers secretes a wax-like substance—pale whitish, translucent and practically invisible on paper or other materials of similar color. This secretion is composed of water, ordinary salt and the waxy constituent. On smooth or polished surfaces the secretion leaves the marks of the ridges in the skin of the fingers. These ridges make a pattern which is different in each individual, and which therefore constitutes a positive and infallible means of identification. By sprinkling a powder over a suspected, smooth surface, and then gently brushing the powder off, the patterns of any finger tips which have touched the surface are revealed by the powder which clings to the waxy secretion left by the fingers.

On surfaces such as finished hard wood, marble, glass, metal, china, et cetera, finger-prints will remain for years if moisture does not dissolve the salt in them. The French police have a lamp chimney on which prints have lasted for twelve years. But if the prints are on penetrable surfaces such as paper, cardboard, soft or unfinished wood, the secretion will gradually sink into the substance itself and leave no traces on the surface to which powder will adhere. The time required for the secretion to soak into the material and thus to disappear from the surface varies, of course, with the degree of permeability of the substance. In the case of rough paper only two or three days are required, while on the surface of less porous materials the prints will remain for longer periods. On an unfinished wood surface, however, even a fresh print, although revealed by the powder, is likely to be indistinct for the reason that the powder is held not only by the secretion left by the fingers but also by the exposed pores of the wood.

It was not long before the young doctor set as the object of his experiments the discovery of a method of obtaining finger-prints on surfaces on which the powder, and other then known, methods were ineffective. In seeking a reagent which would detect the sodium chloride (the salt) in the waxy secretion of the fingers, he recalled that when silver nitrate is poured into a solution containing a chloride, a white, flaky precipitate of silver chloride is formed. This precipitate darkens on exposure to light.

The experiment was made on various substances—paper, cardboard, rough wood. The silver nitrate sank into the pores of the paper, or the wood; there it combined with the invisible sodium chloride of the finger secretion and formed silver chloride which darkened under exposure to light and revealed a dark reddish brown finger-print which gradually turned black. It was found that the process would develop prints which ranged from several months to several years in age. A little later, but as early as 1919, Dr. Hudson succeeded in using the process to obtain prints on starched collars and cuffs.

At about the same time, that is in 1918 or 1919, the process was demonstrated by the doctor to the New York City police department, but it was not taken up at that time on the ground that it was impracticable to use it as evidence in trials. There was sound reason in this objection, for at that time the courts viewed with suspicion, and generally refused to admit as evidence, any photographs or other reproductions. And photographs of finger-prints developed by the silver nitrate process were necessary for the reason that continued exposure to light would eventually turn the silver nitrate background as black as the sensitive silver chloride prints and thus obliterate the prints.

For two years after the Armistice Dr. Hudson remained in the Navy, and was so deeply engrossed in his work in the Naval Intelligence Department, to which he was assigned in 1919, that he could give no thought to perfecting his process by overcoming its one fault. In 1921, however, he resigned from the Navy and took up civil practice in New York. It was then that he met Dr. de Forest, who had organized the first finger-print bureau as described earlier in these pages, and was given access to de Forest's personal library. Of all the works in this medico-legal library the one which fascinated him the most was that of the Belgian professor Eugene Stockis of the University of Ligé. From the professor's treatise on finger-print chemistry Hudson learned for the first time that Aubert, a Frenchman, had used a silver nitrate process twenty years before Hudson had discovered it quite independently. Aubert, however, had abandoned it for the same reason that the police of New York had failed to take it up. On learning this Hudson resolved to perfect the process, and devoted all the time that his growing practice permitted to further experiments.

Not only did he eventually succeed in overcoming the single drawback to the use of the silver nitrate process by working out a fixative which prevents the backgrounds of the prints developed by this process from turning black, but he also worked with other known processes and devised various improvements in them. Thus it happened that in 1928 the Federal Department of Justice called Hudson to testify in a case in the Court of Claims, and, in qualifying him as competent to testify, characterized him as the only man in the United States who could be described as an expert in the chemistry of finger-prints.

Probably the most striking of all the results of Dr. Hudson's experiments is that which was announced this year. Although he had been able to detect finger-prints on starched linen as early as 1919, neither he nor any one else had ever found prints on ordinary cloth. Shortly after the Hauptmann trial, however, when Hudson's interest in all phases of finger-printing was, of course, unusually keen, he chanced to see an exhibit of florescent powders at which one of the demonstrators had accidentally spilled some of the powder on his fingers, and these powder covered finger tips, Hudson observed, had made perfect prints on a black satin table cover. He took some of the powder to his laboratory, and soon worked out a simple technique by which he could obtain prints on dark cloths. The cloth is stretched on a frame, and the powder is then sifted over the cloth. All the powder is made to pass through the cloth except that which encounters the secretion of the fingers and thus reveals the prints.

Hudson started experiments on white and light colored cloths. For technical reasons he chose the silver nitrate process. The cloths were put through a wringer, the rollers of which were moistened with silver nitrate. Prints were found and the new fixative was then applied to prevent the rest of the cloth from turning black. And in this apparently easy manner finger-prints were developed on soft cloths for the first time in history. Simple, however, as this brief, general description makes the process appear, it was not perfected without painstaking and ingenious experimentation.

Here again Hudson displayed the patient, intelligent resourcefulness, based upon a comprehensive and sound knowledge of the whole field, which led Bruce Smith, of the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory and the Institute of Public Administration, to declare that Dr. Hudson began where all other finger-print experts were stopped. It was Bruce Smith who called the attention of J. Edgar Hoover to Hudson's work, and that no man is better qualified to pass judgment on such work than Smith is indicated by his membership on half a dozen Crime Commissions, his authorship of survey reports on police administrations in some seventy cities, states and foreign countries, and his recent reorganization of the Chicago police department.

In the past the knowing criminal had had to take precautions against leaving his tell-tale prints only on hard, finished surfaces. This he could do by wearing gloves or by wiping off the marks with a cloth. Now, with Hudson's new methods, his prints may be detected on the very cloth with which he wipes his gun, or even, in some cases, on the gloves he wears. And prints which he leaves on permeable solid materials may be brought out several years after the crime.

These new processes, however, may also be put to new uses—to the use, for instance, of establishing innocence instead of guilt. This may be done by confirming alibis and in other ways. It is true that finger-prints may be forged by means of rubber molds or zinc etchings, but Hudson has developed a secret method of detecting such forgeries by means of chemical analysis. This should reassure the upright citizen who heretofore may have hesitated to allow his finger-print to be registered.

The age of a person may be estimated fairly accurately from the finger-prints, and the type of occupation may be determined by the manner in which the ridges are worn or by chemical analysis of the prints. The age of the finger-prints themselves may also be gauged by the consistency and adhesiveness of the waxy secretion, if the prints are developed by the powder method, or by the character of the chemical reaction, if the prints are brought out by the use of silver nitrate.

It now seems probable that there is enough biological correlation to make it possible to predict from finger-prints a tendency to insanity and perhaps tendencies to some other diseases. If further observation and experiment confirm this correlation and thereby justify action based on such early forewarnings, it may be possible in many cases to prevent the onset of the threatened disease by modifying the mode of life or the vocation, and in other types of cases by surgical or medical measures.

At Atlantic City, this summer, John J. O'Connell, Deputy Chief Inspector and Dean of the Police Academy in New York City, reported favorably on Dr. Hudson's work to the National Association of Chiefs of Police. Great interest was shown by the chiefs in attendance at the convention, and later inquiries were received from every state in this country and also from police officials in all parts of the world.

If the light which has been focussed on Dr. Hudson's work as a result of the Hauptmann trial may lead some organization or some individual philanthropist to realize the great benefit which society would gain from the establishment of a completely equipped and completely staffed crime detection laboratory and a school in which the police could be given proper instruction in the use of the methods worked out in such a laboratory—this would be the realization of the vision which for years has made Hudson's hobby almost an inspiration. #

Crackpot Chronicles of 1935

Continued from page 81

and damn are not profanity. . . . When Clayton Ramey of Mt. Sterling, Ky., sought to be excused from jury duty, alleging that he had fifty cows and no one to milk them in his absence, Judge Caudill denied his plea and sent the rest of the jurors to help him. . . . In a Denver divorce suit Judge Henley A. Calvert ruled that swearing at your wife isn't cruelty. . . . In a like action in Chicago Judge Joseph B. David ruled that one slap isn't cruel enough for a decree.

CRIME AND CRIMINOLOGY

Sheriff Evan Shore of Barry County, Missouri, having captured a public enemy named Johnson, found him so urgently wanted in so many places, that he called for competitive bids and turned the felon over to Sheriff Oll Rogers of Jasper County for $60. . . . Sheriff Benson of Robertson County, Tenn., pointed with pride to fifty arrests successfully performed by phone. . . . A murder suspect in Chicago was released to act as pallbearer at the victim's funeral. . . . Stamp-collecting convicts at Sing Sing issued a special cachet in honor of Warden Lawes' fourteen years at the prison. . . . In Jackson, Miss., a romantic prisoner, who from his cell window had courted a girl across the street, was released from the county jail for thirty minutes to be married. . . . In Oxford, in the same Commonwealth, Elwood Higginbotham, a Negro, was lynched when jurors trying him for murder seemed too slow in reaching a verdict. . . . A $25,000 murder in Chicago was sublet for $3,000. . . . Arthur Moore, a deputy county clerk in Los Angeles, was suspended for thirty days because he forgot to file an appeal from a murder conviction and Rush Griffin, the appellant, was hanged by mistake.

EDUCATION

W. W. Ankenrand, the new superintendent of schools in Rockford, Illinois, announced that every child is "entitled to a pretty teacher," and that he would hire no other kind. . . . In New York, Rose Freistater was refused a teacher's license because pupils would make fun of her weight, 182 pounds. "Rose isn't fat," said Freistater *père*. "She's just big and strong." . . . Commonwealth Cooperative Labor College at Mena, Ark., opened its Museum of Social Change ("to record the fall of capitalism while the material is still available"), where the entranced visitor might see, among other exhibits, suits of castoff silk underwear once worn by members of the New York Athletic Club. . . . Patrons of Carey School, near Oklahoma City, rioted at the first session of the fall term, accusing Henry Plog, the teacher, of telling children that George Washington gambled. . . . Academic honors: At William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., to Marion Sayle Taylor, the Voice of Experience, the degree of Doctor of Laws. At James Milliken College, Decatur, Ill., to Sig, a campus figure, the degree of Canineology.

THE ARTS

Soul-hunger of la Rand: "I want to be a great actress, but my friends say, 'Sally, you're nuts. You can't be an actress—you're a naked woman'." . . . The gifted Mlle. Rhodora, who would scorn the art of the stripper in night club or at stag, obliged at the Iowa State Fair because, "This is different. The people are really good folks. They don't get to see much of this sort of thing, and they get a thrill out of it." . . . The Poet Laureate League, Inc., in Philadelphia, declared for the pensioning of all "proved poets"; also for more pay and shorter hours for part time poets, in order that they may increase their output. . . . Shirley Temple's accident insurance policy forbade her to take up arms in defense of her country, and will be void if she is killed or injured while drunk. . . . A Chicago mobster, viewing a mural, "History of Prohibition," in which Al Capone was shown with a fat, mussy blonde sleazing over the arm of his chair, summed up, "Al wouldn't of gave a moll like that a job washing glasses in a speak."

PUBLIC MORALS AND MANNERS

The police chief of Northampton, Mass., approved shorts (if not too short) for public use by the young ladies of Smith College. . . . In the White Plains, N. Y., jail, Clinton Stone, 24, charged with killing and burning Nancy Jean Costigan, sniffed, said "Disgusting!" and refused to speak to the man in the next cell, Albert Fish, 55, waiting trial for the murder and mutilation of Grace Budd. . . . American Airlines forbade pilots to entertain passengers by flying low over a nudist camp near Roselawn, Ind. . . . Harold Dalley, a Flemington, N. J., monument dealer, received $200 from an unknown donor for a tombstone for Bruno Richard Hauptmann. . . . Thelma Rediger, a business college student of Springfield, Mo., asked to spring the trap at a hanging, just to see how it would feel. . . . In Phoenix, Ariz., Arthur Borwell, who said he had waited twenty years to punch a Governor, satisfied his ambition on the person of Benjamin B. Moeur. Gov. Moeur punched back. . . . Dialogue at a hanging: Willie DeBoe, the first white man to die for rape in Kentucky, postponed his execution at Smithland for forty-five minutes to harrangue the crowd and deny his guilt. "I don't see that woman around here. Where's she at? Is Mrs. Johnson in the crowd? Oh, there she is! Well, how do you feel about it woman? Is this going to satisfy you? You see, folks, she don't speak. If I had $300 or $500 to give her she wouldn't have made the charges." Mrs. Randall Johnson, his supposed victim, an interested witness at the gallows, "Not for $1,000!" Theodore G. (The Man) Bilbo, a servant of the Mississippi public, resented the implication that he had a financial part in taking off the late lamented Long: "When the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith intimates, insinuates, or charges that I went to New Orleans last week, or any other time in my life, with $25,000 in my pocket, he is a contemptible, dirty, vicious, pusillanimous, with-malice-aforethought, damnable, self-made liar."

RELIGION

President Roosevelt was asked for a Federal fund to buy life preservers for baptismal candidates. . . . In Caledonia, Mo., the Rev. G. E. Whitmer haled into court seven who giggled during a sermon. . . . Dialogue in Manhattan Children's Court: Justice Jacob Panken, "Are you God? If you say 'Yes' you may be cited for contempt of court." Father Divine, Harlem cult leader, "No, I am not God, but millions of people think I am and I'd like them to believe it." . . . Mrs. Philitus Harrell of Montezuma, Ind., refused to call an undertaker when her evangelist husband died, insisting that he would presently rise from the dead. . . . When unfrocked by the church because of his activities as a "marrying parson" in the Elkton, Md., Gretna Green, the Rev. Edward Minor hired the Rev. C. A. Starkey as his assistant in charge of wedding ceremonies and continued in business. "There is a good field in Elkton," said the Rev. Mr. Starkey. "There is much room for religious work."

FAMILY LIFE

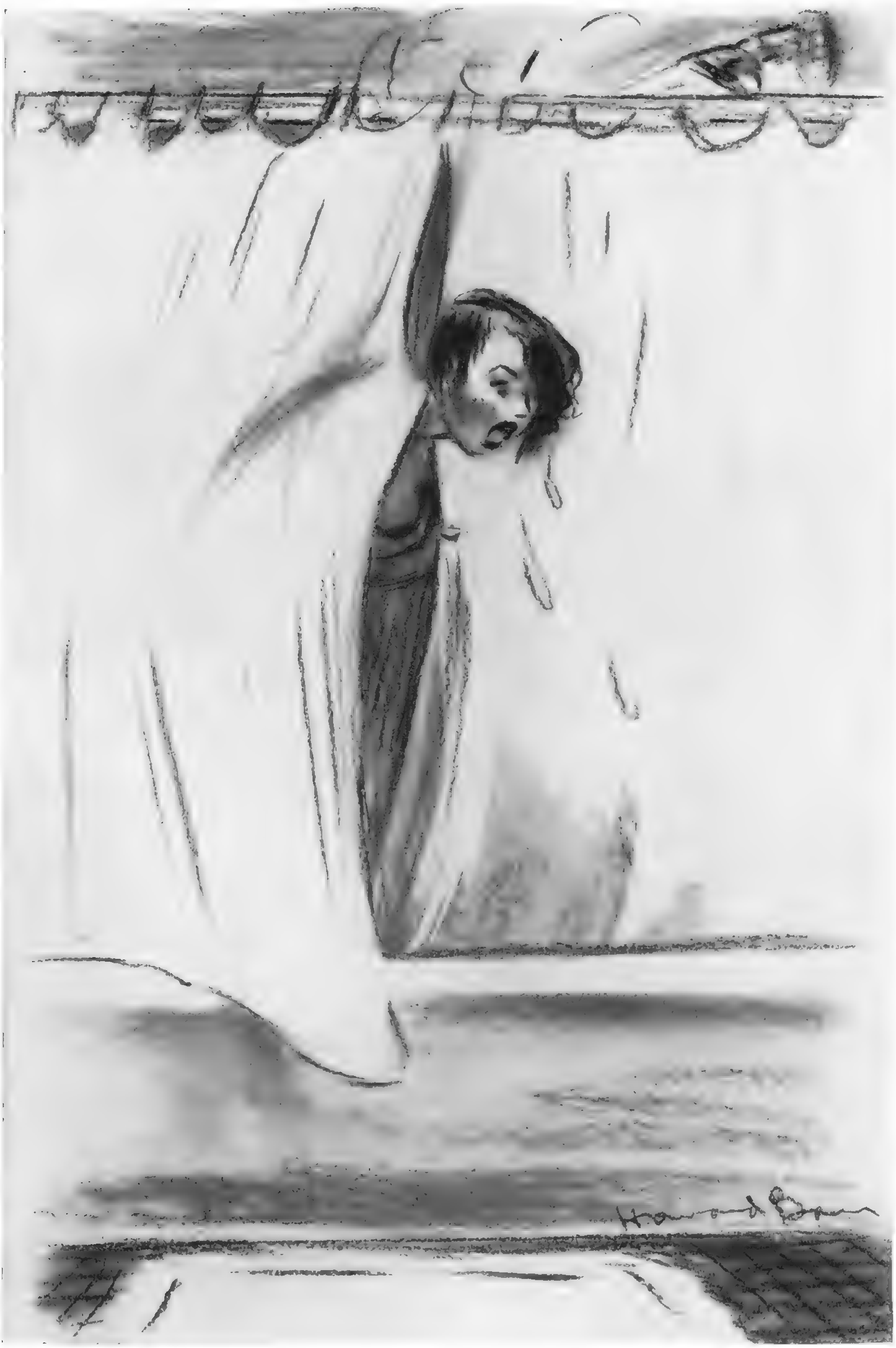
The Budgins: In Chicago Walter Budgin went to court and won an injunction which forbade Mrs. Budgin to pay professional killers for his murder. . . . The Cordeses: In New York Mrs. Fred Cordes, who wanted to raise money for a trip to Ireland, offered all rights in her husband for $1,500. . . . The Gottchalks: In Chicago Mrs. Ester Gottchalk sued for divorce because her husband filled her kitchen with labor-saving devices. . . . The Meeks: Near Logansport, Ind., Mr. Meeks was discovered to have worked twenty-two years as hired hand on his divorced wife's farm. . . . The Van Loans: In Los Angeles H. H. Van Loan, writer, in jail for non-payment of alimony, found so much literary inspiration in his predicament that he ended his financial worries. . . . The Knights: In White Plains Alwyn W. Knight remarried his divorced wife because "she is the only woman who can be counted on not to trump my aces." . . . The Richmonds: In Kansas City Dr. Thomas Richmond, who is annoyed by mother-in-law jokes, took twenty-six in-laws for a vacation tour. . . . The Riggses: In High Point, N. C., R. J. Riggs, who desired a reconciliation with his estranged wife, had his son crucify him—but to no effect. . . . The Rosendales: In Yonkers, John H. Rosendale, an ornament of the gendarmerie, smeared catsup on his face and fired his revolver into a pillow to bring his wife around after a quarrel. Mrs. Rosendale, believing him dead, killed herself.

BENEFACTIONS

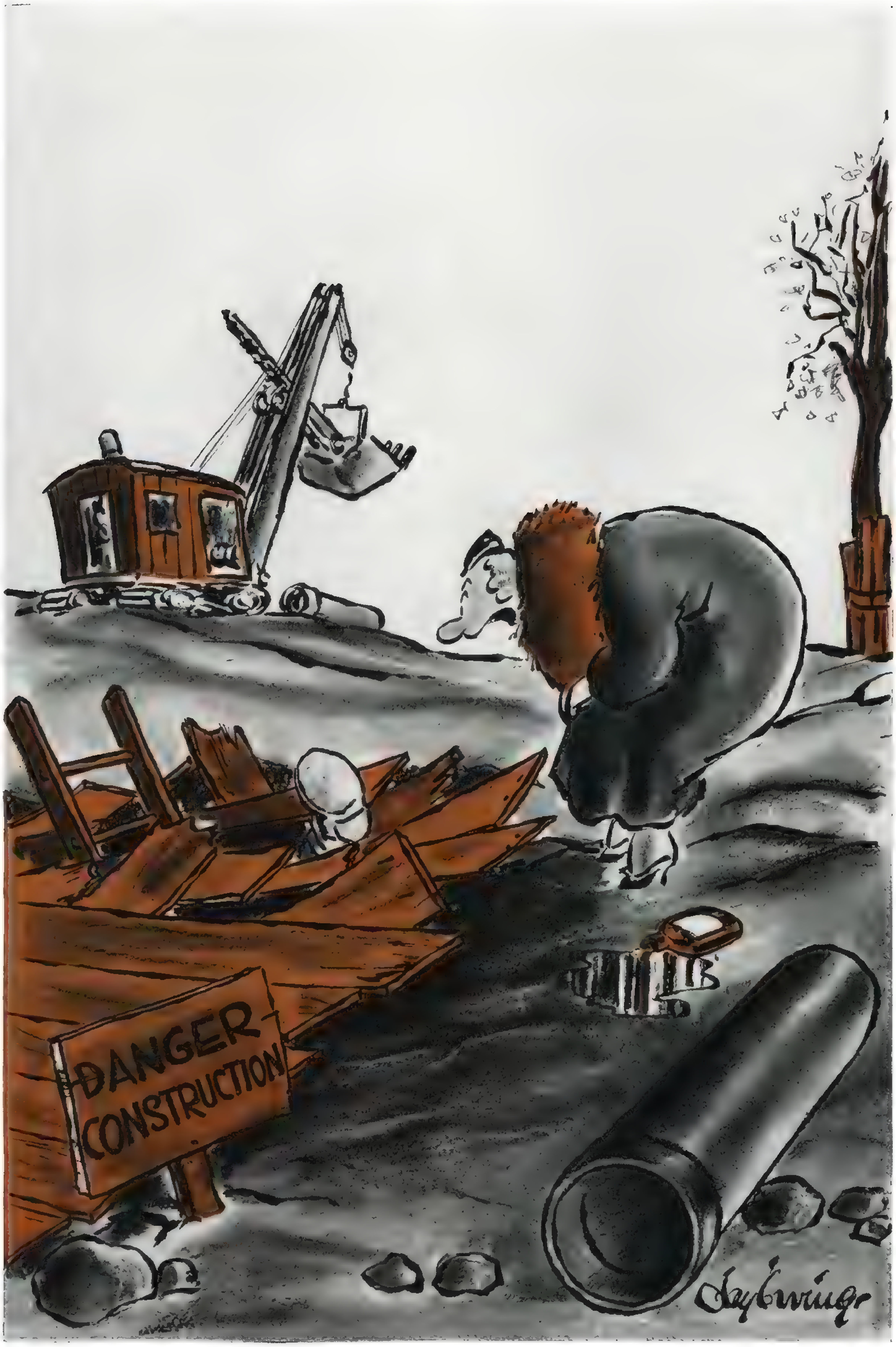
In New York the International Labor Defense published a pamphlet intructing comrades in the etiquette of arrest. . . . The Torrance Memorial hospital in Los Angeles offered as prizes at a benefit dance: One appendectomy, value $200; one confinement, $150; one tonsillotomy or adenoid removal, $75. . . . Rockwell Sayre, a Chicago cat-hater, willed boxes of candy to Dowager Queen Marie, Mrs. Coolidge, and 148 other persons and institutions suspected of ailurophobia. . . . John S. Hill, a railroad conductor, famed in the midwest for dressiness, left his friend, John A. Story, 600 neckties, 145 mufflers, 46 pairs of shoes, 27 hats, 54 pairs of gloves, 85 shirts, 100 collars, 7 suits, 7 overcoats. . . . In chivalrous San Francisco, A. H. Ludwig, an equally chivalrous dancing master, solved the wallflower problem by inventing a three-person waltz.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The National Resources Board reported, after investigation and reflection, that the 1934 drought was caused by lack of rain. . . . At Columbia University Dr. Mary Shattuck Fisher, who had stenographers follow seventy-two children to take notes on their conversation, discovered that they talk chiefly about themselves. . . . Psychologists informed us that it is radical to regard alimony for men as logical, conservative to look on the late Billy Sunday as a vital religious force. . . . A Buffalo dental scientist reached the peak of his career in ascertaining that real teeth bite eight times as hard as the store kind. . . . Wise and humane scholars at Cornell University perfected odorless cabbage. . . . In Spokane, Austin P. Summers, a talented technician of the Pacific slope, invented and patented a method for tinting bread pastel shades. . . . In Baltimore in the Maryland Free State, Mrs. Lem Gilreath, evangelist of the W. C. T. U., dedicated to anthropology her discovery of a new human type, the "female moocher": "She is a woman, not necessarily corrupt, who goes up to a bar with a dime in her pocket, buys a drink, puts a foot on the rail, and waits for men to buy her more drinks and get her drunk. Think of that!"



"Would your wife care if I used a guest towel, Mr. Cutney?"


DANGER CONSTRUCTION
Jay Irving

"Henreeeeeee!!! Is that you?!!!"

Lo, the Pseudologist

Continued from page 91

The overweighting of personal experience is a common fallacy; the pseudologies thrive on it. Vague generalities are safe; when prediction is precise, it is precarious. The day before the famous prize-fight, the stars revealed to one "Prof. G. M., Scientific Astrologer of Hoboken," that one Max Baer would administer a knockout blow in the thirteenth round to one Jimmie Braddock. Doubtless the stars explain equally well why Braddock became champion. Alibis are as plentiful as the stars themselves.

* * *

Another exemplar of early pseudology is *Alchemy*—of slight interest today. The medieval alchemists formed a strangely busy guild. With alembics, retorts and crucibles they sought the key to the universe by way of the Philosopher's Stone. They sought more immediately the secret of turning the baser metals (lead) into gold and silver. The acceptance of the truth of Alchemy depended not upon a compliant will to believe but upon the assay test; and lead, however deceptively alloyed, was not pure gold. Though the Fountain of Youth and the Elixir of Life were repeatedly discovered, women continued to fade and men to grow feeble. With the growth of Chemistry, Alchemy disappeared from the picture.

* * *

The third great pseudology of the ancients—*Physiognomy*—still flourishes after several rejuvenations. Bacon defined it as "the discovery of the dispositions of the mind in the lineaments of the body." This is in itself a legitimate pursuit, but as pursued, landed its followers in the slums of pseudology. The falsity is all in the "discovery." There is *no* connection between stars and fates; there is *some* between "dispositions and lineaments," inasmuch as the body-mind forms one organism, subject to the same evolution. But the actual relation, and that preached and practiced by physiognomists on income bent, are scientific miles apart—as far removed as is cautious investigation from irresponsible pronouncement.

Much of pseudology is little more than systematized superstition. This applies to dream-dictionaries and other strange sign-languages like Physiognomy, that read remote and momentous meanings in simple and trivial features and events. When told that a burning ear means that somebody is speaking of you—a compliment if the right ear, a slam if the left one—you do not look for the connection in physiology, but in folk-lore. By similar logic, *Character at a Glance* (or a squint) sets forth that people with outstanding ears become outstanding members of the community, or that races and individuals with flexible toes are likewise elastic in their morals.

It is likely that Physiognomy would have faded away as a mild delusion or innocent pastime, were it not for its notable revival by Lavater at the close of the 18th century. Lavater was a distinguished cleric of his time and a friend of Goethe, who, indeed, contributed a section to his magnum opus. Wholly innocent of the ways of science, Lavater put Physiognomy on the map in the grand manner. The aristocracy subscribed to sumptuous editions in German, French and English, of his *Essays on Physiognomy;* he was regarded as a pioneer and a savior of humanity in the cause of enlightenment.

He precipitated a wave of Physiognomy that swept over the civilized world. Fake character-readers still hark back to Lavater as a great authority. In that tradition, not many years ago, hard-headed American business men patronized a system of Physiognomy which set forth that persons with convex facial profiles had altogether different traits from those whose profiles were concave. Concavians and convexites were advised not to marry, as the incompatibility of facial contour, carrying with it that of temperament, would land the union on the rocks. The same "discoverer" announced that blonds had one set of characteristics, being volatile and unreliable, and brunettes another, being steady and dependable; which conclusion, when tested among co-eds, yielded the result that blonds have as many "brunette" traits as the brunettes themselves, and vice versa.

Character-reading, on the way to becoming a racket, was aided and abetted by another system appealing to the same interest—*Phrenology*. Its founder, Gall, has a unique position in that he was a man of science who fell from grace when he "discovered" increased and decreased developments (vulgarly called *bumps*) on the head, indicative of strong or weak development of the "organs" in the brain underneath. He observed the heads of worshippers at church and concluded that the most devout had a marked development in the occiput; consequently *there* must be located the organ of "Veneration." Finding that monkeys and women had a bump in common and knowing that both were fond of their young, he located the "Love of Offspring." The spot on the brow where the poet rests his hand while waiting for inspiration, sheltered "Ideality." A philosopher was found to have an unusually prominent "Eventuality" somewhere under his hat, and the cranial prominence of a musician showed an appropriate osseous growth somewhere else. Thus were constructed those amazing plaster-casts gazed at in awe and wonder by our grandfathers as works of the Creator with Gall as his prophet. On these were tattooed, with standing room only, the local habitations and names of "Number," "Theft," "Amativeness," "Constructiveness," "Destructiveness," "Philoprogenetiveness,"—or what you will. The organs, the locations, the entire structure are completely illusory. The entire scheme contradicts every elementary principle of anatomy, physiology and psychology. Though it all started in a laboratory, it ended in a fakir's booth. Pseudology seems to be the fatal wages of sinful thinking.

The clue to the revival of these refurbished cults is to be found in "vocational guidance," which in due course came along as a legitimate phase of Applied Psychology, but was promptly appropriated by every one of the exploiting pseudologies. One such system is nothing more than a transfer of Gall's "faculties" to minute sections of the face, after the manner of Lavater. Yet reputable business corporations subscribe to testimonials that they successfully select their employees according to this proprietary facial analysis. Ingenuity in the service of error continues. There is a contraption, an apparatus of a thousand parts, dubbed a *psychograph*, which is slipped over the head like a "permanent-wave" helmet and registers by electric devices one's standings in Gall's original thirty-two faculties. In pseudology every thing is examined except the foundations; hence the elaborate and fantastic façades.

* * *

Another member of the pseudological guild is *Palmistry*, formerly called Cheirognomy or Cheiromancy—divination by the hand; it combines fortune-telling and character-reading. Kepler, the astronomer, spoke of astrology as the foolish daughter of a wise mother (astronomy). The granddaughter, palmistry, continues the family tradition; for palmistry simply makes a horoscope of the hand. It requires no calculation, just easy observation, aided by imagination. Jupiter as the chief god was assigned to the forefinger as the chief finger, Saturn to the middle finger, then Apollo and Mercury, leaving the ball of the thumb for Venus and placing Mars on the cushion opposite. On the thumb itself was placed Reason and Will. The long vertical crease from the finger and mound of Saturn became the Line of Saturn, later the Line of Fate. The two major horizontal creases became the Line of Head and the Line of Heart. The meanings assigned changed now and then, but with no more reason than went into the system originally. The interpretation, or reading proceeds by the weak logic of plausible or forced analogy. If the Line of Fate is broad and straight, it indicates prosperity; if wavy and irregular, a doubtful fortune. A double line raises the suspicion that the owner is leading a double life. A prominent mound of Jupiter means that the owner of the hand is a Jupiterian, with all the traits that that distinction implies.

The procedure is delightfully flexible; open to any one to decide whether a mound or a crease is prominent or not, just as it is left to the phrenologist to judge minute variations of skulls and to the physiognomist the still more minute facial contours. It is true that some of the lines are definite, just as are fingerprints, which are used for identification, but not for character-reading. The patterns are insignificant; they all conform with the general use of the hand as a grasping organ. Far from indicating the future, the major lines are vestiges of the very remote past when our ancestors clung to trees; yet chimpanzees have been spared the indignity of having their palms read.

Modern refinements have been added. Certain insignificant creases near the base of the little finger have been called the lines of marriage, the creaselets indicating the number of marriages—doubtless in the future to be called the Line of Reno—and further epidermic folds tell the number of children and their sex. Such are the modernistic innovations.

One such self-constituted "authority" on the science (?) of the hand asserts:

"I am certain that if all parents would have the hands of their children examined, or at least learn something of Palmistry themselves, every one would be greatly benefited through having the children more usefully trained and their proper tendencies and talents developed." And another:

"A person's moral, intellectual and physical life is recorded in its finest details in the hands—both inherited and acquired traits of character"; for the hand is "directly connected with the brain through the blood-stream and supersensitive nerves, and reflects on the palm the thoughts and impressions, conscious or subconscious, that agitate the brain, or experiences that have left an impression on the mind."

That all this copious misinformation reflects only the inherited or acquired, conscious or subconscious ignorance or irresponsibility of the authors hardly needs demonstration. What is said of the hand is just as true of the feet or any other portion of the anatomy, being true of none. The palmist doctrine, as capricious as superstitions usually are, is that the creases of the left hand show inherited, and of the right hand acquired, traits. The question arises whether the public should not be protected from such blatant sophistry.

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Lo, the Pseudologist

Continued from pages 91-117

The pseudology supreme is *Numerology.* It traces a bastard line of descent from Pythagoras, who with noble intent sponsored the attribution to numbers of moral qualities; by this mislead, he retarded the progress of science to which in other directions he contributed notably. His error has slight bearing on the modern devotees who take his name in vain. For modern pseudology is original: where, when and by whom originated, I have been unable to ascertain. The idea that numbers have peculiar significance is ancient. There is the familiar superstitious number-lore to which we owe the absence of thirteenth floors in many of our sophisticated hotels and office-buildings; another is the currency of lucky and unlucky numbers in rituals and formulae which must be repeated just 3 or 9 times to make the wish come true or the spell work. Those who know the Revelation of St. John (verse 18) know that "the number of the beast," which "is the number of a man" is 666. From this mystic reference arose mediaeval "beast-ting" or fixing this ill-fated number on one's direst enemy: the protestants upon Leo X and the Pope's defenders upon Martin Luther. (Incidentally, Professor E. T. Bell, mathematician, whose skit on *Numerology* should not be missed, was able to fix it on any number of names in *American Men of Science.*)

The *method* of Numerology—and this is ancient—is best represented in medieval (and earlier) rabbinical lore and was called *Gematria.* Its sacred purpose was to prove texts and find their hidden meaning. It proceeded simply by taking the number-value of letters by their position in the alphabet, *a* as *1*, *b* as *2*, *c* as *3* and so on—and adding them. As in Hebrew the word for *money* and the word for *gallows* have the same number-value, this equivalence "explained" why Haman, who took bribes to bait the Jews, met his end on the gallows. Gematria flourished as a pious occupational therapy before the days of cross-word puzzles, and proved to the devout that God was in his Heaven sending code-messages to the adept. Gematria, though no rival of Numerology, is not dead. There is now being published a seven (sacred number) volume treatise giving a gematrial Life of Jesus, a History of the Great War, and other revelations.

The startlingly original idea of modern Numerology is that not the stars in their courses, nor yet the shape of your head, nor the lines of your palm determine fate and character, but the *number-values of your baptismal name.* How is this done? By drawing up panels of traits for the nine numerological varieties of humans and designating each person as a "*1*," a "*2*," a "*3*" and so on up to a "*9*" with a special blue-ribbon class of "*11's*" and a still choicer class of "*22's*", by the following simple scheme:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	[k]	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	[v]	w	x	y	z	

With this key you can numerologize until bored.

For the total value of your name, just add the number equivalents of the letters in it, divide by 9, and the remainder gets your number.

The letters in

J O H N D O E
1+6+8+5+4+6+5

add to 35, which divided by 9 leaves 8; *hence John Doe is an "8."* The 11th letter *k* and the 22nd *v* are counted as 11 and as 22. "A '22' just must crash his way to fame." (My janitor is a "22"; ex-President Hoover is only an "11.")

If you look yourself up in a numerological *Who's Who*, you will find that you are endowed with a remarkable assemblage of unexpected and undetected talents and qualities all complimentary, but accompanied by a few detractions readily remedied by a little caution or inspirational treatment. BUT, thus elevated to the heights of self-esteem, you will at once lose all thrill of distinction, when it dawns upon you in a lucid mathematical moment, that there must be at least a million others in our immense population all similarly accomplished though differently named —probably including your cook and your meanest enemy. Thrilled with the ecstatic qualities of numbers, numerologists are above statistics.

The frills of Numerology make a big book. They begin with the "discovery" that the number-values of the *vowels alone* in your name determine your *Soul-Urge*, while those of the *consonants alone* shape your *Quiescent Self*, which is "what you really dream about when nobody is watching you"; the *total name* representing your *Expression*, which is what you actually do. If argument were in order where arbitrary assertion replaces reason, it might be sufficient to indicate that in the New York Telephone Directory there are about forty-odd plain *Harry Cohen's* of varied employments and stations; and to ask whether it is likely that the similarity of name confers any similarity of traits? That they would be modified by their birth-dates is an easy alibi. You cannot disprove the irrational, which knows no law but its own dictum. And how could you lead a sane life if the house-number, the telephone-number, the number of the train and the coach in which you travel, the date, the bank-statement, every bill you pay and check you draw, is vibrant with mystic fate, against which as yet the Insurance Companies issue no protective policies?

If the reader cares to follow the erratic trails of the higher Numerology, he will doubtless be content with a few samples.

"We are sure to find our lives at '6's' and '7's' if we attempt to act '1' when the day says '2.' "

"Many instances have been known of babies named before birth choosing their own birthdates, for easier going in later life. In these cases, unless the doctor and the mother are numerologists, they wonder at the premature or delayed arrival, as the case may be."

Extracts from the numeranalysis of Eva Amy Downs read: "She started life with two physical letters and one mental . . . as a '1' essence and a '5' personal year. On her birthday in August she picks up an *M*, another earth vibration—giving her a '4' essence. . . . When she is nineteen, she will probably marry — although any numerologist would advise her against it."

Perhaps the simplest test is to try one of your own. I take a name nationally known, find its number equivalents, look up the qualities corresponding: such as Universal Love, Brotherhood, Charity, Compassion, Selfless Service, Wants to right and adjust all wrongs; a welfare worker or clergyman. These are the attributes to which his name entitles him. The paragon's name is *Alphonse Capone!*

There is one consolation: the forces of misrule destroy one another. If one had a tolerant and catholic taste in folly and were in turn astrologized and cheirognomized and physiognomized and phrenologized and numerologized, one would emerge with a motley variety of traits and fates such as could not be compassed in any single mortal.

Yet in this enlightened day, persons actually change their names in order to attract more favorable fates, just as gamblers turn the chair around to change their luck. The story is vouched for from Hollywood of a Numerologist receiving a fee of a thousand dollars for reconstructing a marital triangle by harmonizing the name of the lady in the case with that of the suitor, and banning the husband by reason of the numerological unfitness of his name.

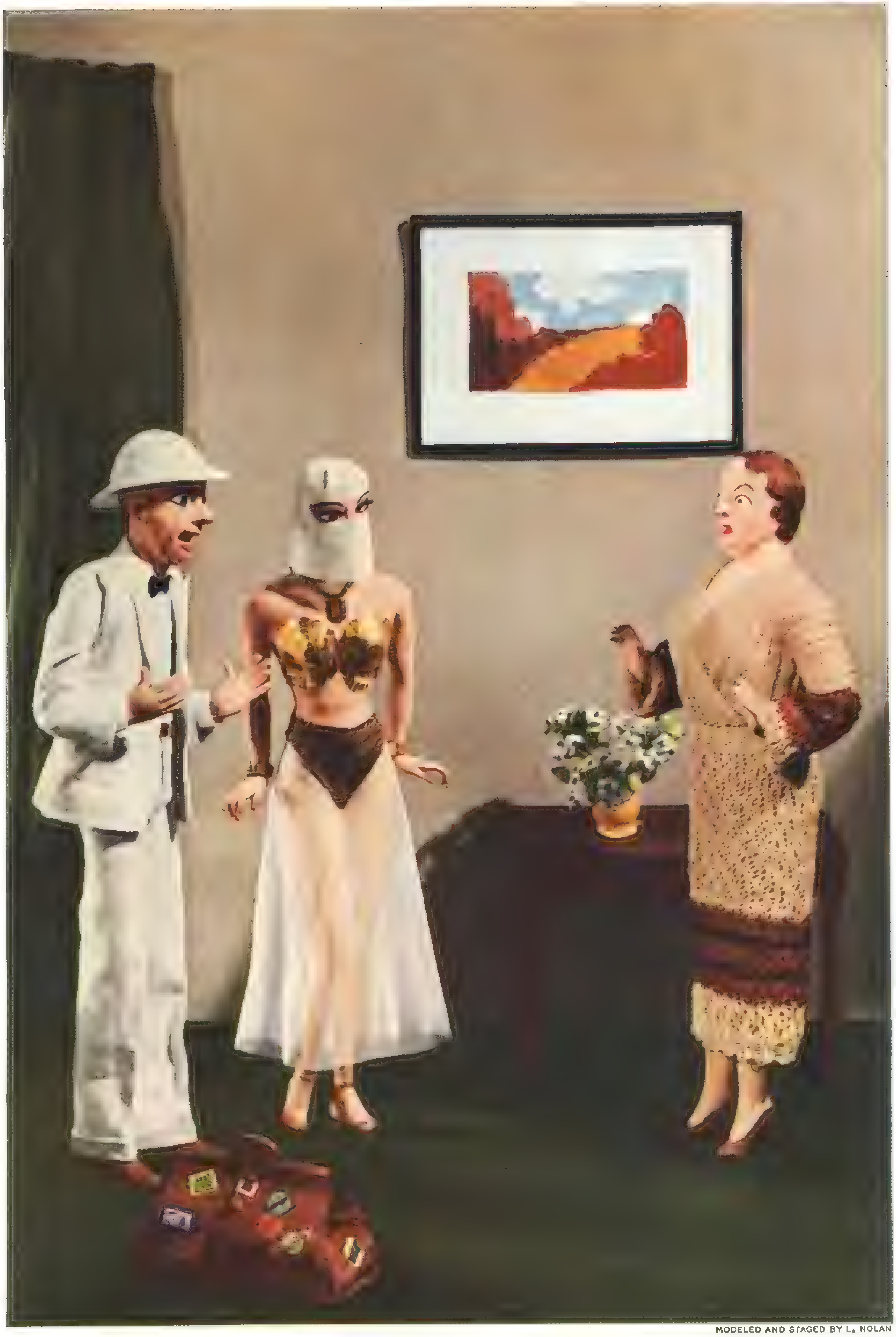
The question is cogent whether all this pseudological misguidance, swarming in book-shop and on newstands, and the army of malpractors offering delusive services to the genuinely perplexed on intimate questions of life and careers, are to be charged to the account of fraud or folly.

But fraud outdoes folly; so much of it is so plainly written to sell, is promoted by questionable salesmanship, is part of the great American game of "putting it over." It belongs to *Psychological Racketeering*, which is the topic of a book by Mrs. Yates. It is an exploiting industry aimed to extract coin from the unwary, and finding the assumption of high-sounding, esoteric knowledge as the trump card. The miseducation of the newsstand finds a support or a tolerance in the daily press, in which editors assert their loyalty to the cause of education on one page and cater to miseducation on another, offering their readers advice for their affairs based on crude superstition or worse.

The pseudo-philosophy back of it all demands a moment of attention. It is of a piece with the hollowness of the entire fabric. It is sufficiently exemplified in the blessed and misused word: VIBRATION—which I propose for the doubtful honor of being the most abused word in the pseudo-learned vocabulary. Since waves enter fundamentally into the valid concepts of physical forces, a "psychic" vibration has been invented to substantiate the imaginary. That there are no such vibrations on sea, land, sky or anywhere else but in an undisciplined imagination, feazes pseudologists not a bit. Since vibrations are needed for the structure, they just *must* exist, and existing, account for the relation. But this again implies a sincere search for a support of a belief. As employed, the "vibration" is a blind, a bit of dust thrown into trustful eyes; it becomes just a part of the learned and lucrative jargon of pseudology.

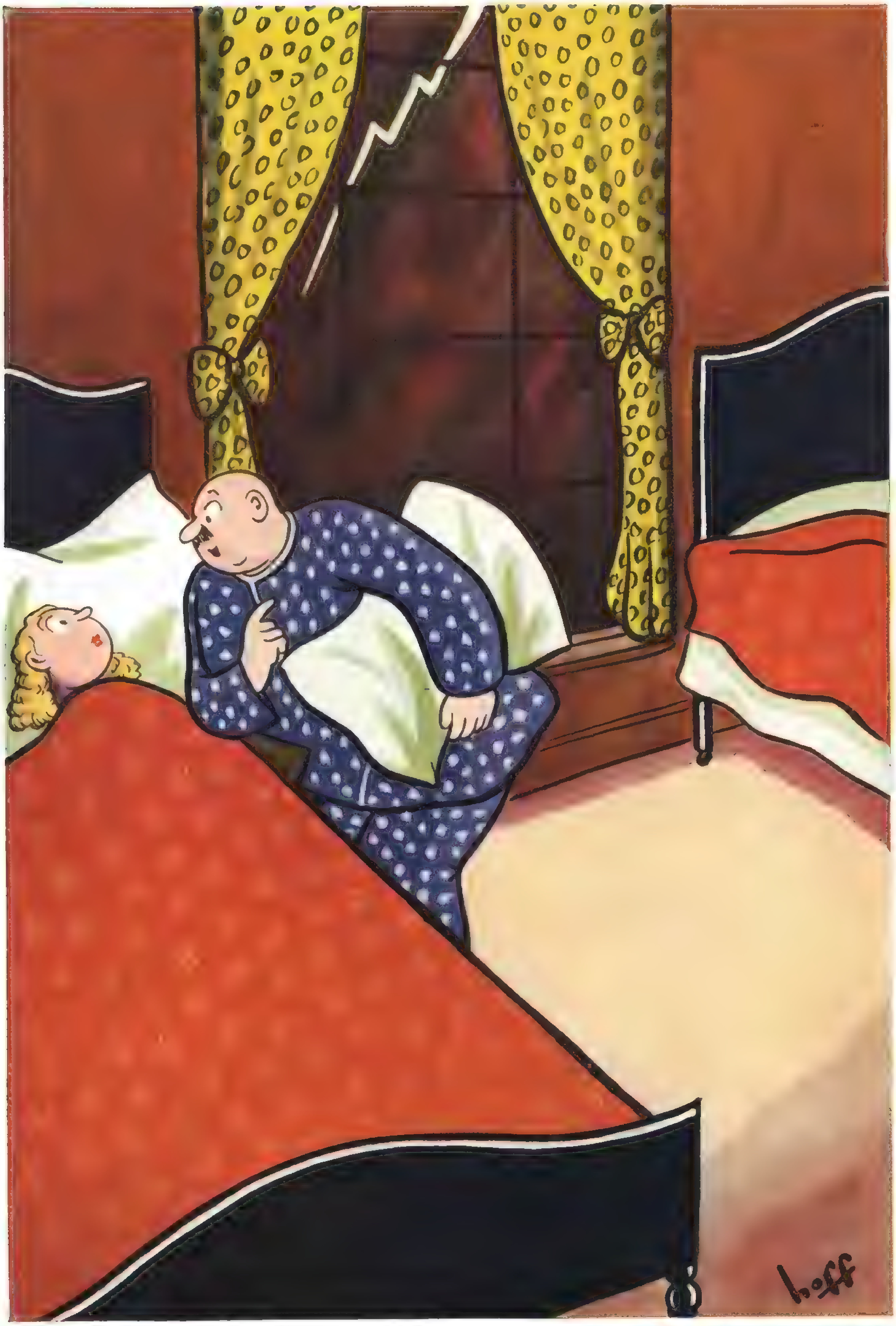
Had I complete faith in education, I should hope more confidently than I do that this film from the panorama of irrationality would reduce the ranks of its dupes or addicts. But wish ever compromises with wisdom; people want to believe these promising, but not fulfilling, grandiose solutions. The belief is often a half-belief, just a lingering suspicion that such old faiths with so many believers cannot be all "wet." Or it may be a phase of what George Eliot called the "right to private haziness."

I know likewise that the constant bombardment of bold, if wild, assertion and the inexpertness of the undisciplined mind in even the elementary ways of logic, together with that overweighting of personal experience which was pointed out by Bacon as an idol four centuries ago, add to the confusion. However, I retain the hope that the realization of the moronic inconsequence, the vapidity of argument, the indulgence in superstition which run through the pseudologies, and the fraud behind so much of them, will make the sensible pause before giving even a flicker of assent to the suggestion that there may be something in them after all. Nobody wants to be everybody's fool. #



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"A little trifle I picked up in Egypt, dear"



"But, darling—the lightning frightens me"

For Madmen Only

Continued from page 83

He has, however, one other means of controlling his toboggan. Screwed to the bottom of each of his shoes, projecting beyond the toe, is a sharply-pointed steel rake, fan-shaped. His legs trail behind him, so that he can, when need arises, drag these rakes along the ice surface, using them to check speed or to aid in shifting direction.

A racing rider, however, never uses his rakes for braking, because they slow him up; he uses one or another of them dexterously, as a kind of rudder, to help him round a curve. The less he rakes, the faster he goes, of course. The novice, however, is exhorted to use the rakes to his heart's content.

Accidents on *The Cresta* occur, in almost every case, from recklessness. There is always the temptation, when one is trying to break a speed record, to cut corners—or, in other words, to save time by hitting the banks as late as possible, instead of anticipating them.

On *The Cresta*, however, it really doesn't pay. The consequences are too disagreeable. Accidents are of two kinds. There is, first of all, the danger of a spill inside the Run itself. This may result from banging too hard against the banks.

This, too, may result from going into a side-skid and turning over. Col. Thoma-Badrutt, one of the few surviving great pioneer Cresta-riders, says that in time a good rider learns how to fall. Thoma ought to know. He has taken some two hundred falls himself and somehow survived all of them. The most important thing to learn in falling is to get rid of your toboggan.

When you fall, shove it to one side, or shove it ahead of you. *But don't leave it behind.* If it falls behind you, it may smash your ribs in, or its steel runners may lop off a hand or foot. Sliding on ice produces something similar to what wrestlers call a mat-burn; there is no kind of injury yet devised by human malevolence which is as painful.

But we have yet to look at the other type of accident. It is, as a matter of fact, not pretty to look at.

The really harrowing danger in riding *The Cresta* lies in going over one of the banks and crashing outside the Run. This comes to about the same thing as bailing out of an airplane without a parachute. The Club makes a nice propitiatory gesture toward the gods by putting a good deal of straw outside the turns; this is a help no doubt—if you happen to land in the straw. If you don't . . . . Well, the first really bad series of curves on the way down is called Church Leap. Shoot over this and you land neatly among the tombstones of the little St. Moritz cemetery. And, in all probability, that is where you stay. The gray stone crosses are visible from the Run, quiet cautioners.

There have been lives lost—and there have been miraculous escapes from death on these grim Cresta corners. One of the most difficult turns is called Battledore. Three times within the history of the Club riders have shot over its embankment. The first two never lived to tell about it. Last winter, however, Fred McAvoy, an Australian, lost control of his toboggan at this point. He was wearing glasses and they became fogged. Sled and all, he hurtled at full speed over the steep bank, his rakes vainly grinding up the ice behind him. There was a sickened gasp from the little crowd of onlookers. Men hurried down the slope to do what little they could do.

And then, dramatically, Mr. McAvoy's corpse sat up. He looked round him thoughtfully. "Well, boys," he remarked with quiet affability, "I hope one of you got a picture of that. I just did it for the movies."

The corner immediately after Battledore is called, to the astonishment of practically nobody, Shuttlecock. The two are so close together that only experts can negotiate the necessary change of position at high speed.

Shuttlecock is not quite so homicidal as Battledore, and a good many riders have, at one time or another, taken the dive over it.

There is, in fact, a club known as "Shuttlecock," founded four years ago, and with a membership already of twenty-one. It gives an annual dinner during the racing season—the maddest of all St. Moritz parties—to which prospective members are invited. The only requirement for admission to the club is to have gone over Shuttlecock. And, of course, to have survived it.

That fatal or serious accidents are as infrequent as they actually have been in a sport essentially so dangerous as *The Cresta* is due to the elaborate precautions on which the Club insists. To guard against falls, every rider is required to wear a special costume.

This consists, first of all, of a heavy leather crash helmet, not unlike the headguard worn by college football players. A chin-guard is also prescribed. It is not hard to understand the importance of this chin-guard, if you bear in mind that the rider's face, when he is whisking down that runway at eighty miles an hour, is just about four inches above the ice.

Heavy elbow and heavy knee pads are worn to protect him from the sides of the run, which he often scrapes along or hits with tremendous force. His hands are gloved in thin, supple leather, the back of the hand protected by a kind of round aluminum basket which looks like the hilt of a duelling sword.

The Run itself has gradually been improved during the fifty years of its existence, its curves and banks scientifically perfected. For the past thirty-three years, the building of the Run each season has been under the supervision of Col. Thoma-Badrutt. The advancements in construction have diminished the number of accidents and brought about also a lowering of speed records. Where, in the early days, two minutes was considered fast time for the course, anything over a minute stands small chance in competition today. It takes about a month to build and condition *The Cresta* for racing. Generally it is opened toward the end of December—but only in part. The lower third, from Stream Corner to the bottom, is put into use first. A little later, the second third is opened from a point known as Junction. The entire Run from the Top is usually not ready for riding until late in January.

Riders who wish to compete in further races must first qualify from Stream Corner down, then on the two-thirds from Junction. A rider who has not made the descent from Junction in any previous season is called a novice. One who has not ridden from the Top is known as a freshman.

Each of the three sections of the Run has its races and its valued trophies. *The Cresta* is, of course, essentially a test of speed — a race against the electric chronograph which meticulously records times down to tenths of seconds. Race mornings are colorful and fevered.

Races ordinarily are run at about nine-thirty or ten o'clock, because then the ice surface is glassily perfect. Only real fans are willing to get up early enough and to brave the cold in order to watch.

Cresta-riders, like most other men who choose to risk their necks for pleasure—or for profit—are curiously superstitious. It is a part of the Cresta ritual that no one must speak to a rider before he makes his run. Even among the onlookers themselves there are only occasional whispered phrases. The flag on the signal tower goes up to show that the Run is clear and ready for a start. There is the tingling, quiet instant of expectancy; then the long, collective "A-a-a-h," still almost whispered, when the flag drops. The rider is off.

Col. Thoma-Badrutt tells a story about a woman who stopped him once just as he was getting ready to make a start. She held a camera in her hands and she smiled up at him bewitchingly. "Would you mind going over one of the banks this time?" she asked eagerly. "I'd like so much to get a good picture of a fall."

The most important of the races from Junction is for the Curzon Cup, presented in 1910 by the Hon. F. N. Curzon to replace the Ashbourne Cup won outright by Thoma. On the evening before this race a Ball is held in the famous Embassy Room of the Palace Hotel, and the Curzon Cup Auction Sweep is sold. Bidding for the names of favored riders often becomes very brisk and runs to thousands of dollars. W. R. Fiske of New York, whose name last winter brought the highest bid, carried off the Cup and with it the Bacon Speed Cup for the fastest single course ever run.

The racing season is ended each year with the running of the Grand National from the Top. It was won this past winter for the fourth time in succession by Captain J. S. Coats of Great Britain. He took also the Morgan Cup and the Bott Cup for the fastest single runs from Top and must be classed as the outstanding Cresta-rider of today.

The Cresta has, of course, its list of heroes of the past. Col. Thoma-Badrutt says that the greatest rider of all time was J. A. Bott, who was five times winner of the Grand National. The point is debatable. Thoma himself took the Ashbourne Cup six times and in 1909 retired it from competition by three straight wins. He also managed to interrupt Bott's string of victories in the Grand National. The late Lt. Valentine Gibbs, R. N., killed during the raid on the Moll at Zeebrugge, stands also among the greatest in *The Cresta's* history. American riders have been few in number, but distinguished in performance. Ralph Pulitzer did some very sensational riding back in 1895 had has donated the Pulitzer Horn. C. E. Bacon of Boston was the Curzon Cup winner in 1911 and is the donor of the Bacon Speed Cup. And among the crack riders today are Billy Fiske, Jack Heaton, who five times won the speed cup from the Top and holds the all-time record of 58 seconds, and Harry Hays Morgan, one of the Club's notedly daring and skillful riders for the past dozen years and now its President.

The Cresta Club has no real problem as to limiting membership. It remains scrupulously exclusive by the operation of natural law. Anyone who goes to St. Moritz may join it. He need have only the inclination—that quality of temperament which scorns the quiet ways. *The Cresta* will reward him with the sportsmanship to be found in keen competition with gentlemen who will venture for fun what they would never, perhaps, venture for mere fame or fortune. It will reward him with the experience of fresh and rare and thrilling sensations to be encountered in combating great danger with great daring and great skill. #

Speed the Parting Guest

Continued from page 59

others who are unfortunate enough to attract his type. In my rancor towards the *genus spongeae* I find that I have overlooked a very obvious and simple fact — that guests are not any more anxious to visit than hosts are to have them call.

Jack meets Phil on the street. "Well, I'm a cockeyed rhinoceros if it ain't Phil! How are you Phil?"

"Jack, you old hunk o' horse's mildew, how are you, Jack? Bless my gall stones, it's really Jack!"

"Where you been keeping yourself, Phil?"

"Oh, I just been around, Jack."

"Thought you was coming out to see me and the wife. You're a fine one, Phil."

"Dot and me have talked about you a thousand times. We'll sure come up to see you soon. How's Jen?"

"Jen's swell. She'll be tickled when I tell her you and Dot's coming up. Number's in the phone book."

"Okey doke, Jack. We'll make it real soon. Fine. We'll have a million laughs. Got to hustle, Jack."

"Make it next week, Phil. Best to Dot."

"Best to Jen. So long, Jack."

"Toodle-oo, Phil."

Overheard in Jack's home that evening:

Jack: I met Phil on the street today and asked him and his wife to come and see us.

Jen: Is his wife the one with the pimples?

Jack: Yes. I only met her once. I think she's a little nuts, too.

Jen: If they come here you'll have to entertain them. I'll be sick.

Jack: I hope they don't come. I hardly know 'em.

Jen: Why did you ask them?

Jack: Search me.

Overheard in Phil's home the same evening:

Phil: Met Jack on the street today. He asked us to call.

Dot: You mean Jack, the one who wears his hat so funny?

Phil: Yes. Did you ever meet his wife?

Dot: Yes, once. I sat next to her at a party and she kept using my butter. She's terrible.

Phil: Bill's a short sale. I don't know him very well.

Dot: Did you say we'd go to see them?

Phil: Sure.

Dot: Why?

Phil: Search me.

Of course, visiting should be abolished altogether. But, inasmuch as this is not practical because certain people are many years behind in repaying calling obligations that were contracted by their grandparents several generations ago, I believe that visiting should be limited as much as possible to the very rich. A rich man can build a very large and comfortable guest house at a far corner of his estate where his guests can come and enjoy themselves without ever meeting him. This will be mutually delightful. #

The Amateur

Continued from page 61

and once, after Vezina took one of the kid's bullet drives with his hand, the old boy started shaking the hand from the wrist and I guess he felt it plenty. He had Benoit tied up too, as safe as if he had him in a gunnysack. Benny couldn't move ten feet before the kid would swoop down on him from nowhere and poke the puck away from him. You never saw such speed. The boys bumped him around a bit, too, but he stuck to his knitting and didn't pay any attention.

In the dressing room after the practice I was studying the weight chart to see how the boys were coming along and I looked up and there was Benoit. Everybody was moving around, going in or coming out of the showers and all kidding and laughing, but Benny was just standing there looking. He was waiting for his turn on the rubbing board and he hadn't a stitch on except the towel he had in his hand. His face was dirty where he'd been sweating and he looked pretty old and tired. Then I saw that he was looking at young Hawke. The kid hadn't bothered to have a rub; I guess he didn't feel that he needed one. His hair was neatly combed and he looked as fresh as if he'd just got up. I waited around for Benny and walked back to the hotel with him.

"I'm not as young as I used to be, Dave," Benny said when we were outside the rink. "I know that now for sure."

"You mean on account this kid, Hawke?" I said right out. I didn't want Benny to start worrying about it. "He's a flash, isn't he?"

"Right now he's faster than anybody playing hockey," Benny said. "Take that from me because I'm out there and I know."

"Don't worry about him, Benny. There's room for both of you on this team. You got a couple of years good hockey in you yet and you can teach him plenty if you want to."

"Sure, I'll help him, Dave." Benny said. "I haven't got anything against him. I kind of like the kid from what I've seen of him. But I'm sure glad I had enough sense to save my money so's I got a business to go into when I have to quit the game."

That was about the way they all felt about him. He fitted in swell with the bunch right from the start. He didn't get fat in the head and he was always willing to listen to advice. Benny put in a lot of time with him, showing him how to work inside a defense and how to pick his spots to shoot. Young Chick improved wonderfully fast when Benny started to work on him. It was a funny thing, but the better the kid got the better Benny liked it, and there wasn't much doubt that he was going to displace Benny as first-string centre before the season was far gone. Four days before the season opened we broke up the camp.

The morning we got into Montreal there was snow on the ground and on the roofs of the buildings. It seemed as if we'd suddenly walked into the middle of winter. I took the kid in a taxi up to Charlie Boucher's place. He was looking out at the snow and the traffic and the buildings, and I guess it all looked pretty strange to him. Charlie's missus runs a boarding house on Hutchinson Street and they fixed him up in no time.

"How you going to like it, Chick?" I asked him just before I left. We were in his room and he had begun to unpack.

"It's the biggest town I've ever seen, Manager," the kid said. "But I think I'm going to like it fine."

"Well, that's St. Catherine Street down there," I said, pointing south, "just so's you don't get mixed up. I'll see you at the Forum for practice. Charlie'll run you out."

That "Manager" stuff was funny. He didn't like to call me mister after hearing the old players call me Dave, but I guess he thought it'd sound fresh if he started right in calling me Dave. He had to call me something, so he began calling me Manager, and after a while it got to be such a habit he never called me anything else.

The Forum was jammed to the rafters the night of the opener. We were in the dressing room waiting for the word to go out and the crowd got kind of impatient and started to stamp their feet over our heads. It was like being under a bridge when a train's going by. The kid was sitting alone at the end of a bench. He was all dressed and he looked kind of pale and every now and again he'd stop chewing his gum and swallow hard. Then the referee stuck his head in the door and called, "Ready to go in five minutes, boys!" Everybody jumped up and started to stalk out stiffly on their skates and one or two of them stopped to scuff the blades on the wood so they wouldn't be too sharp and stick to the ice. Benny came up behind Chick and put an arm around his shoulder.

"How you feeling, kid?" Benny asks him. "Nervous?"

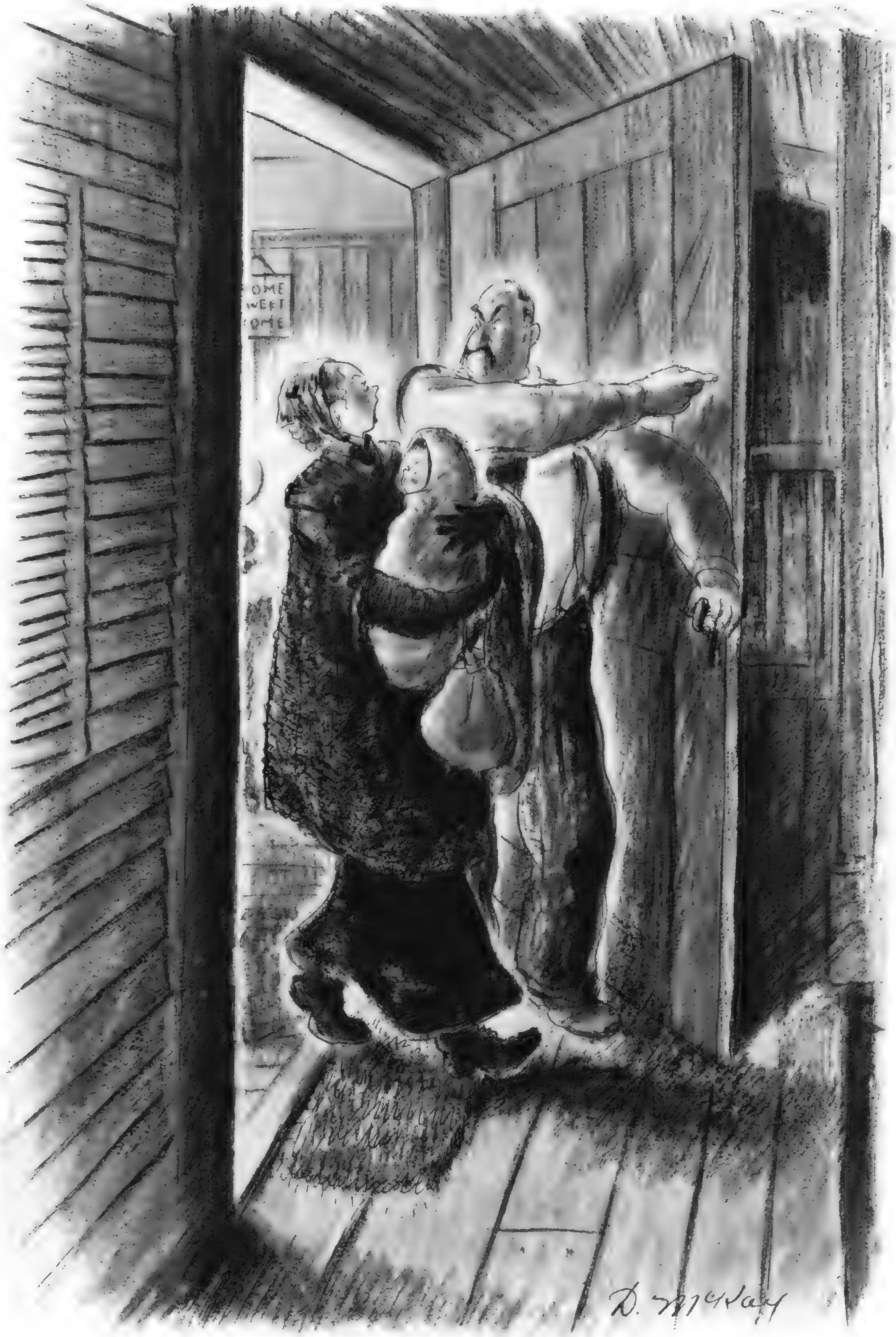
The kid went to speak but he couldn't; his lips moved but he couldn't make a sound. Benny started to laugh and smacked him on the back. "Listen, son," he says. "It's just another hockey game. There'll be another one night after next and pretty near every third night all winter. It'll get just like eating your meals. Just go in there like you were at a practice and forget that mob. They're with you anyway."

Benny started the game. I kept the kid on the bench until I made the first substitutions after five minutes of the period had gone by. The crowd wasn't prepared for him at all. He'd joined the team late and there hadn't been much talk about him in the papers. After he'd been out there a minute or two and had his bearings he started to go. We were playing the Boston Bruins. They were a big rugged bunch with no particular spark but always tough because they kept plugging away. The kid would go down with the wings and they'd take their shot, then he'd turn and race back and be waiting for the return rush. You never saw such skating. The Bruins got exactly one shot at Vezina while the kid was on. All their attacks were breaking up against him somewhere in middle ice. After five minutes I took him off and the crowd had found out his name and gave him a big hand when he jumped through the gate. After that I put him on every time I switched forward lines and he played a bang-up game right through, though the Bruins went after him with body-checks every time he started a rush. He took it all without a break and never forgot for a minute that he was out there to play hockey. Every time he went on the crowd started to yell. Then in the last five minutes he scored two goals that were classics, skating the length of the rink and drawing the goalie out just the way Benny had taught him and flipping the puck into an empty net.

By the time the game was over, everybody knew what a hockey player we had, and Wilson came into the dressing room with his coon coat on and a cigar in his mouth and shook hands with the kid. That was something I'd never seen happen before.

We won the Stanley Cup that year and the kid had a wonderful season. The newspaper stuff didn't get to him either and he was the easiest guy in the world to handle. He loved playing hockey and he was proud to be playing for the Canadiens, and half the time he seemed to think there was something wrong that he should be having such a good time and getting paid for it. He was crazy about Montreal, too, and he got more fun out of just walk-

Continued on page 124


OME
WEET
OME
D. McKay

"Don't point, father. It's not polite!"

The Amateur

Continued from pages 61-122

ing around and looking in store windows than most guys get out of throwing money around. I asked Charlie Boucher once what the kid did when the team was home. Charlie said as far as he knew he just bummed around looking at people in the big hotel lobbies and occasionally going for a walk down by the waterfront or up on the mountain. Sometimes he had a few of the boys in for a game of cards, Charlie said, and once or twice he'd taken Mimi, that's Charlie's kid, to a picture show.

The club had had a big year financially and Wilson threw a dinner for the boys after they won the Stanley Cup. Everybody had to say something, even if it was just two or three words. When Chick's turn came and he stood up, his eyes were bright and his face was kind of flushed. He likes a drink just like anybody else, but he never really was much of a drinking man. Anyway, he blurted out how the Canadiens had always been his ideal team even before there was ever any thought of him playing professional hockey and what a thrill it was when he actually found himself playing for them, and he finished up by saying that he hoped in his career as a hockey player he would never play for anybody else. The whole room was quiet for a minute, because it was a cinch how much he meant everything he said, and then when the applause died down Wilson got up at the head of the table and said he thought we should all be inspired by what Chick had said. He talked on for a little while and then came back to Chick again and said that as far as he was concerned Chick could play for the club just as long as he liked. Everybody looked at Chick then, and he was sitting there looking happy enough to cry.

It was a couple of days after the dinner that Benny called me up. "Couldn't you get Chick something to do in town, Dave?" he asked me. "You know everybody. There's nothing for the kid to do back in that hick town he comes from."

"Well," I said, "Wilson has an interest in a couple of racetracks around here. Some of the boys have had jobs there with the pari-mutuels. How would he like that?"

"He'll do anything," Benny said. "Just so long as he's working."

Well, he got eight weeks work at the tracks that summer, so he didn't do so bad. Then it was time to think about hockey again and Wilson called me in to discuss the new contracts with him. He had Benny slated for a thousand-dollar cut.

"That's an awful big cut," I said. "What makes you think he'll take it?"

"He knows he's slipping," Wilson said. "And he knows we don't have to depend on him as much as we used to."

"You mean on account of young Hawke?"

"That's it," he said, looking hard at me.

"And what about Hawke?"

"I got him figured for a three-hundred dollar raise."

"That's only eighteen hundred dollars," I said.

"Yes," Wilson said flatly.

"You'll never get away with it," I told him. "He'll be the biggest thing in hockey this year and you know it."

"Yes," said Wilson, "I know it but he doesn't. Anyway he's only a kid and that's a lot of money."

"All right," I said. "It's your own business."

I was sore the way I'm always sore when I talk money to Wilson. Every year we have the same discussion and every year it's the same thing.

"I'm only the president of this club," Wilson says, trying to defend his stand. "I got to report to my directors and I got to show a profit to my shareholders."

Everybody knows that Wilson owns more than fifty percent of the club's stock. I didn't say anything more then, but before the contracts went out I got in touch with Benny.

"They're docking you a thousand bucks, Benny," I told him, not liking to look at him. He'd been with the club a long time.

"I was expecting that, Dave," Benny said, not very surprised. "It was just a question of how much in my mind. I thought they might make it five hundred. A thousand's pretty stiff."

"It sure is."

"I'll hold out for a five-hundred cut," Benny said. "I'm as good a bluffer as Wilson and this is my last year anyway. I'm pretty near through and I'm pretty well fixed. The brother and I have that garage business."

"You're a friend of young Chick's, Benny," I said. "I'm in the wrong spot to say anything, but Wilson's going to give him a raw deal if he can get away with it. He's offering him eighteen hundred bucks for the season."

"Eighteen hundred bucks!" Benny said, as if he didn't believe it. "Why, that's crazy. The kid's the biggest draw in the league right now. Why, that's less than I'll be getting even with the cut."

It seemed as though he was sorer about Chick's contract than his own. "You leave it to me," he said. "I'll wise the kid up."

That night when we were at the table the phone rang. The wife got up to answer. She came back in a minute and said, "It's for you. I think it's one of your hockey players." It was Benny calling to say he had been talking to Chick and was having a hard time trying to give him the right slant on the business. What the kid had said was that he didn't want to make any trouble and he'd sooner play for the Canadiens than maybe play for somebody else and draw five hundred dollars more. Wilson had sure figured him right.

"Well," I said to Benny, "that's out. He's got to be shown, that's all. Wilson knows the kid likes playing hockey so much he'd play for nothing and he knows how proud he is to be with this club. Tell him to ask for three thousand and don't let him sign for longer than a year. He'll have a big season and he can bump it again next year."

Well, a couple of days later I read in the papers where all the Canadiens had returned their signed contracts except Hawke and Benoit. There was something about it on the sporting pages every day for a while. I didn't worry. I knew Wilson was trying to play Chick for a sucker and I knew Benny would sign eventually. A couple of days before we left for Brant, Wilson gave in, just like I knew he would.

I guess that was Chick's biggest year. He had learned a lot the year before and he knew when to save himself and when to turn it on. He led the league in goal-scoring and I guess there wasn't much doubt by the time April rolled around that he was the most valuable man in hockey.

Chick stayed in town again that summer. He got his old job back at the tracks, and he signed with a number of sporting goods firms to endorse their skates and sticks and gloves and a lot of other stuff.

He was hanging around Benny's garage a lot and Benny was practically handling the whole thing for him. That year he got a contract for five thousand dollars. Wilson didn't like it much, but he knew the other clubs would have been glad to pay it.

The fans all around the loop were crazy about Chick. He had a flair that dazzled the big crowds and he sure was playing grand hockey; I guess they'll never come any better.

Then, one day well on in the season, Wilson phoned to say he had some business to discuss with me in the office.

"New York would like to get Hawke for next year," he said, coming out flat-footed. "They'll pay thirty thousand dollars for him."

"You're not thinking of selling him," I said, kind of panicky, though I knew that was just what he was thinking of doing.

"Thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money," Wilson said. He was always using that expression "a lot of money."

"Well," I said, "you're a business man. If he's worth thirty thousand to them maybe he's worth it to us."

"That's what I want your opinion about," says Wilson. "Is he worth that much to us? He'll want more money again next year. Don't forget that."

"Yes," I said, "he will want more money next year and he's worth every nickel he gets. The team draws well at home. Why? Because Hawke happens to be the most popular player this town ever had."

"Well," he says, "you think it would be a mistake to sell him?"

"I don't think it, I know it."

"All right," he says. "We won't then. Not now anyway."

Well, that summer Chick got married. He married Charlie Boucher's girl, Mimi. I guess it had been going on for quite a while and now with his advertising contracts and everything he looked pretty well set. They didn't even move out of Charlie's place. You know the way the French are, how they like to keep the family together even after the kids are married.

Well, after that, Mrs. Boucher stopped taking in boarders and fixed up the top floor as a flat. Chick and Mimi lived there. He didn't go after his old job at the tracks again. Some friend had fixed it up for him as a special agent for one of the insurance companies. I heard he was doing pretty well at it. He had a big following. Benny had quit hockey, but he and Chick were still great pals.

It was a good thing for Chick, too, because Benny always was hard-headed and knew just what everything was worth in dollars and cents, which is something the kid never knew.

The next year Chick began to draw the top salary the league allowed and he was the most publicized man in the game. You remember how it got to be there for five or six years. You never thought of the Canadiens without right away you thought of Chick Hawke, and you never heard his name or saw his picture without thinking of the Canadiens. He was playing swell hockey, too, until that time in Chicago last year when he collided with the goal post and broke his leg. That put him out for the rest of the season.

Well, last fall when it came time to line up the contracts again, I was having the usual discussion with Wilson in his office.

"How do you think Hawke'll go this year?" Wilson asked me.

"Just the same," I said. "Why shouldn't he?"

"Well," says Wilson, swinging around in his swivel chair, "that bum leg. You remember when Petch broke his leg, what he was like afterwards. He wasn't a hockey player any more. Every time he was out there after that he should have been skating to a band."

"Ah, hell," I said, "that's only one guy. He was never in Chick's class anyway."

"I don't know," he says. "New York'd still like to have Hawke.

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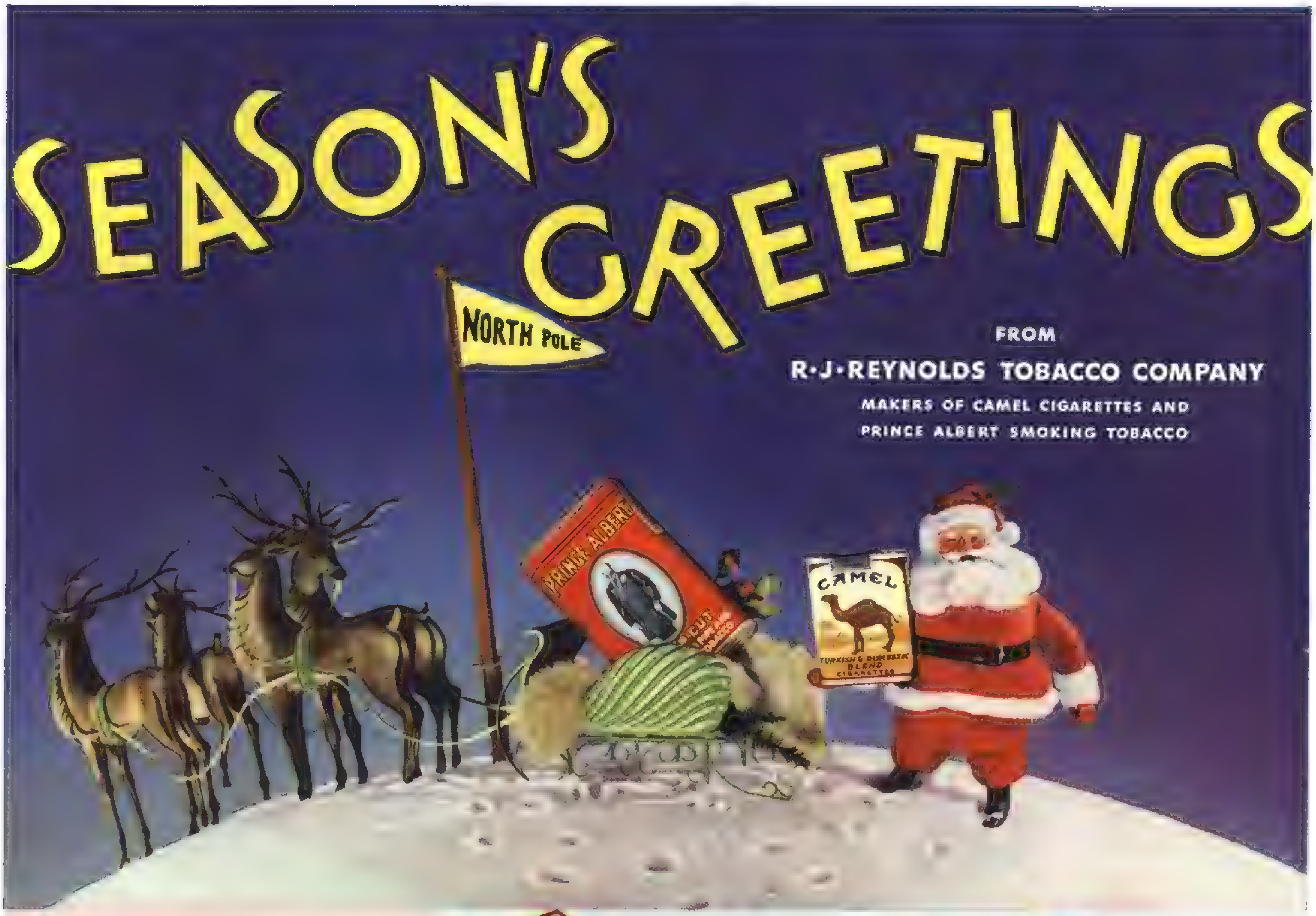
SEASON'S GREETINGS
NORTH POLE
FROM
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MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
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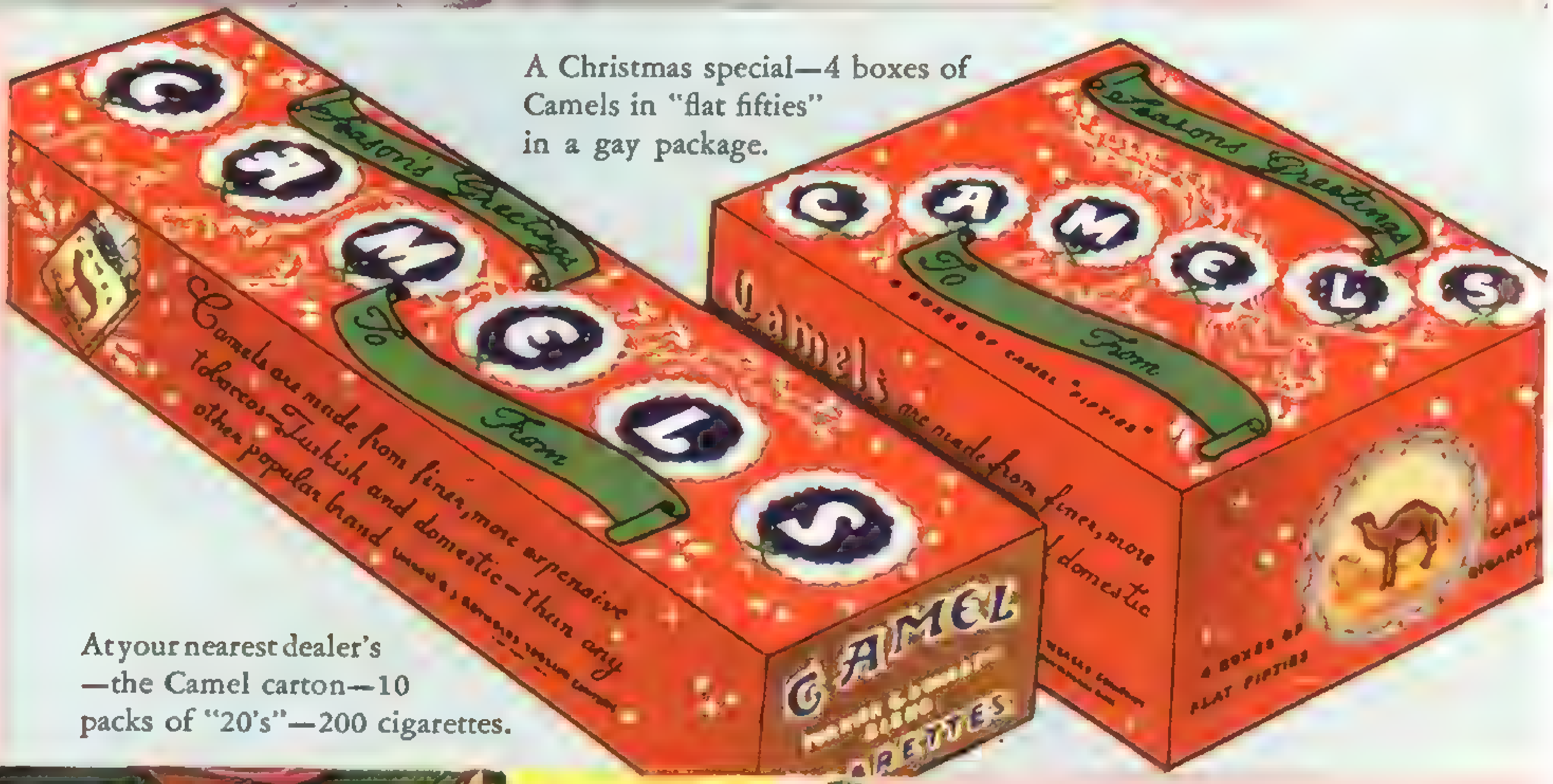
Season's Greetings
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To
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Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and domestic—than any other popular brand
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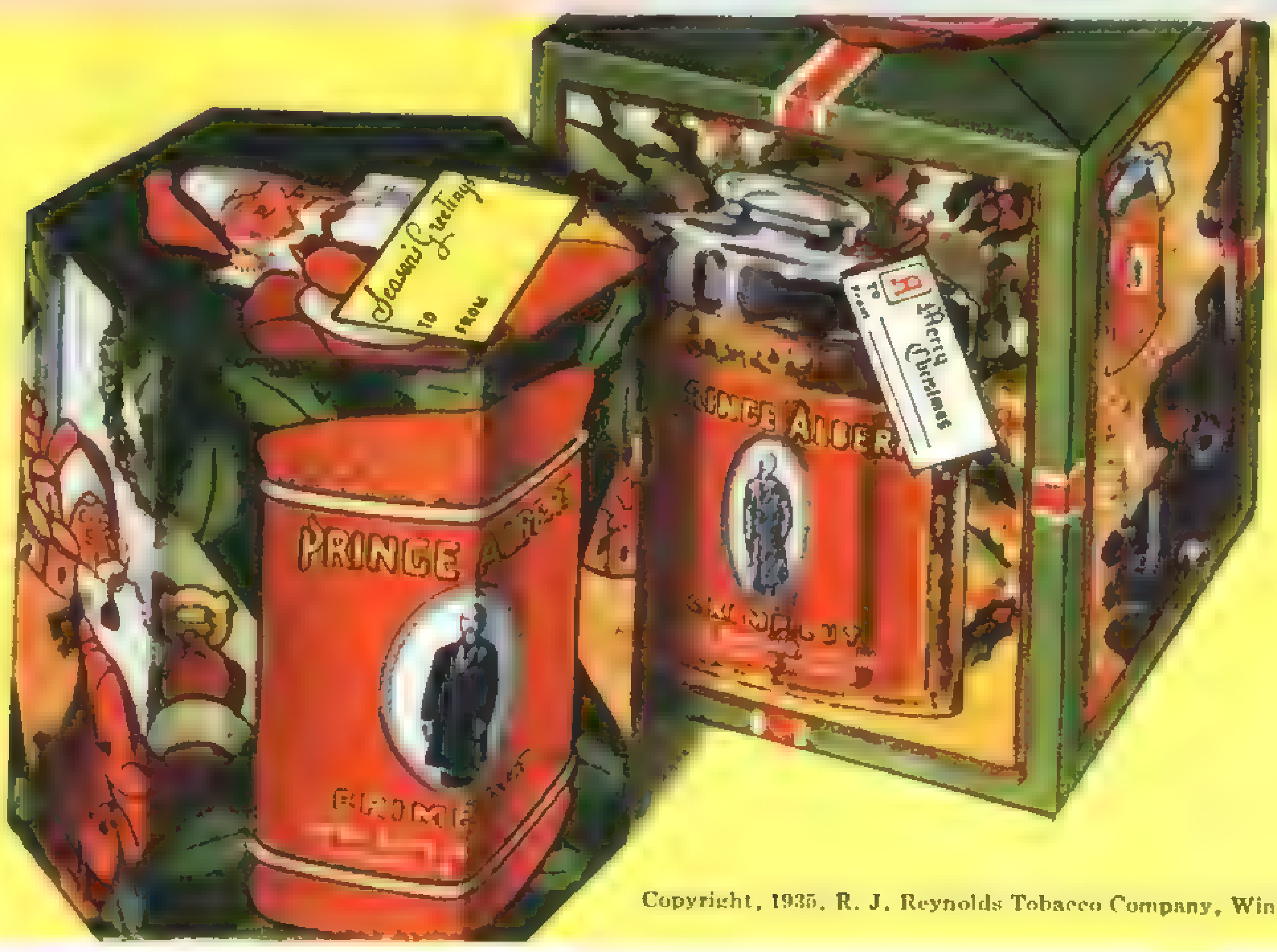
A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties" in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package.


Season's Greetings
To
From
Merry Christmas
PRINCE ALBERT

A full pound of Prince Albert, in a real glass humidor that keeps P. A. in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco.

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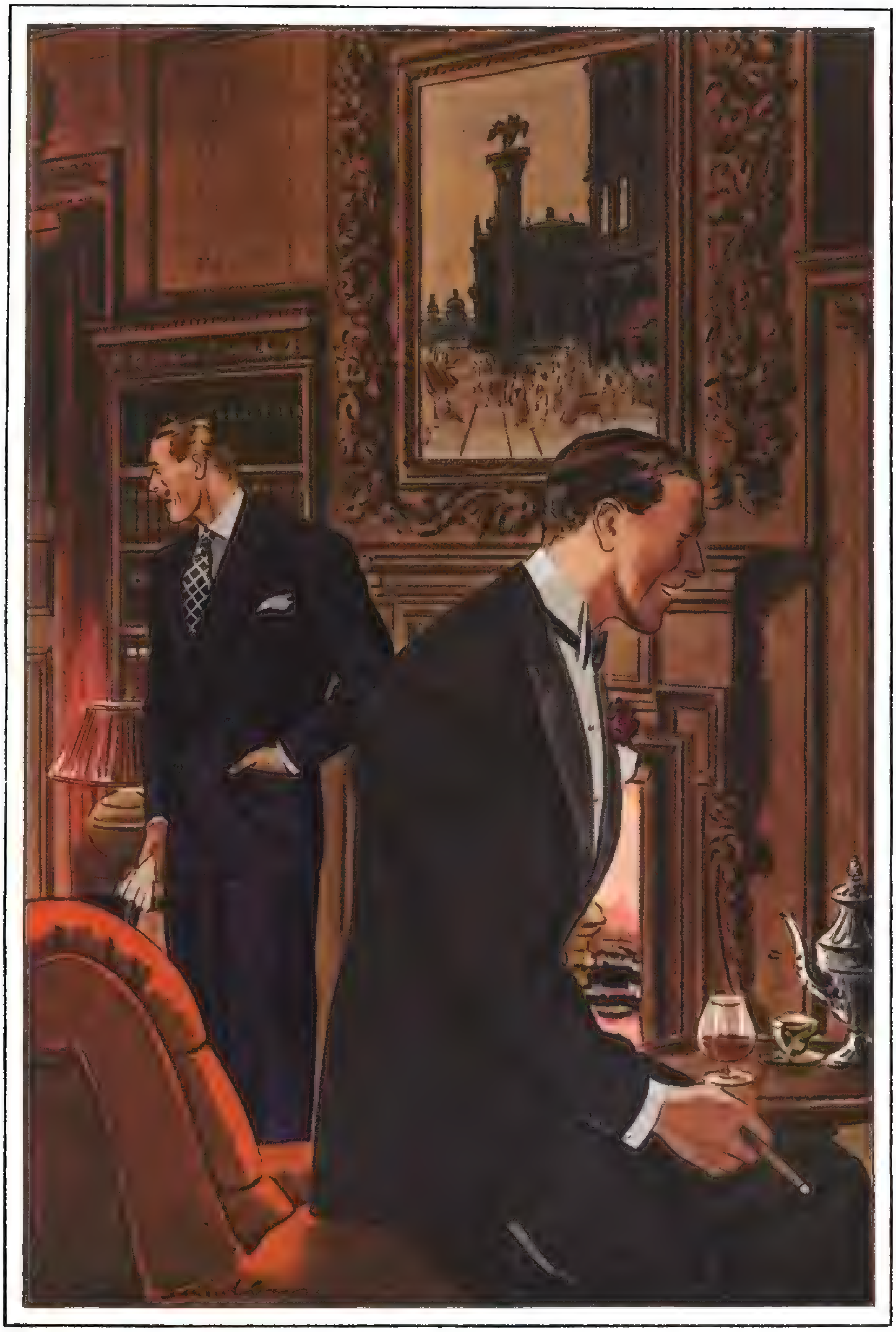

AS DAY MEETS NIGHT IN A LONDON CLUB

This slice of London life was caught and preserved by Mr. Saalburg's sketch in one of the venerable clubs in St. James' Square. Thus, be there never a place where East meets West, there is at least a time when the day's blue-grey meets the black of the night, to prove, if nothing else, that all the blades and bloods of London do not change their clothes, Cinderella-like, at any given stroke of the clock. The double breasted is a clear worsted in a fine herringbone pattern, with the characteristic long lapel roll, worn with a blue broadcloth shirt with starched cuffs and collar, a very dark grey Spitalsfield tie, plain black shoes, yellow chamois gloves and, typical touch, a black Homburg hat. Noteworthy details of the other outfit are the plain gold studs, the high wing collar and the dark red carnation, fashion's hardy perennial. His hat could be either a black Homburg or an opera hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Amateur

Continued from pages 61-122-124

He isn't a kid any longer but they'd still pay plenty G's for him. That's a lot of money."

"Sure," I said, "and you'd sell him too. After all he's done for this club."

"Why not?" he says.

"Because you'll break his heart, that's why. He's no ordinary hockey player. You know how he loves this team. Even the fans know that."

"But damn it, man," Wilson says, getting red in the face "this is business. Not romance."

Well, we didn't say any more just then. My temper was getting away on me and I had just enough sense to know that when you're sore is the wrong time to talk business. So I shut up.

Well, you remember how it all broke in the papers that day. The morning papers had the story about him being sold to New York and then the late afternoon editions had it about him retiring from hockey. They'd all been around to see him and quoted him as saying that he wouldn't report to New York. Then they had a couple of columns about his career and his goal-scoring record and all the rest of it right up to the time of the accident.

When I saw the morning papers I tried to get in touch with Wilson, but his office said he had gone to New York. I thought about it all day and I didn't know exactly what to do. I wanted to see Chick, yet I didn't like to go near him when I knew how he must be feeling. Finally, after supper that night, I got the car and drove down to Benny's garage. Benny was filling up a man's car.

"I'll be through in a minute," Benny said when he saw me.

The customer drove away and Benny went into the office to register the sale. Then he took off that greasy duster he wears around the garage and went over to the sink and began washing his hands.

"Where's Chick?" I asked him.

"Home," he said. "I'm going up there now."

"All right, I'll drive you. I want to see him too."

When we got in the car Benny said, "That horse-trader, Wilson. He'd sell his soul for a five-cent piece."

"Are all these newspaper stories true?"

"Sure," Benny said disgustedly. "He won't go. He's crazy. What the hell does it matter now who he plays for? But try and tell him that."

Well, we went up and rang the bell outside Chick's flat and that little Mimi that he married comes to the door. She says yes, Chick's in, but he didn't want to see anybody.

I guess he was sick of talking to the reporters. Then she saw Benny behind me and she said, "Oh, it's you, Benny," and stood aside for us to go in. Chick's sitting in the front room in his shirt sleeves.

"Hello, Manager," he says, looking pretty solemn. "Hello, Benny. Find yourselves a chair."

We all sat around for a minute and then I tried to tell him that he'd be foolish to turn down that soft dough he can make in the next few years with New York.

"No," he says, setting his jaw. "I'm not going and that's final."

"Chick's not going to leave Montreal," his little wife says. "He can make a living selling insurance."

Nobody said anything for a minute and then Benny says, "Yes, maybe he can make a living selling insurance. But he'd make a lot more playing hockey right now. You can't get away from that."

"I'm not playing hockey against the Canadiens," Chick says, "and I don't give a damn about the money. I got enough to keep me going for a while and I got to make the break sometime anyway."

"Well," Benny says, "if the Canadiens pulled anything like that on me I wouldn't be so anxious to play for them. I'd go where I was wanted and where I could get the jack and I'd have a lot of fun trying to beat them."

"The Canadiens didn't pull anything on me," Chick says, looking down at his shoes.

"No?" says Benny. "Well, who did then?"

"Wilson," Chick says in a low voice.

"I don't get it," Benny says, looking at me and shaking his head hopelessly. "Isn't Wilson the Canadiens?"

"No, he isn't," shouts Chick. "Wilson isn't the Canadiens." He jumps up off the chesterfield where he's sitting and the next thing we know he's crying like a baby. "That's what you guys don't understand," he says, choking and crying and his voice breaking. "Wilson's not the Canadiens. Wilson never had a pair of skates on in his life."

Then he sits down again suddenly and puts his head in his hands and that little Mimi sits down beside him and puts her arm around him and starts glaring at us over the curve of his back. After a while, though, he gets everything under control and we begin to talk kind of reasonably again.

"You got to wise up, Chick," Benny says, and while his voice is friendly it's pretty sharp, too. "You can't go on acting like a lousy amateur."

"All right," he says. "All right. Maybe I am a lousy amateur." And he refuses to talk any more about it.

Well, the training season started and Chick wouldn't budge. So, of course, the deal between Wilson and New York was off and Wilson had Chick suspended indefinitely.

We got back to town a couple of days before the season opened and I heard plenty of talk around the Forum; most everybody thought Wilson had pulled a terrible boner. Neither Chick nor Benny came near the rink. Then opening night was on us, and when we left the dressing room to take the ice, that was the first shock.

Instead of the customary fourteen thousand jamming the Forum there were maybe twenty-five hundred people there. The real fans had stayed away and what took place that night was awful; it wasn't like a hockey game at all.

When a smart play was pulled there would be a little polite hand-clapping, and if somebody did yell once in a while, why you could hear it echo like a shout in an empty barn.

I saw Wilson after the game and he was plenty worried. He blamed the papers for the poor crowd and said their riding him over the Hawke deal had kept people away.

So I said, "That's simple enough then. Why not reinstate him?"

"He'll never play in organized hockey again," Wilson answered savagely. "Not as long as I'm alive. He thinks he's bigger than the game itself."

"That's where you're wrong," I said. "He's not a swellhead. He only quit because the game means more to him than just a way to make a living."

We played our next two games before crowds that could have been accommodated in the dressing-room and Wilson knew then that he had to do something. So what does he do but ask the boys from the papers to meet him in his office and then hand them the line about how Chick's retirement is going to hurt the game.

"Retirement?" one of them says. "I thought you suspended him."

And Wilson says, "That's true, I did suspend him. But you understand when a player refuses to report an owner has no choice."

Well, Wilson was smart enough to get out of that fix without looking too bad. Everything he said to the reporters got into the papers just the way he wanted it. It wasn't a question of money at all, he claimed. Chick was an amateur among professionals, he said, sort of like Jack Dempsey or Babe Ruth.

He played because he loved the game and he had his own loyalties. The fans knew this and it set up some kind of special contact between them.

Then he said, look at what happened to boxing when Dempsey retired. It would be a shame if Chick retired, because he really wasn't ready yet, and besides it might do the game a lot of harm in this city.

Well, a few mornings later Chick showed up at the rink for practice. He didn't say much and the gang were so glad to have him back I guess they forgot to ask any questions.

He'd been coaching one of the high school teams and skating about an hour a day and was in pretty good shape.

The night he made his comeback the crowd in the Forum set a new all-time record, and Wilson played his hand for everything it was worth. Just before the game started the referee blew his whistle and waved all the players down to centre ice, and when they got there, Wilson and the mayor stepped out on the ice. Wilson raised his hand and the crowd quieted down and the guy at the loud speaker began to read an announcement Wilson had prepared. The Canadien management, he said, was taking this opportunity to honor the most popular player the club had ever had, a player who represented the finest things in the sport. To perpetuate the spirit he brought to the game the management announced that the number five — that's the number Chick wears on his sweater when he's on the ice—would never be awarded to another Canadien player.

Then the mayor stepped up and presented Chick with a wristwatch and shook hands with him, and the next guy in line to shake his hand was Wilson.

The big crowd loved it. They yelled and cheered and whistled and showered pennies and programs down on the ice and delayed the game still further, and while some attendants were sweeping it up, Chick skated over to the bench and handed me the watch.

"Look after this for me, will you, Manager?" he said.

His expression was absolutely deadpan and you couldn't tell what he was thinking. But what a game he turned in. We shut out Detroit, two to nothing, and all Chick did was to score one of the goals and bottle up their attack so tight they must have thought we had four or five extra men on the ice.

It was a very big evening and everybody went home happy except the visiting team.

Well, about an hour after the game, Chick and Benny and myself were sitting in a restaurant downtown having a late supper.

"That was quite an act Wilson put on," Benny began. "He's getting to be a second Barnum. The big ham!"

"Oh, he's not such a bad guy in his way," Chick said.

"The next thing we know," Benny said, "you'll be telling us what a swell fellow he is."

"I won't either," said Chick. "But why bother about the guy. Suppose he was to die or sell the club tomorrow. It wouldn't make any difference to hockey. It wouldn't affect the Canadiens much. And it certainly wouldn't matter to the public at all." #

Science Takes the Field

Correcting some erroneous impressions regarding the celebrated scent of the fox

by HOLMES ALEXANDER

▪ SPORTS ▪

He was up late last night and early this morning, sniffing the air for frost before bedtime, scanning the sky for fog before breakfast. Either of these natural events, he knows, will give him a holiday or at least an excuse for half-hearted work, but the Huntsman wants neither a day off nor an off-day. His livelihood is to him both an ambition and an enthusiasm; nothing more he asks of life but six days a week to labor and a seventh to keep holy with a late morning sleep in the little cottage which will be his as long as he holds his job.

Breakfast he stows away plentifully, for he will not taste food again till after sunset. If he has children, they have polished his boots; if a wife, she has brushed and cleansed his scarlet coat of yesterday's mire. Thus attired the Huntsman has put on his personality. A servant, he is served; an underling, he is venerated by the very persons who pay his salary. Is he but one step up from the grooms and swipes at the stable? Nevertheless he is "Mister" to them and one of them leads his saddled horse to the cottage door. Is he an unlettered son of sweat and day-labor? Nevertheless half a hundred proud squires of the countryside will be waiting to meet him at the crossroads.

Mounting, he rides across his lawn to the kennel-yard and signals for the attendant to open the gate. The pack, twenty couples of pedigreed stock, tumble about the horse's legs, frisking for joy when he calls them by name. As he moves off down the road toward the meet, which may be from three to twelve miles away, the pack falls in behind and the two whippers-in ride to the rear. They too are in scarlet, but there is no mistaking identities. In a saddle sheaf at the Huntsman's right knee glitters a six-inch silver horn—the badge of his office—but one need not see this to perceive on whose shoulders rests the majesty of authority. Not to notice the horn but to know the Huntsman is to overlook the baton and recognize the bandmaster by the silent command of his gait and mien.

The Huntsman, though, is more than the central figure in the pageant of a fox-hunt. His profession assumes certain things of him; it demands others. It were best, of course, if he be an able-bodied, high-hearted horseman, made and mettled to cross a stiff country from forenoon to nightfall. Yet, oddly enough, courage and equestrian skill need not be his in superlative quality. Jem Hills, who hunted the Heythorp hounds in England for many years, dreaded and rarely forced himself to jump water; another, well known today for the sport he provides, admittedly quails at the sight of five-rail timber and retains an assistant whose chief duty is locating and opening gates. Knowledge of the country and its short-cuts will usually enable a huntsman to put in propitious appearances, and this—coupled with more essential abilities—will suffice him.

For what he cannot be without is less physical prowess than mental alertness. "Hunting's a science and riding an art." So sang one of the chase's many laureates, stooping to truth to moralize his song. The Huntsman is, he must be, a scientist—one closely akin to his cognate of the medical world, the country doctor, whose knowledge is not academic learning but a wisdom gleaned from instinct, observation and adage. There have been books written, formulae compounded, instruments invented to complement the science of the hunt, but the chances are the Huntsman never heard of them. All he knows is the traditional lore passed down from the mouth of one generation to the ear of the next. In most cases science has done no more than vindicate and explain these old proverbs; to the Huntsman they remain the unwritten gospel of his game.

Riding now to the meet, he casts his eye left and right, up and down, taking in omens of the coming chase. If hounds go quietly behind him, he knows it is not because there are no tempting scents to distract them, but because they are eager to be about the business at hand. If he recalls that hounds smelt strong on coming out of kennels this morning, he rejoices at this cheering sign; but if on horseback he can detect other animal odors, he fears that scent will be too high, will blow over the pack's heads. It is bad news for him to see hounds falling out of line to roll on the grass, but it is good news for them to eat the grass and vomit, for then the Huntsman knows they are "lightening ship" in preparation for a strenuous day.

Other symbols give him hints of what to expect. A cold snap in the air will delight him; a thaw underfoot will warn him of blank coverts. If he sees wet stones, if he can count the thorns in the hedge rows, all is well. But let him glimpse a rainbow, let him see cobwebs on the grass or gossamer in the air or smoke rising vertically from a train-funnel, and he prepares for his troubles.

Scientifically all these portents can be explained, and it does not matter that the Huntsman generally has no reason for his prognosis or that he has the wrong one. He need not know that, since warm air rises, scent will be better if the ground is at a higher temperature than the surrounding atmosphere. This would explain why hounds, heated by exercise, roll to cool off. And, since earth holds more constant temperatures than air, a cool, clear day without frost means rising scent; while weather warm enough to cause a thaw means just the reverse. Moist atmosphere—knowable by wet stones—retains odors. Still days—knowable by cobwebs, gossamer and rising smoke—means sluggish, ground-hugging scent.

None of his omens which have to do with atmospheric conditions does the Huntsman try to explain. He regards them frankly as mere useful superstitions. But others, those which concern the actual smell of the fox, he does feel himself equipped to discuss. Undoubtedly he believes (for it is a persistent fallacy even among more literate sportsmen than he) that a fox's scent comes directly from its body; that invisible fumes of odor float obligingly about in the air and mark Reynard's trail. This, as it happens is completely mythical, though the myth serves as well as the truth for practical purposes. As a matter of tested fact the bodily smell of a fox is of negligible help to its pursuers. Even as near-sighted a creature as the hound can often see his prey as far off as he can smell it. The only sure way in which Reynard can be trailed is by the small particles of matter which fall from his body as he runs. The air, passing over these, is tainted with his odor, thus guiding hounds along his track. Nor (to trace down another rumor) does the fox's scent come mostly from his pads. Indelicate as it may seem to his worshippers, Reynard's smell emanates mainly from his anal opening. When he sleeps the fox wraps his brush about himself, thus polluting the rest of his body, so that all particles dropping from him cause a trail.

Naturally, the further he goes the fewer particles remain—which accounts for the well-worked proverb: "Scent fails with a failing fox."

Unbowed by the weight of such bookish learning, the Huntsman arrives at the meet, marking his official entrance into the pageant which his actions will dominate. Already most of the followers have appeared—some in cars, some on horseback, but all in brilliant regalia. Pink coats and top hats outnumber a scattering of tweed and derbys. Ladies, enthroned on side-saddles, sport coronations on their lapels and cockades on their headwear. Children, in miniature finery, order about their patient, smartly-clad grooms. As he passes among this gathering, the Huntsman bows left and right to their greetings, touching his cap less in servility than as if in response to a prima donna's applause. If he has calculated correctly, he will have time to give the pack a ten minute rest, which interval is taken up in conversation with the Master.

Together these two dignitaries discuss the problem immediately confronting them. Which of the several nearby coverts shall be drawn? Probably the suggestions and certainly the final decision will be left to the Huntsman, and once again he calls upon his store of self-learned knowledge. On a bright, shining day he knows Reynard will be sunning himself on the side of some convenient hill; on a chilly one he surmises the fox will be lying in the shelter of a woodland. These, however, are only primary deductions. They must be checked against other prevailing conditions. Perhaps the occasion suggests that a certain hillside be drawn. But the place is infested with game shooters. Perhaps a certain patch of woods is preferable. But there are tree-choppers there. In all probability the Huntsman's final decision will be dictated by his private system of espionage, which all members of his profession maintain. A friendly farmer has phoned in to report having seen a fox in such a place; or the Huntsman remembers putting one to earth there a week or so ago; or he recalls (and all American hunt clubs are guilty of this) that he planted a litter of cubs there last summer.

Whatever their decision the Huntsman takes his nod from the Master, gathers up his hounds and makes for the chosen site. The pack clutters tightly about him, tense for the signal that will send them scampering into covert, and meanwhile he keeps a sharp lookout for rabbits, sight of which may cause even a seasoned pack to break their formation. In his admiration for the foxhound species the Huntsman will rather excuse than accuse this habitual trait. Unschooled in zoölogy, he will hardly credit the professorial opinion which ranks hounds as among the most cowardly of fanged animals. The rabbit, being an herb-eater and a passive victim, is their natural prey, and only the response to intensive training and mob courage urges them to track so resolute a fighter as Reynard. The very smell of his meat-eating spoor is repugnant, and the Huntsman knows even his bravest and best would never think of meeting a fox in single combat.

On the edge of the covert he waves his hand along the horse's flank and speaks sharply to the pack. He is now the general who, having lead his troop to the firing line, assumes command from the rear. In a fan-like shape the pack enters the woods, each hound working individually, some with noses to the turf, others inspecting the lower foliage against which the fox may have brushed. A puppy raises a false alarm and the Huntsman lashes out with his whip. An oldster strikes the line and speaks with baritone authority, while the others fall in behind and crash off through the underbrush. The larger the covert, the more chance of finding; the smaller, the more chance of harrying the quarry into the open. No fox will take to the fields until he must. He will creep about, doubling, hiding, hoping to save the necessity of stretching his legs.

But not today. Close on his pack the Huntsman cheers them on and Reynard sneaks away to distant scenes. The Huntsman does not see him go, but the whooping "Tally Ho" of the First Whip, serving as outpost, tells him the news. Wasting no more time in the confusion of woodland trails, the Huntsman picks up the pack with his horn and hurries to the Whip's halloo. Spotting the line from the latter's gesticulations, he sets the hounds on it, but not until he has exercised a huntsman's prerogative by swearing impudently at a few young thrusters who have evaded the Master's discipline and hastened to the scene of action. Off sweeps the pack with the blood-hungry roar of beast hunting beast to the death. No man can hear that sound, unmoved.

No man, unless perhaps a huntsman. To the average foxhunter hound-music strikes an emotional chord, stirs a medley of feelings such as zest for danger and savagery for the chase. But the Huntsman's is a more rational satisfaction. To him a find is a bit of business, not well-done but certainly well-begun, something that demands his concentrated attention. Galloping in the wake of the flying pack he is moved neither by the menacing line of timber fences nor (more aesthetically) by the greenness of the stretched meadows before him. On the further slope of the valley he sees a herd of cattle. Will it stampede and spoil the scent? Beyond that he sees a farm house. Will the farmer's dog turn the fox from the line and drive him back into the covert?

Considering such problems the Huntsman gives little thought to his horsemanship. As for the fences he either jumps or evades them; it matters not. All that concerns him is the hound-work. So far the pack has been running over meadows with breast-high scent, but now they come upon a plowed field. Moisture on grass makes good scent since the falling particles are fatty and when afloat, cover a wider area. Just the reverse is true on plow. The drier it is the better, for dust eddies hold scent. All things considered the Huntsman would almost prefer to lose a line on concrete or gravel than on wet plow. One explanation is that the clods stick to the fox's feet, thus he is shod with sandals of loam and does not come in contact with the ground. Another, a more scientific explanation, is that besides the odorous particles there is another scent-clue of which hounds make ample use. Any quarry, running over grass, crushes the blades leaving behind him a trail of herb juices. Tainted with this liquid the fox can be trailed over concrete and gravel as long as the supply holds out. But over wet plow the one hope is that hounds will continue on faith until they pick up the trail again. Any good pack will do this, but if they fail the Huntsman must be on hand to help them recast.

No need this time. Hounds with rational optimism always assume that no quarry can dissappear into thin air. Losing the trail momentarily, they continue in its general direction and find again on the far side of the plow. As they sweep over the next hill, the Huntsman catches his first sight of the fox. He sees too for the first time that instead of running the direct line hounds have been running a parallel course about fifty yards down-wind. Here again the Huntsman's home-learned science gives him a fallacious deduction. His explanation of this phenomenon is based on what he calls "drift." He believes that the wind has carried the scent from its original line, but recent experiments have exploded this theory. Scent does not drift. The running of a parallel line may be accounted for by what scientists call "nasal fatigue." So strong is Reynard's spoor that the pack deliberately passes to the leeward of it to spare their noses. If they come

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Guatemalan Goodbye

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enough, but looked underfed and as though they suffered from fever.

They turned on the Victor. We all bought drinks — whiskey or brandy—some of the boys danced. Blom and I took chairs, cradling our drinks. It didn't seem much fun.

We went from there to a place which had, unreasonably, a pile of sacks full of coffee in one corner, and where packing boxes served as tables. Then to a larger place, a two-story building with electric lights, a larger assortment of drinks, and better records. There were only a couple of girls there, but more came over from the other shacks. At each place was the same entry into lifelessness, the bored proprietor, the idle girls, springing suddenly to effortful gaiety, labouring for an atmosphere of fun, of a party, with the eaves dripping outside. Because this place was bigger, it seemed starker and emptier, despite the mirror behind the bar. We danced, and bought drinks for our partners, which they generally took to the door and spat out, though some of them downed brandy at a great rate. Not even dancing with them was much pleasure, the cheap perfume was unpleasant, the floor rough and tricky, the big barn of a room was dead. But a couple of boys disappeared with partners, joining us later after we'd gone on.

The next place, they said, was really hot, with a swell selection of records and one remarkable girl. The room was barely large enough to leave space for dancing around the two tables and one box and the bar. There were only three chairs. Most of the girls who had been with us came along, there was a dark one there when we came, and the other who made an entry from an inner room after the music started.

Impossibly, in that place and with her cotton print dress and scuffed, high-heeled shoes, she had all the carriage and manner of an established belle. She was quiet, made little effort, required to be courted. She was a Princeton blonde — that is, most of her bobbed hair was yellow with an orange tint in it, and along the part, where the newer growth showed, it was black. She was not pretty, although she had a good figure and could really dance, and her pose of quietness, something like the falsely sleepy liveness of a cat, was effective. She had that quality about her, that emanation, which pulled at a man. Her skin was pale. People competed to dance with her; in reaction to her presence the boys paid more attention, were livelier, with the rest of the girls. I took a turn with her; unquestionably a good dancer. I bought her a drink and took my whiskey with me, to sit on a box, heels dangling. Some of the boys were good and drunk now, it was simpler to let them stand beside her at the bar and figure out for themselves who would dance next. I was none too sober myself, tired-drunk, morose.

I watched her move as the next record began. The hair was impossible, unreasonable. But it fitted something, belonged to what you felt. Skinny she would be, except for her breasts. Not for anything would a sane man do it, but you knew that she would be pleasant to have. Blom caught my eye and jerked his head. I joined him and we went to the door together.

"My God, what a life," he said. "I've had enough. Vamos."

"Con razôn. Let's go."

We ploughed back through the mud, full of liquor and getting no good of it. #

A Sick Dog Tells Where It Hurts

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replicas. Hollywood's crying need is for stalwart individuals. Individuals who can combat the system of placing personalities under long-term contracts, a system which sells 50 or 60 pictures one year in advance, a system which must therefore resort to a frantic scramble for material, and an even more frantic scramble to meet release dates, regardless of whether the pictures are good, bad or indifferent.

The result is a constant clash between artistic honesty and business expediency which sometimes throws a studio into chaos and confusion. Business expediency generally wins, leaving in its wake bitter resentment and many a heartache. A few of these knocks on the head and the artist begins to say "What the Hell?"

Pictures today are a big business. Producing companies not only make the pictures but they also own the theaters that show them. The producing heads are business men, not artists. Being business men with tremendous investments, or having their control, they must try to protect those investments.

One of the amazing facts of our industry is that the only real assets producers have are contracts with a few hundred creative individuals. To know where they stand from month to month producers try to protect themselves by putting every personality they can under contract, insuring the manufacture of their product, and to insure their market they own their own theaters.

It's no trick to sell a good picture. People break down doors to see one. But fully one-third of the current pictures would not see the light of day if they had to be sold on the open market.

What the short-sighted producers who run the large companies with one eye on the stock market cannot or will not see, is that one bad picture can kill more patrons than a good picture will recapture.

Fortunately for all of us, pictures are inherently such a good medium of entertainment that they can withstand even factory methods. People want movies. They sit and suffer through many a piece of junk in the hope they may get a moment or two of ecstacy or emotional release. The movie dog may have many apparent ailments, but he's got a grand constitution.

Here and there we find "voices crying in the wilderness." Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney, the only two who can conceivably be called men of genius, have managed to give the world something of themselves. To these two artists, who refused to be standardized, and who really fly their magic carpets, the industry owes monuments for giving us a glimpse of what can be done when real artists take charge.

Sporadic courageous efforts are being made by a few to make good pictures independently. But they run up against the difficulty of casting artists, or to get good writers and directors because large companies have practically all the available talent signed up and busy making "Grand Rapids furniture" at their mills.

Many see the fallacy of trying to standardize what is essentially a creative business and we hope will do something about it. Meanwhile bigger and better mergers are announced with loud pedal effects, but it's only a swelling in their swan song.

Artistically pictures won't advance very much farther under the present system. It's up to the creators to make the next move. But here's the rub. We lack the guts! As a matter of fact the producers have gambled much more than the creators. They gamble their money, and as business men try to run a creative industry on a commercial basis.

To most artists money is something they demand large chunks of for their over-rated talents. Give them money and they are satisfied. Give them more money and they go into a dither. No honesty in their approach to a story, no sincerity in their approach to a role, only how much money? They rather fatuously explain by saying, "Since I'm told what to write or what part to play, I might as well get all I can out of it."

There is a Muse in Hollywood but the poor little thing is a wallflower. Miss Dollar Sign has all the beaux in the Hollywood dance.

Due to the producers bidding and out-bidding each other salaries have sky-rocketed far out of proportion to true abilities; and how large salaries inflate the egos is nobody's business.

It is amazing how "success" can dull the intellect and weaken artistic expression. Let any young person show the faintest signs of talent and he is immediately signed up, given a salary, is interviewed by fan magazines—in short, he has "arrived." He lives on a grand scale, goes to night clubs to be seen, is invited to parties where he keeps meeting the same people, and becomes a member of a phoney society that has practically lost touch with the verities. He loses his perspective, and whatever honest purpose he had becomes all messed up in "Pseudo-land." It takes a strong stomach to digest "success" in Hollywood.

By and large the directors of Hollywood are an intelligent lot, and more immune to the Hollywood virus. They are in the best position to lead pictures out of the factory wilderness. But unfortunately most of them are "fat, forty, and rich." They might have once had a worm inside of them gnawing at their vitals, making them hunger to do something worth while. The worm has been appeased by money. The drive is gone and the majority of them are now just good organization men. They too have been roped and branded with the dollar sign.

But in spite of everything motion pictures are destined to be great. Through the efforts of men like Griffith, Ince, De Mille, Thalberg, Goldwyn, Selznick, Chaplin and Disney they have emerged from the nickelodeon days, and there are hopeful signs that we are becoming conscious of the fact that quality pictures must be everybody's paramount aim. The handwriting is on the wall, and even though it is in English most producers are beginning to read it.

What we need are more individuals with artistic honesty; writers with a sincere desire to say something of merit rather than writing to order; directors honest enough and big enough to make their own pictures; actors who give more thought to their parts than they do to the temperatures of their swimming pools; fewer mansions and more attics; in other words, more MEN and not prostitutes.

The dog is not sick. He's just disgusted because the business of making pictures is in the hands of people who lack the intestinal fortitude to assert their artistic independence.

To prove that I have refused to join the dollar dance, I've just signed a new long-term contract. Pardon me while I look for my intestinal fortitude. Darn thing, I'm always misplacing it. #

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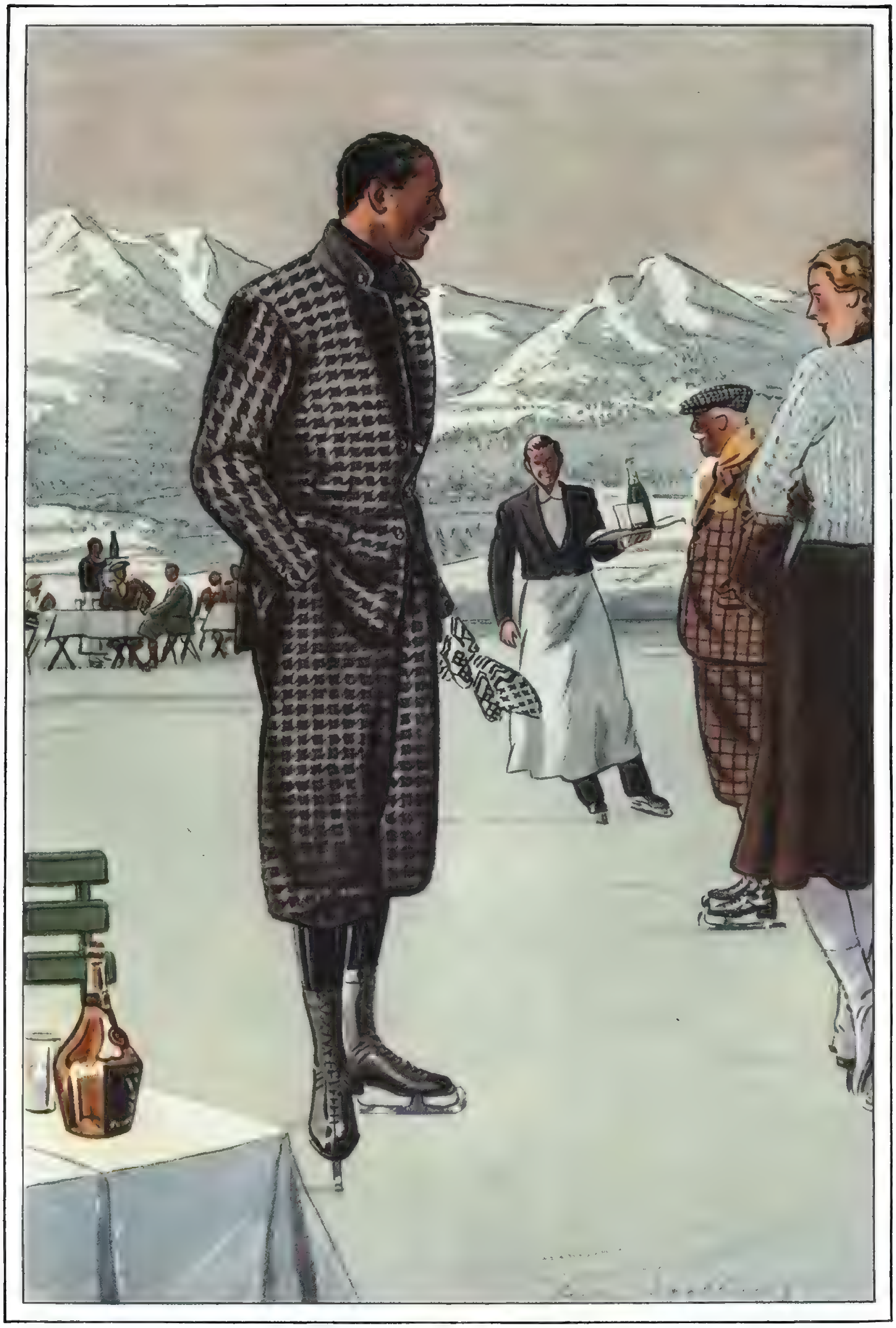

THE DARING YOUNG WAITER OF ST. MORITZ

Painted on ice, if not on skates, by Mr. Saalburg in Switzerland, this scene combines the atmospheric with the informative. Realism is evident in the fact that the most agile figure is, naturally enough, the waiter. What the others lack in skill they make up for in appearance, presumably. At any rate, the figure in the foreground, at least dresses the part. The suit is a blue-grey tweed in a hound's tooth check, made in a three button single breasted model with notch lapels and side vents. Beneath the jacket is a navy blue turtle neck sweater. With the knickers are worn full length wool hose, also of navy blue. Black and white Norwegian mittens complete the outfit. In the wine-like air of a sunny day in the Swiss mountains, this turnout is warm enough for skating and for tramping through the snow. With the jacket left off, the outfit pictured could be worn for cross country skiing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

To Hell, in a Word, with Art

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the fort without a little firing. But the prettiness and the faking, the snooty superiority and the swooning melancholy of being artistic, are rubbed out.

The Federal Government, which alone has time and money for abstract researches, ought to get a gang of men to dig into the whole idea that art is the only thing that matters and nations are to be judged by the pictures in its museums and the glass is more important than the wine it holds. It is my private guess that education is what has killed art, the kind of democratic education we all get. Art was originally an expensive luxury of the aristocratic class and it never occurred to anyone that the average man owed anything to it. When Chatterton died the fault was laid to half a dozen rich men who might have become his patrons; when John Davidson died—also by suicide—the fault was laid to the whole British public which failed to support him. But the British public never signed any contract to nourish and prosper its poets. Particularly as a goodly number of the poets despised the British public.

The same thing is true in America, where our treatment of Edgar Allan Poe constitutes a national disgrace to which the patrons of the Rose Bowl game are not acutely sensitive. Van Wyck Brooks virtually created the feeling in this country that we hadn't done right by our artists and Van Wyck Brooks says of Poe that he was sterile and inhuman and out of touch with society and spectral and aloof. He does not say that America owed Poe a living, but suggests that America has suffered because it failed to give its great artists the background they required.

Just why it was up to the men who were smashing their way across the prairies to give Poe anything, doesn't come out. What comes out is that Poe hadn't a thing to give them.

Because the fact is that all artists are liars, which Plato, being one himself, knew perfectly well and hence banished poets from a perfect world, anticipating those Russians who guessed that in a perfect world artists would die out for lack of material. They have to be liars to make themselves interesting. They can't say a skylark is a bird and expect you to get a thrill out of that; so they say "bird thou never wert" and it will be worth your while to look up the passage in Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint* on this subject where the angry gentlemen wishes that the skylark had proved to the poet that it was a bird by doing one of those nasty things a bird does do. The artist (you might ask Clive Bell) gives significant form to the objects he renders; that is to say he imposes a form on them which they do not naturally have. That's his business.

And it's all very well when he has some relish and gusto about his business and makes things more interesting or more eloquent and more noble than they are, to satisfy our vanity or give us something to shoot at. But presently the artists sour on the world. What they have created obviously surpasses the original job done by God, and they snap at the world which doesn't accept the improvements. Then they want the world to change over and everything they say is an act of open warfare. Theodore Dreiser is confused and dismayed—they are his own words and can "catch no meaning from all I have seen" and we are therefore to get the impression that the life of Yerkes or Chester Gillette or Paul Dresser are meaningless, or were without meaning to themselves. And because T. S. Eliot, who is probably the greatest poet of our time, had a vision of the world as a waste land, we are invited to imagine that the waters have ceased to flow over the earth and fruitfulness has ended.

The typical work of art of our time has a title which might be used for all: Remembrance of Things Past. Except for the economic radicals who see it as a picture of a corrupt and dissolving society (which it probably is) everyone has praised it, almost as if art was disappearing from the world and suddenly a pinch-hitter had arrived and saved the day. It ends with The Past Recaptured, which is the best art can do. But we, misguided and brutal men, have to shave and fix the furnace and make love and earn a living. So, with one regretful look to hell with art. #

Science Takes the Field

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upon a weak place they return to the direct line, only to leave it again at their own whim.

Thirty minutes of running have brought the hunt some five or six miles from covert, and now they abandon open country as hounds swoop down-hill into a swampy thicket. Here abruptly the trail ends. When the Huntsman arrives he finds the pack feathering about in evident bewilderment. Beckoning and bawling for silence among the followers, he does not interfere with the hounds as yet. He wants them to keep their heads down, working it out, but meanwhile his own head is not idle. "Nothing," quoth Mr. Jorrocks, "is so queer as scent except a woman." The Huntsman's job is now that of intelligent guesswork, and he uses the scientific method of trial-and-error, knowing however that luck will probably serve him better than logic. Still he must try to eliminate the most unlikely of several possibilities. Since the thicket is small and swampy he feels it improbable that the fox has taken shelter there. Since he and the rest of the field have been close upon hounds he thinks it unlikely that Reynard has doubled on his trail. Off to the right he sees a patch of woods where logically enough the quarry may have taken refuge. But off to the left he picks up more compelling clues. The chickens in a farmyard there are in obvious excitement and beyond the farm he sees half a dozen crows flying low and with abusive cawing. Quickly the Huntsman reconstructs the situation. The fox waded through the swamp, partly obliterated his trail among the other animal smells which stagnant water retains. He then headed for the farmyard, stirred up the chickens and was in turn set upon by some carrion crows which are apt at sensing a prey in distress.

Jumping at this conclusion, the Huntsman gallops ahead tooting vigorously while the Whippers-in urge the pack to follow. In the farmer's meadow is a herd of sheep which further obscure the trail, but after some more uncertain bickering the pack picks it up and is off.

But not swiftly this time. They move forward jerkily, pausing every few yards to run back and verify the line. Scent, as the saying goes, has truly failed with a failing fox. The Huntsman is reasonably certain that a trail is there, but it is tantalizingly slow. During the first half-hour the pack has covered say five miles; during the next they cover less than one, finally circling until they arrive at the patch of woods which previously entered into the Huntsman's observations. This they enter and he with them.

Here is one of those embarrassing situations which a Huntsman is lucky to face less than three or four times a week. His pack had found, had harried the fox into open country only to lose contact when the going was warmest. Such a procedure will not please the Master, much less the more intolerant field. Observed Mr. Jorrocks: "A fish-fag's ware isn't more perishable than a huntsman's fame. . . . His skill is within the judgement of everyone—cleverest fellow alive—biggest fool going." If such occurrences happen often enough, if the Master be an unsympathetic employer, the Huntsman will soon be seeking another post. He may have done his best, may be firm in the conviction that no man could have done better, but just the same he is expected to produce excitement and produce it he must—even if, as a magician, he has to pull it out of his hat.

Often he does. An unscrupulous Huntsman or one pestered by a whole season of bad luck may in self-preservation stoop to sleight-of-hand deception. He knows the location of an earth within the covert so, having lost the fox, his hope is to find it there—a happening which will exonerate his reputation. But there is no hound at the hole to mark it. Plainly no fox is within, but what is to prevent the Huntsman from pretending that there is? Many a Master's diary has contained the item "Put him to ground," when nothing of the sort occurred. A Huntsman, dismounting, can pinch a hound's ear and greet the resultant yelp with a loud huzzah: "Gone to earth!"

Or he may do better than that. The two Whippers-in and the kennel boy are all his confederates, quite eager in loyalty and admiration to maintain his reputation. A nod to the First Whip will send that worthy to the opposite side of the covert where, dipping the tassel of his whip in a small pocket-size bottle of aniseed or turpentine mixture, he gallops off dragging the tassel behind him. After a few minutes' grace the Huntsman will carry his pack to the artificial line and whoop them away on a fast run.

Or he may use more commonplace methods. The kennel boy has been left behind with definite instructions. There is usually a captured fox at every hunt club. With this animal the boy sets off at an appointed time, arrives at a prearranged place where he performs on the captive certain operations calculated to guarantee a scent. He may shake the fox by its hind legs or prick it with a pin causing it to wet itself. He may doctor its pads with strong-smelling liquids, may gash its pads so as to cause a running wound, may cripple or tie the miserable creature's legs. Thus when he gets into difficulties with a lost scent, the Huntsman has only to hurry his hounds to the appointed spot and redeem himself. Since American packs seldom kill (legitimately) more than half a dozen times a year, each of these occasions will distinguish the day as a success and the Huntsman as a genius.

Needless to say all such chicanery is considered wholly reprehensible among bona fide sportsmen and if the Huntsman can be numbered among these he will scorn all scheming. After fifteen minutes of fruitless effort there is nothing to do but emerge from the covert and report the fox honestly lost. It will, no doubt, annoy him hugely and the Master even more so, but those are wisest in science and sport who count each failure a lesson toward success. The day is still young and there is always another covert. #

The Screwiest Game

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games in an uproar of advice and criticism from all the kibitzers who could crowd round a board. Europeans forbade kibitzing, enforced a rule of silence. Which is understandable enough.

But they also allowed women to play, for the first time in the game's history. How they could reconcile silence and women is something that has puzzled every historian that I have consulted in preparing this profound thesis.

My own guess is that they didn't even think they were reconciling the irreconcilables; I think those Middle Age sports had a good deal more on the ball than we give them credit for. I am known to possess the third cleanest mind east of the Rockies, but I suspect that the boys were up to something just a shade on the sexy end.

I suspect that because some arbiter of etiquette—and it would be nice to know if it was a gent or a lady—gave out the news that it would be all right for a knight to visit a lady's chamber if the purpose was to play chess. That was the only place where he could be alone with her without peril to her reputation, and the rumor is that for a long time thereafter chess was played nowhere but in boudoirs. (How much chess was played there is something you can figure for yourself.) At any rate, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Yseult, and other famous batteries took up the game in a big way and it spread all over Europe—becoming especially popular in Iceland. The winter nights, they tell me, are pretty long in Iceland.

After a few centuries, however, the censorious began to lift the eyebrow whenever some couple explained that they had only been shooting a round of chess; and if you happen to be cynically minded it may interest you to know that from that time on women have taken almost no interest in the game (Chess).

Chess experts of international fame are known as masters. There are twenty or thirty such, the boys of the Marshall Chess Club in New York tell me, and in their opinion perhaps eight of these are grand masters—Alekhine, the undisputed champion; Dr. Lasker, Capablanca, Flohr, Euwe, Bogoljuboff, Rezchewsky, and Frank Marshall, for sixteen years champion of the United States. There is also Soltan Khan, an East Indian peasant who cannot read or write but who has been winning plenty of tournaments in England. Rezchewsky, 23 years old, is the prodigy who could beat all comers in his Polish village before he was old enough to talk.

America has never produced a world champion, but Paul Morphy came close to being one in the 1850's. At twenty, backed by the New Orleans Chess Club, he went to England to challenge Howard Staunton, the English champion, whom nobody had been able to lure to America. But the sturdy Briton said that he couldn't afford to play for a mere £500 a side, and insisted on stakes of at least £1000. A French baroness offered to back Morphy for as much as £10,000, whereupon Staunton became quite ill and remained so until Morphy returned to the States.

The modern masters and grand masters, who meet in tournaments almost every year, are almost without exception professionals—in fact, chess produced the first sports pro of record, Andre Philidor, the 18th century French musician. Some pros, like Capablanca, only play; others, like Marshall, are comparable to golf and tennis pros in that they coach clubs and individuals as well as compete in tournaments. What with prizes and side bets Capablanca used to make twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a year out of chess, they tell me, but that was the all-time tops.

In the last international masters' tournament held in New York the prizes were from $2000 down, and most of the players were paid their expenses and retaining fees. That was in 1927; the prizes wouldn't be as great now. The tournament was promoted by Mr. Norbert Lederer, who was, so to speak, the Tex Rickard of the game, and it cost $15,000 to stage. Admissions, at $2, could come nowhere near that sum, but there were enough wealthy chess bugs to underwrite the difference.

It was worth $2 to see the screwiest game at its screwiest. The tournament was held in a hotel ballroom, with the contestants surrounded by velvet ropes. Almost every spectator had his pocket board out and was following one match or another on it. The players sat in absolute silence, motionless for minutes at a time. Then one would make a move and the crowd would get so excited it almost whispered. It was as weird—if you weren't an addict—as are the national bridge tournaments at Asbury Park, where you can watch dozens of people sit all night long solemnly stacking up pieces of cardboard.

Before that chess tournament began the newspapers printed items to the effect that Marshall or Capablanca or some other entrant was in training, and one formed the mental picture of grave chess masters galloping—more likely, crawling—round and round Central Park in track suits. Certainly some form of physical exercise would seem to be indicated: the contestants were to play for five hours a day seven days a week for five weeks—175 hours of the most strenuous mental effort, and good physical condition, one would suppose, would be a necessity.

But not one master made any special physical preparation. Capablanca exercised, but no more than usual. He is an excellent tennis player and swimmer and one of the best amateur billiardists in the world, yet his only theory of training was that he must relax in order to control his nerves. After a long game late in the tournament he went to a billiard table and ran off a break of 59 to show how good were his nerves. A chess player's nerves, like a ball player's legs, are the first to go when he's slipping.

The other masters, for training, took their pocket boards to meals and analyzed games for hours. Marshall went to Atlantic City several weeks before the tournament, taking with him as sparring partner the late Geza Maroczy. Their aim was to get Marshall accustomed to playing fast; instead they analyzed problems. As a result Marshall was way out of form. His timing was bad!

Timing in chess—just another queer thing about this game. There are no demands on muscular control, no requirements for coördination of brain, nerve, and muscle, yet, as in an athletic game, it is the timing that counts. In the higher realms of chess it is timing, ultimately, that makes the difference between one master's play and another's. A master's form shows in the ease with which he handles his time allowance.

Until late in the last century a game might last any length of time. Paulsen, playing Morphy, sat 14 hours without making a move, until Morphy broke down, crying. Years later someone had the good sense to introduce timing, and nowadays chess of any pretensions is played with a pair of specially made clocks on the table. When one player moves he presses a button that stops his clock and starts his opponent's. In the New York tournament a player had two and one-half hours in which to make forty moves, or lose automatically; obviously, the player who could think out his moves quickly gave his opponent less time to study the situation before making his replies. Marshall's timing was so bad that once he spent ten minutes before making his first move, which he should have decided upon before he went to the board.

As in golf and billiards there are pros who specialize in trick shots, so in chess some masters are famous for their simultaneous or their blindfold play. Alekhine holds the blindfold record, 32 boards at a time; he carried in his head the changing positions of all the pieces on thirty-two boards. He has played as many as 150 games at a time with his eyes unbandaged.

* * *

Chess addicts—and I mean addicts—plenty of them will tell you that they hate the game but can't keep from playing it—chess addicts say that the game is growing duller year by year. That is because the modern style of play eschews "combinations."

A combination is a trap, baited by what seems to be an advantage to an opponent, but isn't. If your opponent falls into the trap, you win; if he doesn't, you probably lose. Lengthy combinations were what masters once aimed at; the longest ever made in a grand tournament was achieved by Capablanca—a 26 move combination on his twenty-first move. That is to say, when Capablanca made his twenty-first move, he announced that 26 moves later he was bound to win, that despite the best replies his opponent could make checkmate would be inescapable 26 moves thereafter. And an hour and a half later his opponent surrendered. There were more than one hundred different moves that the opponent could make in reply to Capablanca's twenty-first move; Capablanca foresaw 2600 possible moves or more before he made his twenty-first.

That is a sample of the old style of play—spectacular, win-or-lose, daring. Now combination play is considered inartistic because it would be impossible to out-combine a master of high rank. They have memorized all important games, would recognize any attempted combination and upset it. Alekhine can call off every move in every master game played in the last thirty years. How many football games can you remember, play by play?

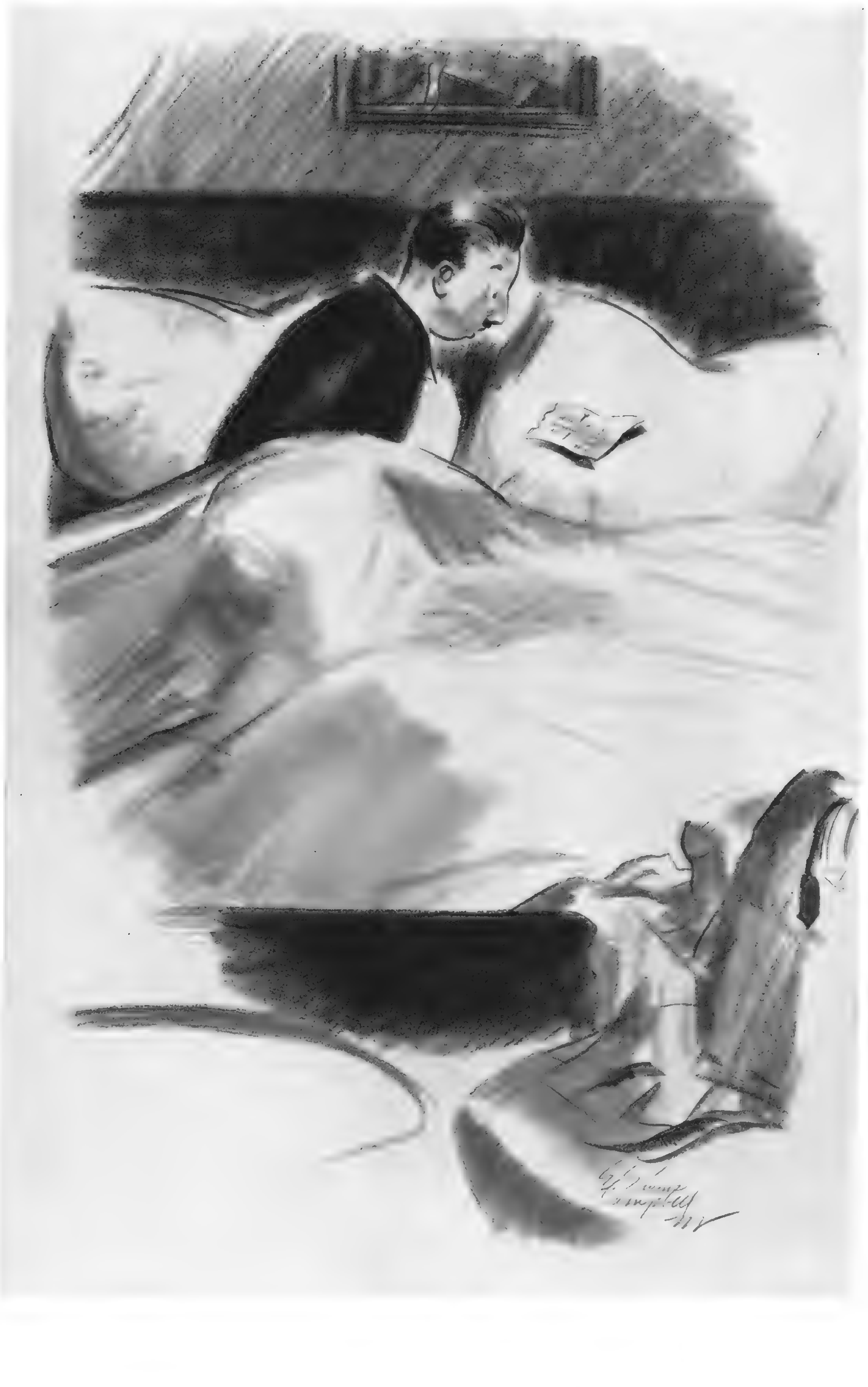
Today the accepted chess style is positional. Instead of grand Napoleonic maneuvers, with hand-to-hand fighting, cavalry charges, terrific slaughter, a careful trench warfare is produced. The position of each piece is studied and unnecessary sacrifice of material is deemed inartistic. A perfect game would be a draw, of course, and that is what most master games result in.

There are so many draws, and the game has become so dull as it approaches perfection that not a few masters advocate a change. When baseball became mostly pitchers' battles the ball was made livelier; now there are suggestions for changing some of the moves in chess, adding a new piece with a new kind of move, changing the scoring.

There are no women grand masters of chess. The Marshall Club boys speak highly of Vera Menchick of Czecho-Slovakia, Sonja Graf of Munich, a sprightly-sounding Mlle. Fatima of India, and Mmes. Seaman and Rivera of New York, but none of these, they say, is as good at chess as Wills or Jacobs is at tennis. Very few women, in fact, play chess at all.

Which is probably just as well. It is unquestionably the most unsociable game ever tolerated. Except for an occasional snarl, silence reigns, and the strain is so great that Lord knows what

Continued at top of page 136



"Have gone for a minister — will return immediately — Marie"

The Screwiest Game

Continued from pages 75-134

it would do to the nerves of the average woman. There is no partner to criticize, no bad luck to blame, and the only outlet for the loser's rage is hatred and abuse of his opponent. Husband-and-wife bridge battles would be blindman's buff by comparison, if women played chess.

It was always that kind of game. Ecclesiastical lawyers in the Middle Ages ruled that a killing resulting from a chess game was a casual and not a deliberate homicide, just a sort of second-degree manslaughter. Either there were a lot of chess players that needed killing off or the provocation was recognized as irresistible.

There is a fine old tradition of dirty work, too. Back in 1559 Ruy Lopez, father confessor to Philip II of Spain, showed up all the big-time masters and then wrote a book in which he gave some handy recipes for winning by day or night. In day games he advised sitting so that the sun shone in the opponent's eyes, and by night, he said, it was a shrewd dodge to place the candle at the opponent's right side. Just the old army game of goat-getting.

Lopez's lighting systems are not in use today, but his ghost walked a few years ago when Dr. Lasker engaged in a public dispute with Mr. Lederer. The Doctor complained of ill treatment in a tournament—said, in fact, that he had met with foul play. People were amazed—how cheat at chess? A loaded queen or a marked bishop would get you nothing and no cuff could hold notes to be worth the laundering.

But the clocks! With fiendish ingenuity, Dr. Lasker charged, his clock was made to run fast while that of Capablanca ran slow!

Mr. Lederer not only denied having committed dirty clock-making, but counter-charged that the Doctor himself employed Lopezian tactics—chemical warfare, this time. The Doctor, Mr. Lederer said, smoked cigars of a kind that practically poisoned opponents.

Nor was this chess tempest an exceptional state of affairs. Of the eleven players in the last New York grand tournament, six were not on speaking terms at the beginning, and all eleven were that way at the end.

Which is evidence in support of the contention that there is no sportsmanship in chess. Dr. Lasker says that chess is war, and he must have heard what Sherman said about war. Certainly chess is no sport. It is, and always has been, a cold, deliberate digging of pits for the enemy, a fishy-eyed calculation of his ruin. It is the old army game if there ever was one, and the screwiest of them all. Anybody who can cite a screwier will receive, with the Editor's compliments, a box of perfectos, Lasker Brand. #

If You Say It With Flowers

Continued from page 84

Violets are staging a comeback. At the time of the Gibson Girl era they were probably the most popular corsage. Then they were seen less and less—some say due to the unpleasant association of violets in the play *The Captive* a decade ago. But now it isn't only the girls in the Yale Bowl who wear violets. Mrs. Vincent Astor is an ardent booster for the modest purple flowers and has been largely responsible for reinstating their popularity. I am told, however, violets aren't so welcome if they are to be worn under artificial light. They lose color. There are several New York women (for one, Margaret Case, Editor of *Vogue*, whose taste is the last word) who are keen about white violets. They wear them in a loose bunch not tied too tightly. You'd make a big hit by sending white violets—but I'm afraid they're hard to find.

CUT FLOWERS

There aren't many *do's* or *don'ts* regarding flowers for the home. In fact, you would have to try awfully hard to find a flower which would *not* be welcome. Some women do have an aversion to a particular color or a variety of flower—but that's rare—and you are generally well aware of it. Through her holding forth on the subject, from her friends or through a florist. The late Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, for instance, couldn't stand red roses and so widely known was her dislike for them, nearly every florist in New York warned customers who might select them. There's been a great vogue for white cut flowers the past few years—a great help to men not aware of pet hates on certain colors. White, of course, goes with anything, so you can't go wrong in ordering flowers of this pure variety. Beware too great a combination of color in sending cut flowers—with the exception of those that bloom in the spring, tra la. In which case you can mix yellow jonquils, red tulips and purple crocuses. But it's best to stick to merely a two-color combination or else various shades of one color. For instance, if your lady likes yellow, ask the florist to make up a box in different shades of that color.

The old custom of sending flowers "with a message" (roses for love, lilies for purity, violets for modesty—and so on, *ad infinitum*) is a thing of the past. Even if you went to great pains in "composing" a bouquet with a telling story, the fair recipient would probably have no idea what it was all about and your efforts would cause no more reaction than that your floral tribute looked pretty messy with so many kinds and colors. So in this day and age, though a "message" is dated, sentiment need not be entirely excluded from your gift. If, for instance, pink carnations have a particular association or are certain to recall a happy event, then by all means send pink carnations.

Women like to receive flowers which are sent for no reason at all. If they are pleased to get orchids for a ball or a basket to celebrate an anniversary, they are doubly appreciative of a box arriving out of the blue with a card reading "When I saw these water lilies in the window I thought you'd like them." Speaking of cards, of course you know that when you enclose a card the "Mr." should be crossed off. And, if you know the recipient intimately enough, draw a line through the whole name and just write "Bill" or any message you may want to accompany it. The direct opposite of the surprise gift is lauded, too. In other words, sending flowers on a regular schedule. Like the constant dripping of water, equally telling should be the arrival every week of a box of flowers which, to continue the simile, will eventually make a dent even on a heart of stone. I know of one suitor who, instead of having his weekly box delivered at the favorite time—on Saturday for use over the week-end—chose Monday morning. It was a clever idea.

SAY IT WITH IDEAS, TOO!

Flowers are appreciated even more if some thought accompanies them. If you don't find yourself bursting with ideas, ask your florist to help you work out something. Irene Hayes, one of New York's smartest—in both senses of the word—florists, loves to help men evolve floral ideas. One of her brainstorms was two live love birds in a cage artistically entwined with flowers. She often has Hawaiian leis made of exotic and fragrant tube-roses.

One of Miss Hayes' customers who sends flowers to his girl regularly months on end, asked her if she couldn't think of a new thought to inject. Remembering the girl had a dog she was crazy about and having heard her say the dog's birthday was around the corner, Miss Hayes suggested getting a beautiful big bone and tying a bouquet on it. Just another way of applying "love me, love my dog." One of the most extraordinary creations to emanate from the Hayes shop was a bedspread made entirely of gardenia petals. Sounds very Hollywoodish but it was actually ordered by a Wall Street broker. If you should ever decide to follow suit and send a gardenia coverlet, my only suggestion for improving on it would be to shoot the works and send a case of champagne for a bath!

If you want to inject a bit of humour in your gift of flowers, you might send a little cuckoo clock surrounded by a wreath. A sick friend accustomed to the usual gifts of flowers will welcome the arrival of a *pot de chambre* filled with blossoms. Such a gift is not recommended, however, for a sweet young thing or for one who can't look at things from a French point of view. I know of one man who made a hit by sending a girl who was ill a box of very small flowers of the tight variety, like buds. With these the convalescent was able to while away many an hour working out patterns on a board on her lap. In sending flowers to a young mother, the young couple appreciate it if you include something for the newly-arrived infant.

BON VOYAGE AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

It's a nice custom among many a foreigner to send flowers to his hostess after he has spent a week-end or dined at her house. And the idea is growing in America. Such gifts are accompanied by a short note or merely a card with or without something written on it. If you hate to concoct bread-and-butter notes—and who doesn't—flowers can save you a lot of grief. Cole Porter often sends his dinner hostess a box of loose gardenias. They make a special hit because two can be taken out and worn while the rest are kept fresh in the icebox.

In sending flowers to the girl friend about to sail away, remember that the vases on most ships are apt to be washouts. They're usually of the tall and thin variety which means they topple over easily and that flowers look like the devil when squeezed into them. The Normandie is an exception. They send you good looking silver vases, low and wide. So in ordering a bon voyage gift it's a good idea to have the flowers delivered in an appropriate vase or else in a basket. Women also like a single spray of those rare orchids—several little blossoms on one stem—placed in a glass tube which can be hung on the cabin wall. Also, you can arrange through the chief steward or ship's florist to have flowers—or a flower—delivered each day of the crossing.

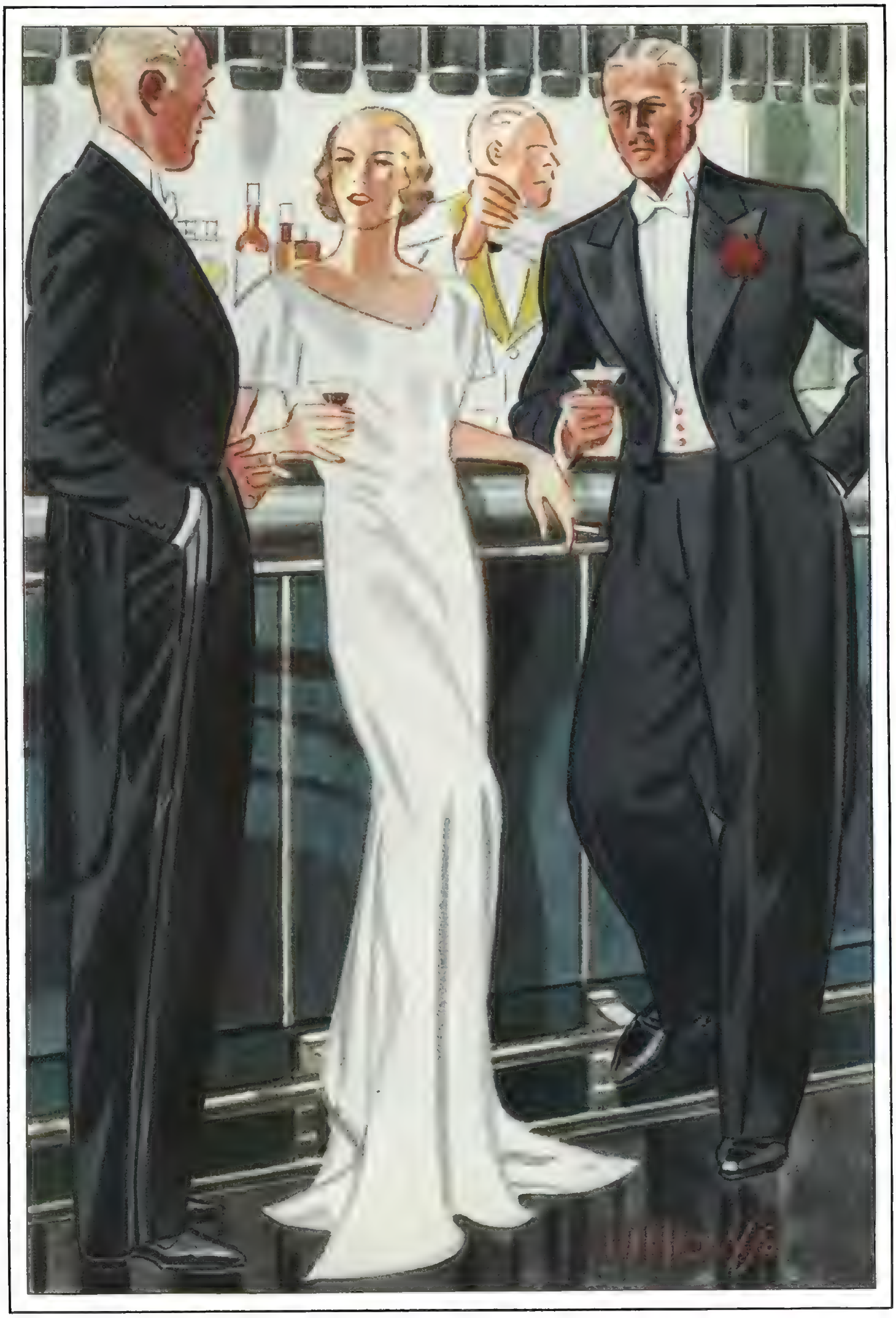
Remember that flowers are among man's best friends. They can cover a multitude of sins—forgotten dates, arriving late for dinner, the frightening morning-after thought of the story you told the rector's wife after that fourth brandy—there are hundreds of cases when you are at a loss to know what to write or say in apology. Why not just say it with flowers—and relax. #

PIPER BRUT
PIPER BRUT
PIPER BRUT
PIPER HEIDSIECK
REIMS

A Gift of PIPER-HEIDSIECK *Champagne leaves nothing unsaid*

For 150 years Piper-Heidsieck Champagne
has been the world's toast
Now the world toasts Piper-Heidsieck's
150th Anniversary

Sole U. S. Agents, Browne Vintners Co., Inc. N. Y.



A MAJOR CHANGE IN TAILCOAT STYLING

Tailcoats used to be like Fords—it was a point of pride that the model was seldom changed. But this newest one is at marked variance with the prevailing design. The tails are both shorter and wider, the waistline is natural and the chest is undraped, but cut with extreme fullness under the arms. The old fashioned waistline seam is preserved; the sleeves carry false cuffs. There is no breast pocket. The newest waistcoat is of piqué to match the shirt and tie, has neither lapels nor points at the bottom. The shirt is a two-stud open front model. The collar is high and has broad wings which extend a bit beyond the ends of the semi-butterfly tie. At least an inch of white shirt cuff should show below the sleeves. These fashion changes are credited (or perhaps if that's too strong a word you would rather have us say attributed) to the Prince of Wales. At any rate, they're the last word from London.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Broker in Beauts

Continued from page 63

Beerbohm Tree, the Shakespearean actor, about getting on the stage. John hadn't ever thought about the stage. But he went, and Sir Herbert saw immediately that he had a talent for carrying a spear, and gave John a bit part in *Henry VIII*. No fooling. It was as a spear-carrier that John made his first—and last—appearance on Broadway.

There followed several seasons of understudying and assistant-managing with the Tree company, and almost ten years of playing bits in road shows, juvenile leads in stock and small parts in movies then being made in New York. But John never again got on Broadway, and in the movies, he never got to Hollywood.

"I guess I wasn't cut out for acting," he said.

John was close to thirty, adrift and hard up. A lucky break was his making.

One day he saw a photograph of a man in a magazine advertisement. "They probably pay fellows to pose for those," he thought. He went to the art director, who sent him to a photographer, and it just happened that an advertiser wanted a group of people posed with an automobile. John was asked to collect some more actors out of work, to pose at $10 apiece. He rounded up another fellow and six girls he knew. The other fellow was Fred Bickel, a young University of Wisconsin graduate, now known to screen fans as Fredric March. One of the girls was Norma Shearer. Another, Frances Howard, who married Samuel Goldwyn.

The selections were so good (as who wouldn't agree now?) the photographer asked for a group for another picture. When John appeared with them, he was told that all would do except himself.

"I figured that getting work for others, and nothing for myself, wouldn't ever make me rich," John said.

A wise observation, and money was especially important to John now. . . . She was a lovely little blonde, blue eyed girl in the Ziegfeld chorus. She wasn't the usual type of chorus girl at all. Her name was Alice Hathaway Burton (by a coincidence—to this young man who'd always been bugs on Shakespeare—a descendant of the Hathaways, the Anne of whom married the Bard himself). Sixteen, little Alice had been thrown on her own resources, and somewhat to the shock of her New England relatives, had got herself into the Follies. But she didn't care much about the stage. She wanted to marry John and settle down, with which he was entirely in accord. But John had no job and no money.

So the two put their heads together, and decided that if advertisers and photographers were hiring people to pose, there must be money in this somewhere.

Rounding up friends and acquaintances who had the requisite qualities and inclination, John made many copies of their photographs (forty girls and ten men), bound them in directory form with brief descriptions, and distributed these to prospective clients. Then he opened an office.

The idea caught on. He had landed in the midst of the advertising boom, and whether or not he created a new demand for photographs in advertising—for which many fashion artists and illustrators have cussed him roundly since—he helped boost it along. As the popularity of advertising photographs grew, so did the income of "subjects." Big money, as very often happens, brought dignity and respectability, and before long—especially after the stock market crash—society dowagers and débutantes were rushing in to studios to pose for everything from mattresses to laxative ads. Posing, at last, was a high-class, enviable profession. A few other agencies to provide "subjects" sprang up in New York and in several key cities, but John's remains "tops."

The Powers directory, the De Luxe album of the posing world, continues as a feature of his business. He issues the book annually, listing some hundred girls (a page to each—front face, profile and full figure) and a scattering of men, children and "types." It is a strictly limited edition, with a circulation of 1,100, going only to those legitimately using "subjects." If you'd like this album of gorgeous cuties for your library table—try and get it. You'll learn what it is to be investigated.

Looking through the pages and pages of breath-taking beauties—from whose ranks have stepped Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Anita Page, Constance Cummings, Helen Vinson and many other movie queens—you might ask, how does Powers get 'em?

First, the 1,100 subscribers act as scouts, and when they come across a good thing, it—or she—is communicated to John. He does a bit of sleuthing on his own through magazines and college annuals. Yes, sometimes he does spot a likely gal on the street or in a public place, but where a Ziegfeld would have tried, and an Earl Carroll does try to line up the lady, John makes no move. He's too shy. Besides, as he says:

"By now, any girl with looks knows that money is paid for posing, and if she's interested, sooner or later she comes to my office."

From all parts of the country they flock to him—campus queens, débutantes, stenographers, butterflies, shopgirls—lovelies at the rate of fifty a day. And not more than one in a thousand gets by. A glance is sufficient for John. In that glance he takes in face, figure—and "quality." Most girls who seem beautiful to themselves or to friends, are too showy looking, too artificial, too voluptuous or too sexy. A very obvious bust, or—what he politely refers to as—"large hips," draws a quick veto. And if everything else passes, the girl may still not be "photographic."

The only "Miss America" he ever enrolled, by the way, was Dorothy Knapp. She proved a top-notch subject, getting as high as $200 a pose.

John is pretty fussy, but remember, he is merely reflecting the judgment of the nation's advertisers. What eliminates most beautiful girls is their failure to give the *appearance* of "class." *Appearance*, because, while most of the Powers girls are college graduates and have "background," in this business what a girl photographs is what counts.

"When we're asked to send débutantes," he says, "we invariably send girls who aren't, but who look more like débutantes than débutantes themselves."

The policy of regarding girls by their exteriors dominates the Powers office. Business and private lives are kept strictly apart. There is no chaperonage. John doesn't care what the girls do the night before so long as they look right the morning after. Outside of office hours, as you learn, the girls are perfectly normal in their behavior. Half are married, and earnestly so; and the other half—many with their own apartments and cars—are busy nightly breaking masculine hearts all over New York. But at work, under the influence of Powers, they all manage somehow to tuck away their sex appeal and maintain that strict air of impersonality.

Considering the business he's in, Powers is probably the most impersonal boss in America. He has never had a spat with one of his girls. He has never taken one out. He has never tried to get a date with one for a gentleman friend. No girl ever confides her personal problems to him. And handsome as he is, and varied as have been the innumerable girls in his charge, no one has ever made a play for him. Possibly you think that's a disadvantage. But you don't know John.

For, as I started out to say, John Powers loves his wife. So it is eventually to his private life that one turns for the explanation of what he is in business.

Forsaking New York, the Powers' have settled at Huntington, Long Island, about thirty-five miles from the city, where, as he says, "we live like a couple of farmers." Their establishment is a simple one: A stucco cottage on a wooded estate, which they rent; a maid, at times a handy man, several horses, four dogs and a number of finches. ("Canaries make too much noise.")

Horses are a passion with them. At 4:30 in the morning (! ! !) John gets up and goes for a two-hour canter, often accompanied by his wife. But it isn't the riding so much as the horses themselves, that he likes.

"I like to be around stables," he says. (This man, who manages the nation's finest collection of beautiful girls!)

The social life of the Powers couple is as limited as it could be. They seldom go to parties. Most of their friends are older folk living in the neighborhood. Their most intimate friends are a retired English lawyer, his brother and sister, all unmarried, with whom they exchange regular dinners and visits. An hour's conversation, a game of hearts (John doesn't play bridge)—and at 9:30 or 10 o'clock, almost every night, the Powers' are asleep.

John plays no musical instrument, has no artistic bent or hobbies and merely dabbles in golf. When he reads, it's chiefly biography or Shakespeare. Most of his reading time is spent paging through periodicals, keeping in touch with the advertising scene. He rarely reads romances or stories about beautiful women.

He is not a church-goer, likes an occasional drink, and yet is probably soberer than a New England deacon.

"I've never heard John tell an off-color story," said his closest friend. "What's more, I'd never think of telling him one."

During the winter, for two months, Mrs. Powers goes to Florida. John, at home, keeps bachelor quarters. And what does he do for the two months that his wife is away—this good-looking chap who has at hand the most beautiful girls in America?

". . . Well, when I get back from the office, I'm pretty tired. I have dinner—I often prepare it myself—then I sit down and write my wife a ten-page letter. Yes, every night. Oh, just the kind of letter a husband would write to his wife. . . . I read a little and go to bed early. I never go out during the week when my wife is away. Haven't any desire to. Week-ends I like to putter around in the stable. Sometimes I drop in on friends or go to a movie. Usually I like best to light the fire in the fireplace and read."

Strange? Not to John.

The suggestion that other men are philanderers, that some men make whoopee while the wife's away or that many men have at least mental stirrings of infidelity is received by him with almost amused incredulity.

"I guess I'm a pretty colorless fellow. I don't see what you can write about me," John said.

Then I thought of the tale, which I told him, of the cub reporter who was sent to cover a society wedding. Hours later, after the last edition had gone in, he drifted back.

"There wasn't any story," he explained. "Everybody waited and waited, but the groom didn't show up, so there wasn't anything to write about." ##

Misfortunes of the *Fox*

Continued from page 65

first get a breeze and the second night shut down with the ships barely moving through the silent black water and all hands sleeping round the cannon in shifts, uncertain when the shock of battle would come.

The third morning opened misty like the other two; then a little sea-breeze swept the mist off the water and for the first time Captain John Manly realized what a terrible mistake he had made. For the big British warship he had been trying to escape for the last two days was, after all, nothing but a heavy frigate. If he had borne down on her with his three ships on the first morning, he could have fought with all the odds in his favor. It was too late now; the *Boston* was away, flying down the wings of the wind far out of distance, and the British had gained a reinforcement.

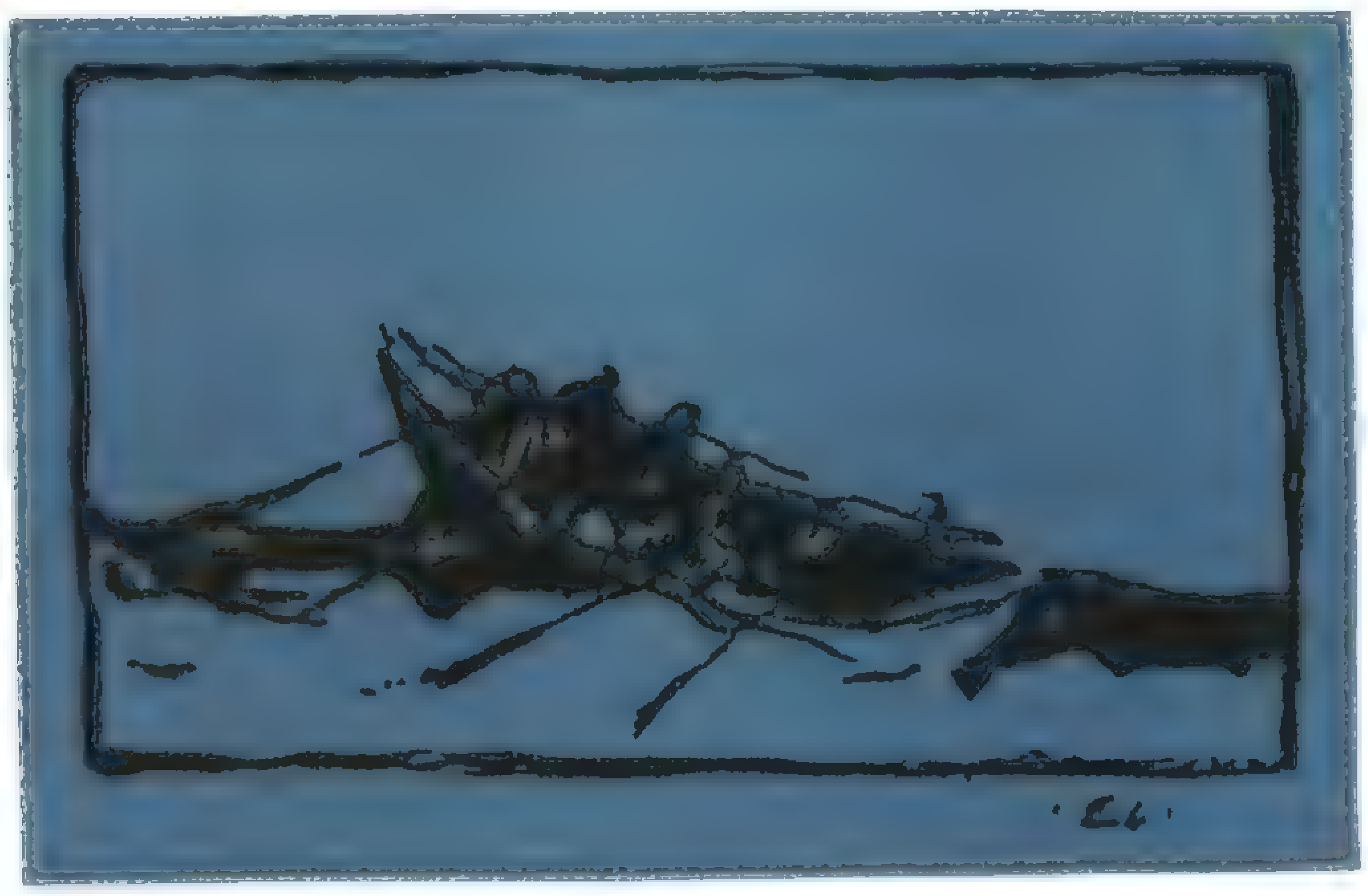
The breeze freshened as the weather cleared; the big British frigate proved fast as well as heavy and at three in the afternoon a freak of current and a little wind brought the *Hancock* under her guns, with the broadsides rolling like thunder across the sea. Brave Manly was overmatched; he saw his foremast crumble, the guns in his battery fell silent as the men around them were killed, and as twilight closed in he struck his flag. When the British boarded he discovered that his captor was Sir George Collier, a big red-faced seaman commanding H.M.S. *Rainbow*, 44; one of the most famous captains of the British navy, whom it would have been a pleasure to meet under any other circumstances.

Off inshore, meanwhile, the second British ship had overtaken the *Fox* and the red flashes of their artillery streaked the evening gloom. The fight did not last long; at the first broadside, Captain Hersey fell; the next one killed the American Lieutenant, the *Fox* was masterless and the British ship got under her stern to rake her heavily three times before her crew gave up the hopeless struggle. Their captor was the *Flora*, 32, too heavy a ship for them to handle in any case, doubly so without a leader.

A fey ship, that would be the ruin of every man who touched her, MacDonald had said, and Fotheringham and Manly were prisoners and Hersey dead. The curse followed Captain Hector McNeil to Boston. When he brought the news of the disaster, the town went crazy mad. The *Hancock* was their pride, Boston's own ship; her loss affected everyone. The night of McNeil's arrival the citizens gathered in little whispering knots around the street corners. The knots became a mob, which began to shout, then invaded the tavern where McNeil was stopping, dragged him out into the street, cursed him for a coward, and finally chased him from the town pelting his retreating back with stones and mud.

Next morning the General Council met and demanded that he be tried for cowardice. The Continental Congress set up a court to try him, but the trial was held in Boston, the court was packed, and poor McNeil who had done no more than obey his commander's orders, was found guilty and dismissed from the service. He never went to sea again, for no one wanted to hire a broken captain.

As for Fotheringham, he went back to England a passenger on his own ship, for he had surrendered her and under the law of the sea must stand a trial before he could command again. There was no difficulty about that; the court-martial honorably acquitted him, finding that he had fought to the last against superior force. But when he applied to take her over again the officers of the Admiralty told him with cold politeness that the matter would be taken under advisement.



Unable to comprehend this cryptic statement he wandered into an inn frequented by men of his class and there he learned that the *Fox* had been given to another commander, the Hon. Thomas Windsor, a younger son of the Earl of Plymouth, who happened to be wanting a ship at the moment. Captain Fotheringham, filled with rum and indignation, went back to the Admiralty offices and raised a row; the atmosphere around him became positively frigid, and as he did not cool down, he was ejected by force. He tried to interest some of the members of Parliament in his case, but chose badly and only succeeded in building up a determination never to do anything for him at the Admiralty offices. For years after that he used to show up about once a month, smelling of rum, till he became a kind of office joke, a queer, comical ghost in a faded blue coat. One day he disappeared and no one in England took the trouble to find out that the old nuisance had died at last.

The ruin of every man that touched her; neither Manly of the *Hancock* nor Sir George Collier was to be immune. Manly felt the edge of it first. He went to England a prisoner and a rebel. They threw him into a dungeon with chains on his legs and then forgot him. Other prisoners, captured later in the war, were exchanged and went home, but Manly stayed on for four and a half years long, and came out a pale and shaken man.

Yet pale and shaken though he was he was still one of the foremost captains in the infant American navy. They gave him command of a ship at once, a fine new frigate, *The Hague*, 36, and he went off with her to cruise in the heart of the British trade lanes of the West Indies. It seemed that he had escaped the curious curse of the *Fox* at last, but no, the cruise went wrong from the first day. He never captured a single merchantman; running among the islands his frigate suddenly pulled up with a jarring shock, fast aground on an uncharted reef and with her foremast sprung. Manly set his men working like mad to get her off; while they were at their task a 74-gun British battleship came over the horizon and drove down toward him.

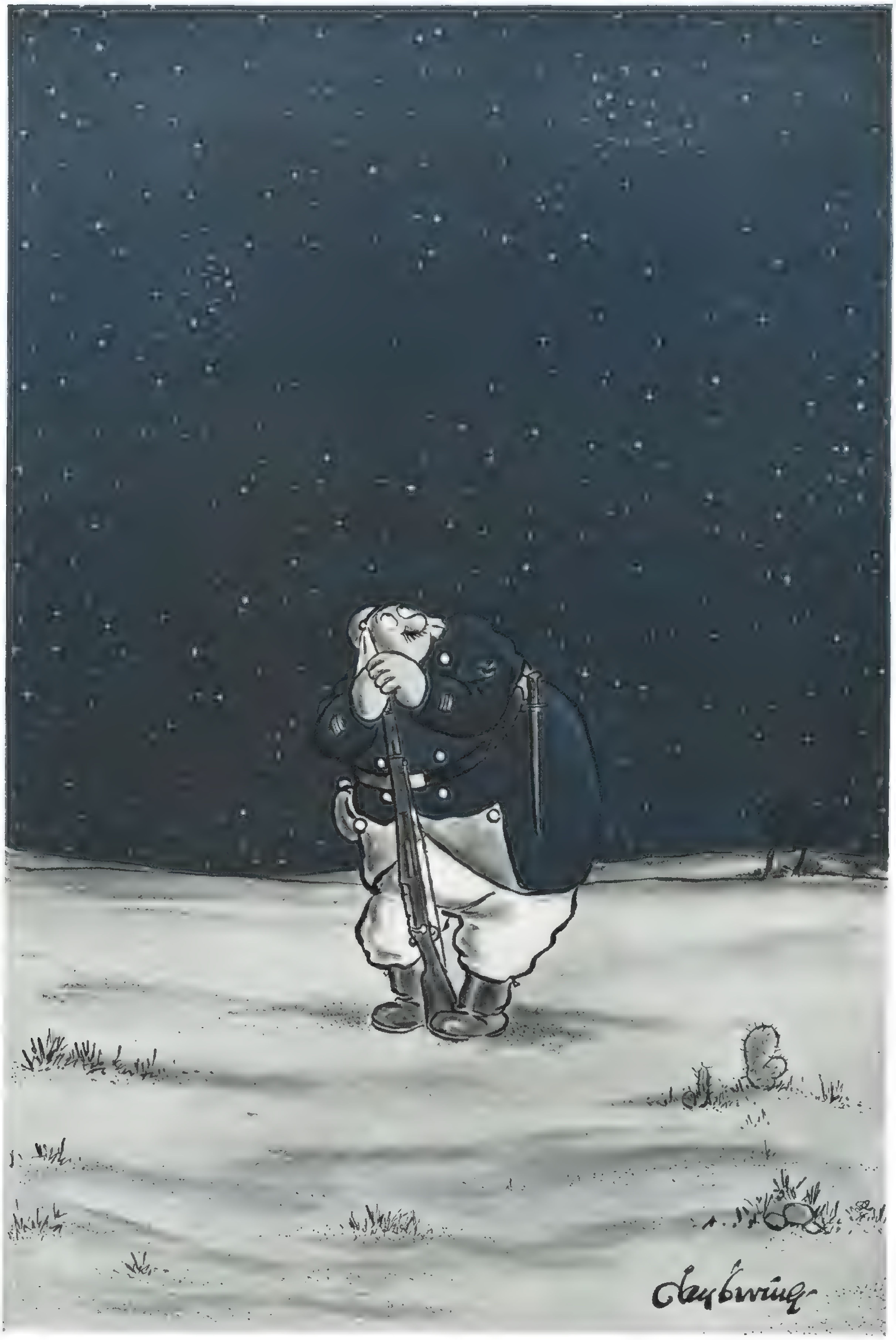
The big ship was too afraid of the reef to come in close, but rounded to on the wind and began to pound Manly's ship with a slow, damaging fire from a distance. Spars were brought down and braces cut aboard the helpless frigate. Manly reluctantly gave orders to throw her guns overboard to make her light enough to float free. It was insufficient; he had to throw the ammunition after the guns, then the water and provision stores after the ammunition before he could get her loose. By the skin of his teeth and daring seamanship in the gale that blew up that night, he got away from the 74 and made Charleston harbor. He began to refit at once, but it was a long job and before he finished, one of his lieutenants preferred a charge of brutality against him. Manly, and for that matter, the rest of his officers, could not have been more surprised if the sky had fallen in; he was famous as an easy captain of sublime good nature. As a matter of fact the lieutenant was insane, but it took a court-martial to find it out, with the captain suspended from duty during the trial, and it was six months or more before the court could gather to clear up the matter. Before they finished the war ended; Congress decided not to maintain a navy and Congress turned him out into the world without a penny. He died in poverty and disappointment, all alone.

Sir George Collier had a right to suppose he would come off better. He had returned in triumph and rounded the Hamoaze into Portsmouth harbor with all his guns firing salute and two captured American frigates following his squadron in, then landed and went up to London to get the honors that were his due, but when he got there found the world turned upside down.

Sir George was a rough, honest sea-dog of a man, who had once, years before, gotten into a quarrel with a neighbor of his. While he was making war on the American coast the neighbor had become one of the Lords of Admiralty. On some trumpery pretext, he started an "investigation" of Collier's conduct and the trial dragged endlessly, with the vindictive neighbor seeing to it that it did drag. It was eight years before Sir George got his name cleared, and by that time the world had passed him by. He never went to sea again, but was too important a figure to be cleared off the navy list entirely, like old Captain Fotheringham, so they kept him on it, assigning him a promotion by seniority now and then. Finally these successive promotions brought him to the grade of Admiral and there was a rule that every admiral must be allowed to hoist his flag over a fleet, so he felt safe. The order assigning him to the fleet at the Nore came through in a couple of weeks; he posted down joyfully and took command. Next day came another order relieving him immediately and sending him into retirement. He died a week later, of a broken heart, said the people who liked him, of gin and disappointment, said those who did not.

But all this is ahead of the story. We left the *Fox* at Portsmouth, just in and assigned to the command of the Hon. Thomas Windsor. He was a fresh-faced young officer, all energy and drive; under his hands the ship was refitted with the speed of lightning, and with very good reason, for the crucial hour of the war was at hand. The French had made alliance with the Americans and sent a huge fleet into the

Continued on page 142



"Oh for a girl, dear stars, even a cock-eyed girl!"

Misfortunes of the *Fox*

Continued from pages 65-140

English Channel; England was calling up her last resources to beat them off.

Admiral Keppel was out to hold them with his fleet; in Portsmouth harbor, all around the *Fox*, fifteen new battleships were fitting to join him. Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser was their commander; a splendid, driving fighter who had won a knighthood by his stormy courage in the days of the Seven Years' War and had been called from retirement in his comfortable garden in London to lead a fleet in England's hour of need. He knew a good ship when he saw one. As he stood on his flagship's deck, looking around the harbor at the long line of towering vessels under his command, his eye caught the *Fox* at anchor and lingered over the flowing lines and graceful spars of the beautiful, evil ship.

"What ship is that?" he demanded, "I want her as the scout for my fleet." He got her, and the fate that accompanied her as well.

The next dawn he sailed with the tide. The *Fox* went with him at the flank of his flagship. Two days later he joined Keppel and the British seamen threw up their hats and shouted, for they were strong enough to come to grips with the French at last. Off the Isle of Ushant the two fleets came in sight; long lines of giant warships heaving gently on a slow swell in a day of light airs, reaching for miles back to the horizon. Palliser led the line with his division, bold as a lion, the *Fox* under his lee, straight into the heart of the French fleet.

The French ships came toward him on opposite courses; on both sides the tall vessels were wreathed in smoke and flame, but Palliser's flagship bore the heaviest fire and Keppel's division, thanks to the failing of the breeze, was slow in coming to help. The French, hard hit, retreated; the British main-guard caught a breeze and drove in on them. Palliser tried to follow, but the fire he had borne had crippled his ship, she could no longer carry sail, and his whole division waited for the admiral to move. He summoned the *Fox* to transship to another vessel, but when the corvette closed in to the side of his giant battleship the bulk of the bigger vessel took all the wind out of her sails and she lay becalmed. Still Palliser's other ships would not advance; Keppel alone dared not close with the French, he was outnumbered, and the French, half-beaten, got away scot-free.

Keppel went back to harbor and a bitter argument blazed up between him and Palliser, whom he rated as a coward. The matter went into the newspapers. Keppel had Palliser put on his trial; like McNeil before him, neither age nor high reputation, nor anything he could say about the course of events saved him. He was found a coward and dismissed from the service.

The night of the sentence, a mob of angry Londoners gathered round Palliser's home. They gathered a tail of ragamuffins, passed from talk to action, rushed into Palliser's garden, tramped over his flowerbeds, cut down his trees, roared into the house and sacked it, then set fire to the ruins. The Admiral escaped through the window in his nightshirt; the crowd pursued him half through the town, throwing cobbles after his retreating figure and the old admiral vanished into that night out of history with shame and disgrace clinging round his last appearance.

The *Fox* came back to port with the fleet. Keppel, who knew of her record, had had enough of such tantrums; he sent Captain Windsor out to cruise with her alone, where the fatal ship would bring misfortune on nothing but herself. Windsor took her to the neighborhood of Brest, looking for the fast French privateers that were harrying British commerce.

Off that port on the 10th of September of 1778, he sighted a French ship. The day was stormy and dark, with frequent squalls of rain; the sea moderate to heavy. The Frenchman was out ahead when Windsor picked her up; he put on as much sail as he dared carry through the gusts and gave chase. A squall carried him down close; he could count the gunports on his opponent's side and made her out a 32, heavier than his own vessel, but nothing to make him doubt the result of a contest, for the French always aimed for the rigging and shot high and badly. He hung out the battle-flags and bore down for a fight.

The opening of the contest was according to expectation. The Frenchman was evidently faster, which was a surprise for the *Fox* was marvelously speedy; he turned across the *Fox's* bows and delivered a raking broadside from a distance, but the shot went harmlessly through the English vessel's sails. Windsor let his ship slide off before the wind. "Give it to them, boys!" he cried, and the British crew pulled their lanyards all together. A white spray of splinters leaped up from the Frenchman's deck; he had been hit, and hard hit.

The Frenchman knew how to handle a ship, however; as the broadside struck him, his yards were already swinging for a quick tacking turn that brought him under the *Fox's* stern for another raking fire, but again it was too hasty, too far away and too badly aimed to do damage. "That ship will be ours," shouted Windsor, ordering the wheel over in a quick move to cross the frigate's bows. Both ships swung, and as though by magic found themselves side by side in a booming sea, a hundred yards apart.

With a crash both batteries let go together, then again and again into the white smoke of the firing. And only then did the Hon. Thomas Windsor discover what a mistake he had made. Instead of firing high and badly, his opponent was pouring in low, straight broadsides, crash on crash, fast as hammer-blows, every shot going straight into the sides of the unfortunate *Fox*. The foremast toppled down, shot off level with the deck; the wreckage dragged the main topmast after it. The bulwarks along the forecastle were beaten in; half the guns were dismounted by the storm of cannonballs. The carpenter came up through noise and smoke to report a shot between wind and water and a leak he could not stop. The *Fox's* fire began to die; a grazing ball hit Windsor's arm. White-lipped with pain, he stuck to it; "We'll beat them yet, my lads," he called, "Boarders away."

But it was no good, before the boarders could gather the mizzenmast came down into the wreckage of the gundeck, the ship was a helpless wreck, and the Hon. Thomas Windsor with half his crew gone and his vessel dissolving beneath him, surrendered.

The Frenchman who had shown himself so unexpectedly deadly an antagonist proved to be the Vicomte Antoine de Beaumont; his ship the *Junon*, 32. He towed the prize into Brest; the city went wild with delight over the victory, the first a French ship had won in months. The windows were illuminate for the brave de Beaumont; he was chaired through the streets and a messenger summoned him to court to receive the personal congratulations of the king.

But nothing could save those on whom the *Fox* had set her mark. In the ante-room of the court he accidentally jostled a man. He bowed and apologized; the man curled an elaborate moustache, murmured something about a "pig" and turned his back. The insult could not pass; de Beaumont sent him a challenge and they met next morning in the Faubourg St. Germain with swords and seconds. De Beaumont ran his man through, then, too late, discovered he was one of the queen's favorites. When the victorious captain went back to court again, it was to receive an order dismissing him to his estates "to wait the royal pleasure."

He was young, ardent and brave; it was the worst of sentences. Still he tried to bear up under it with the aid of a good cellar and a collection of the works of M. Rousseau. But Philosophy was no use when the French Revolution came along a few years later; he escaped from the country by so narrow a margin that he could carry nothing away but the clothes he stood in, and when an intelligent Englishman met him in London in 1797, he was conducting a hair-dresser's shop to keep from starving.

Nor did the Hon. Thomas Windsor come off any better. The surgeon who attended him bungled his wound; the arm gangrened and had to be amputated. It was five years later and the war over, before Windsor got his exchange out of the French prison to which he had been consigned, and when he returned he found the naval establishment so reduced that there was no future for a one-armed captain who had already lost one ship. He resigned from the service, married, and settled down to accumulate a crop of debts and a red nose.

We have no details of his private life; judged from the rest of those who "touched the *Fox*" it was probably unhappy. A few years later his older brother died without issue and he became heir-apparent to the earldom. He rode up to town to see his father about the matter, got caught in a snowstorm and contracted a heavy cold, from the effects of which he died before the week was out.

But this is anticipation again. The shattered *Fox* lay in Brest dockyard, where the constructors looked her over and thought she could be repaired and would be worth the repairing, for she was a fine ship. They gave her new masts, re-armed her, and sent her out under a new flag and a new captain, M. de Jussieux, to cruise in the West Indies. De Jussieux ran the blockade the British had set off Brest with skill and daring and arrived on his station in the first month of 1780.

There, on a starlit night, with the trade-winds blowing, the *Fox* came suddenly side to side with H.M.S. *Brune*, 32, and both ships opened fire with every gun. The cannon flashed across the dark; suddenly there was a roar, a great geyser of flame rushed up toward the heavens, and the *Fox* blew up and disappeared with every man aboard, and the mysterious curse that had followed her through so many changes.

When she began her career she was a new, fast ship, heavily-armed—she was commanded in turn by the most distinguished and able captains of three navies. Yet she never fled but to be overtaken, never fought but to be captured. Every captain who touched her saw his career ended by that touch, for none ever had the slightest success or even handled a ship afterward. Two were killed; two were unjustly condemned for cowardice, the others saw their life's prospects disappear in an inexplicable manner and through no fault of their own. You may put whatever explanation you wish upon it, for I shall not attempt to explain it at all. #

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My Father

Continued from page 72

and cleared sixty dollars. We never equalled the return again. As winter came on, we did well to give three shows a week, and take in twelve or fifteen dollars.

My brother Charles was advance man, walking ahead and arranging with school trustees for use of schoolhouses. I would come along with my father, and so his fortune remained mine; his ill luck likewise my own.

We were now in winter; snows and rains fell upon a crude hard country. We showed one night at Coffee schoolhouse. The three-dollar audience had gone. My father was dismantling the machine. Outside an explosion of harsh laughter was a signal for a fusillade of rotten eggs and turnips and bricks. An egg hit my father in the face and streamed down his beard. Another struck my head and gummed my hair. My father snuffed the light, ducked, grabbing a short piece of iron he kept handy as a weapon. I dropped behind a bench. Outside of the window, near my face, five tongues of flame came from a pistol. The fun-makers moved about the grounds, fired their pistols more, and withdrew into the near-by woods. They seemed to threaten another attack, so my father cautioned me to remain in hiding, while he crouched there with the iron. I fell asleep on the hard floor; the night was cold, and we had no blanket, but I waked only at dawn, to see my father still crouched there with the iron gripped in his hand. We stole out, with the picture show on our backs, and ran by back paths and wood and field out of the community.

With winter deepening, and poor stands and small audiences, we made one last effort. At the time we were not far from the Kentucky line. Charles had secured permission to show at a big two-teacher schoolhouse. It was snowing that morning, when the three of us trudged to the new stand.

The principal—he was also a minister—met us at the door, his face horror-drawn, his hands raised. "Never," he said. "You cannot use the schoolhouse. I understand from advance information that your exhibition is immoral."

It had developed, to my surprise, that the Russian National Dance was in reality the hoochy-coochy.

We retreated into the road, stopping where the school loomed dim in the swirling snow. Charles said:

"God damn this show business. I'm quitting."

Father asked, "What are you going to do?"

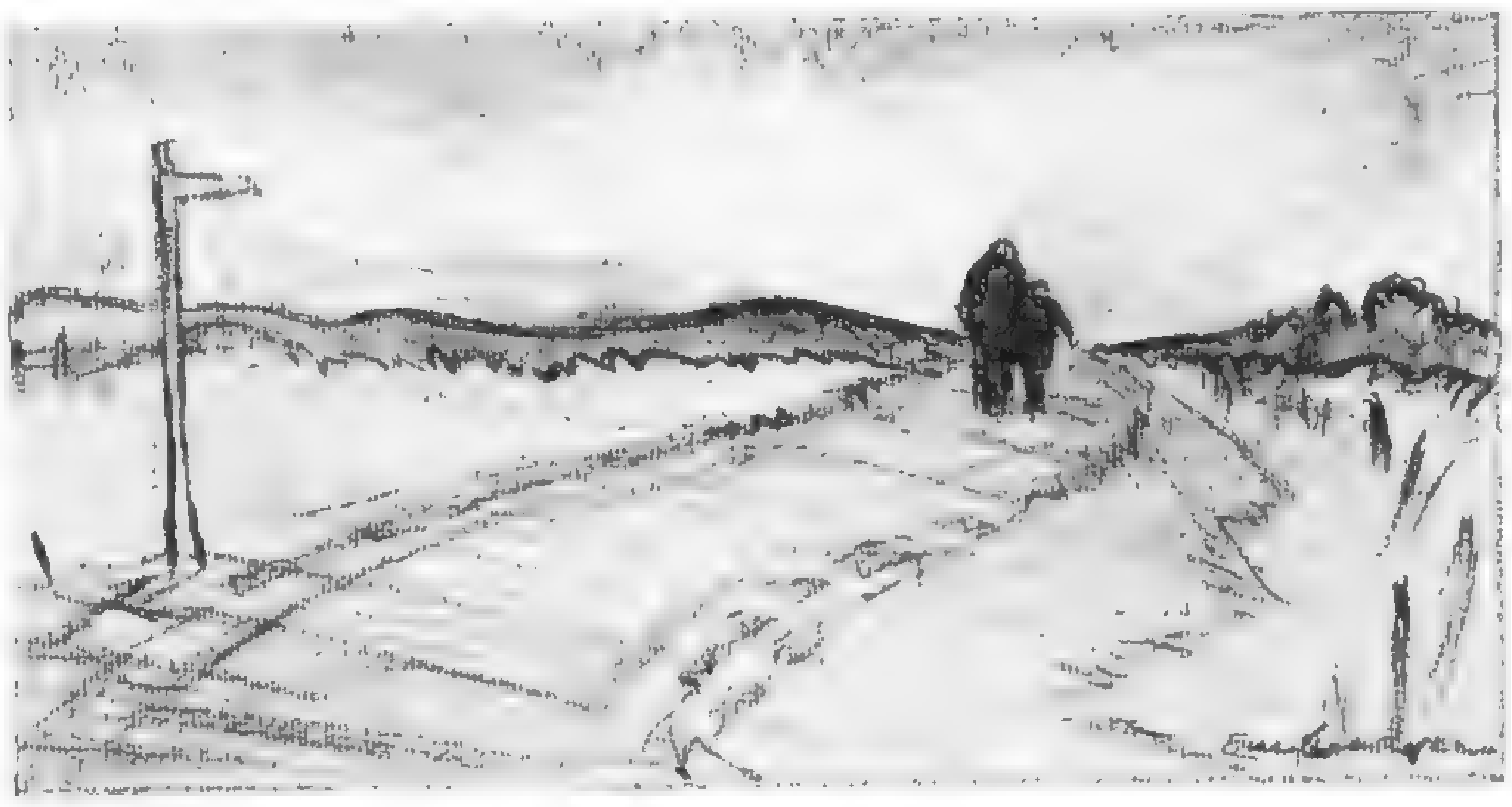
"I don't know. Not home, though. God damn that place too."

My father took the fund of money from his pocket and counted a dollar and fifty-three cents. He gave Charles a half dollar. Charles said, "Good-bye," and he and father shook hands. I remember how strange, unreal, they looked, standing there in the gray gloom of the snow. Charles said, "Good-bye, Harry," and went quickly away up the road. I stood watching him, until where his dark shape had been there was only the ghostly white and silence of the deepening blizzard.

Father said, "Do you want to go with him?"

"No," I answered.

We shouldered the outfit and trudged away toward a village two miles distant on the railroad, twenty-nine miles from home, I recall; the snow was falling faster, the cold becoming more bitter. My father got a goods box at one of the stores and packed the show into it. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. He said to me:



"Freight charges will be ninety cents. Or a ticket for you would be ninety cents; and you can take the box as baggage. In any case I am walking home. Which do you wish—to go by train, or walk with me?"

I can't recall that I hesitated.

"I will walk with you."

We set out down the railroad, having bought stick candy and crackers with the thirteen cents. All the cold afternoon we tramped the Illinois Central ties. Night found us at the long trestle and bridge over the Obion river and swamps. I remember how, shivering in the sleet, we stood at the bridgehead wondering if any train would catch us. We went on, my father walking ahead; his breath turned to fog and froze on his beard. He was a small man, a little older, a little more bent, and —I know now—more forlorn and baffled. A dim gray man going through the blizzard over the long trestle, while I followed a tie behind. Some time in the night we came to Newburn. It must have been about eleven o'clock. We went into the depot, open all night, and even now I can feel the red glow of the stove in the waiting room, and how I huddled in weariness in the warmth, and my father and I shared the remainder of the candy and crackers. Blood crept through my numb body; my great weariness changed to crying want of sleep. We stayed perhaps a half hour; my father then said we must go; and again we were trudging the ties, through snow and bitter night. It was two of the morning when we turned off the railroad at the edge of the home town and went to a small dark cold house at the town limits. I remember how my mother looked at us in the red dim lamplight as we sank down at the table. She brought a black pan of cornbread, made by mixing meal and water. She was a squat emotional woman, who looked at life much with square set lips.

"It's the last grub on the place," she said. "Good God. If you'd have done what I begged and pleaded—"

My father sat there silent; he seemed small, dim, weary. He tasted the crumbs of cornbread; I was sliding away into sleep, resenting my mother's harsh voice, the critical implication of her words. His eyes, deep and hurt, became as a part of his beard—wiry, with ice in it.

* * *

I was twenty-one years old that January when I entered a two-room school in the cotton belt of the Deep South to become an educated man. My father had written on the fly-leaf of the Ray's arithmetic the Negro teacher had given him:

"The difference between men is in what they know."

I know today that this is not true. The difference between men is not so simple as that. The difference is a highly complex mixture of ambition and energy and inexplicable abilities; of personality, application, of luck.

This understanding has come about only after a period of years when I am today as old as my father was when he sat me under the trees and acquainted me with my meagre memory of creation and procreation. As a starting point for a life of achievement, however, its very simplicity seemed good. I ventured forth upon an ambition so wild, so remote from any promise of ultimate success, as to make my father's poor project of being a showman seem tame and easy. After the bitterest of disappointments, and those high joys that attend each landmark of success, I today read my name in *Who's Who*, with a glow that I am somewhat known on two continents, with a chance of being better known as the years pass; that indeed you who read this may have seen my name.

Then I was preparing to marry. The picture show had been sold, the whole enterprise abandoned. In the intervening years I had worked at saw mills, in cotton fields and turpentine orchards, and bottomlands. I'd turned tramp photographer, having mastered the craft by self-study. It was I, now, not father, who groped wildly for something with a future.

That season of feverish study to become a teacher, in classes with sixth-grade children, alone at night with my books, proved to be the most joyous adventure I had so far known. For I discovered to my amazement how intelligent I was, how easily I learned. Later I was to know that my intelligence quotient ranks me in the upper ten per-cent of the intelligence scale.

After six months of this intensive work I was successful in securing a license to teach. As I used to fare forth on foot to secure schools in which to give the picture show, I now set out to secure one to teach. In the afternoon I interviewed a trustee and was employed for a six months' session at thirty dollars a month.

One day soon afterward I walked forty miles home to see my father. I recall that I started at four that morning and reached home at six that afternoon.

Father was merely more bent, and grayer and smaller, with that remote look in his eyes of those who are dying. We took the road to the railroad, as we had come home that bitter night, and walked up the creek past the cabin to the woods where the violets had bloomed. Few landmarks of my childhood remained. I looked at this old man whose eyes searched for something beyond the limits of his vision. He aimlessly plucked violets and hooked their heads together at the game I had played as a child. He was, I judge, a typical failure. A man who had tried this and that, and losing hope and abandoning each enterprise. I suppose my mother was very correct when she once had said if father had studied for himself instead of for nigger school teachers, he might himself have been a respectable man, and she a little more than a nonentity. Yet, had he not have had this streak of crazy adventure in him, had he not braved rotten eggs and accepted stoically that dreary homeward trip with his son that bitter night, I wonder if today I would be able to read my name in that red volume which houses the people of achievement. I wonder.

I returned to my school, and was married. One day a letter came saying my father was dead. I remember how I walked to the gate and stood in the summer sunlight and wept. #

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Fun on the Rope

Continued from page 71

cision, his men shifted their feet to the cleat "above," and straightened out their legs. Sometimes, moving as one man, they could take two or three cleats in succession. Each cleat accounted for six inches of rope.

The defense was first, not to get caught tired or relaxed, or if you were, to let go a cleat or two and get it back before the opposing anchorman could set himself to hold the advantage gained.

With an average of a three-ton pull constantly on each team—600 pounds to a man—this strain usually went on for fifteen minutes to half an hour. If this doesn't strike you as being sufficiently brutal, tie a rope around your piano, shove it out a second-story window, and hold it suspended in midair for a quarter of an hour. Now if you could only lie on a dozen cleats while doing this, your fun would be complete.

The sport naturally drew a good many giants, but there was a knack to pulling for which size or weight or strength alone could not compensate. Either Johnson or Lundin, world's champion weight lifters of the 90's, could put 348 pounds over his head with one hand, but neither of them could make the Swedish tug-o-war team, much to the disappointment of the Swedes, who had counted on them for a couple of ringers. Like getting most other jobs, past or present, it was pull that counted.

Tug-o-war had its individual stars, too, with their ratings.

Bob Smith, anchorman with the champion Scotch of the early 90's, was perhaps the greatest of them all. Short and stocky, he weighed 248 pounds, and rated sixty hundred. That is, he could hold three tons after all the other men had pulled up the weight and then dropped off the rope. This weight was in the testing machine.

Smith used to pull individual matches against other anchormen, and was never beaten—unless he wanted to be. The unfortunate fact that he sometimes wanted to be, when money whispered in his shell-like ear, partly accounted for his single matches. Teammates could never be sure which side he was pulling for.

Smith was a good actor, and that counted a lot in tug-o-war as it does in football. He went up to Sacramento once, and took on the champion Italian anchorman. Smith seemed hopelessly outclassed. Inch by inch he was dragged in, yet his seemingly stupid manager continued to run up and down the sidelines, among the wildly excited Italians, and took all their bets. With his man steadily losing, he got better and better odds.

There were only six inches to go. Smith was suffering terribly. He sagged forward. The crowd broke into pandemonium. The Italian, seeing his chance, drew up a foot to take the last cleat.

Smith didn't bother with orthodox tug-o-war style. He just jerked, with arms that had swung a hammer for years in a steel mill. The Italian came tumbling heels over head, and before the crowd could recover, Smith and his manager were on their way back to San Francisco.

Acting wasn't the only trick he knew. One of the rules was that a contestant could be searched for weights before a pull. Smith was once caught with a 35-pound saddle and 70 pounds of mercury hidden on his person.

Ed Anderson, anchorman of the Swede team, had a top rating in the San Francisco pulls. He was a 6200 man.

Baseball had its Tinkers-to-Evers-to-Chance, and football its Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Tug-o-war had its Bloom brothers, Herman, Ed and Charley. Charley, the youngest, weighed only 170 pounds, and was a "drop man," or number one at the head of the rope. Ed was the biggest. He was six feet three, and weighed 212 pounds stripped, while Herman hit 210.

The three brothers pulled on the championship Swede team in San Francisco. They pulled in Los Angeles, and in San Diego, and in Alaska. All they needed was seven other men for ballast, and, it being much easier to pull with than against them, they had no lack of teammates.

With a death on the first night of a tournament in Seattle, tug-o-war never got much of a professional start in the Northwest. Here it soon became what it is today, an amateur sport for policemen. However, in the old days there were some bitter matches, mostly centered around opponents' attempts to yank over Seattle's largest cop and anchorman, 320-pound Hans Damm.

By now you'll wonder if I think tug-o-war was entirely a western sport. Well—

In 1895 the Vikings, in New York, advertised in the Police Gazette that they, as Eastern champions, would pull anybody in the world for a purse of $10,000 or more. The Swedes, who had just won in 'Frisco, raised several thousand dollars and accepted the challenge, winner take all, the pull to be held any place the Vikings wished.

Whether through trepidation or stark commercialism, the New Yorkers let the challenge go unheeded. Thereupon the Westerners dismissed them contemptuously as a bunch of lilies. In the history of tug-o-war (if anybody ever delves into it at further length than this article) this incident will probably go down as the Great Schism of 1895. At any rate, Eastern tug-o-war was deemed not to exist from this date on, and I, gentlemen, am a Westerner.

Just as in football, then, it was the big fellows in the West who put the color in the brief history of the game. From 1894 to 1896 tug-o-war reached its height, with the international pulls in San Francisco.

The old Central Park was the scene of the first "spectacle," and sixteen teams were present to grunt and strain. Eight were lightweights, the limit on a light man being 175 pounds. The nations represented were the Scotch-Canadians, the Danes, the Americans, the French-Canadians, the Swedes, the Irish, the Germans and the Norwegians.

On the 4th of August the first gun was fired, and the Scotch-Canadian champions defended their title against the Swedes, the lightest of the heavyweight teams, and inexperienced. But just as in any other sport, over-confidence born of years on the top did for the Scotch. In seventeen minutes the several thousand fans who attended the opener saw the champs eliminated, and hundreds giving odds on the favorites went away with a kick in the pants, right on the hip pocket.

While the panic of 1893 had not yet subsided, and Coxey's army was on the way to Washington, the Barbary Coast was still in its height, and every night for a week the fans flocked to the big circus tent at a dollar a throw. Eight pulls a night were staged—four lightweight and four heavyweight—and at the end of the week, all the teams had met all the others except the Swedes and the Danes, and they remained undefeated.

Betting ran high, and there were no parimutuels and no "post time." You bet as long as you could find takers, for it was a pull to the finish. Bookies handled most of the money.

The rope, two and a half inches in diameter, was clamped down exactly in the middle. On each side of the clamp were five feet marked off in six-inch sections, alternating red, white, and blue in color. Simultaneously with the release of the rope, a gun was fired, and the pull was on. When the last mark of the five-foot sections in either direction passed the middle, the gun was fired again, the time taken, and that pull was over. The victorious athletes who were too exhausted to get up were lugged off the boards, and two more teams lay down opposite one another.

It took half an hour for the Swedes and the Danes to strain out a new championship, and the heavier Danes pulled in the title along with the five feet of rope.

"Ve pool dem yet," said Ed Anderson, anchorman of the Swedes.

"Yah, shoore," agreed the Bloom brothers, and while the other teams practised timing and pull during the winter in preparation for the next contest, the Swedes adjourned to the beer parlors of San Diego to ponder on their chances.

The international pull of 1895 was held in the spring in Mechanics' Pavilion, and found the same nationalities competing. A prize-fight was offered every night as an added attraction. While a man might cripple himself for life on the tug-o-war cleats, still you could never be sure right away, so the promoters wisely added a little blood from the flying gloves so the cash customers would have no kick coming.

The Swedes returned with the same light team, barely averaging 193 pounds per man. The Americans had improved, and this time the Danish champions couldn't pull them. In the semi-finals the two teams tugged to a stand-still (or rather, a lie-still) and as the customers were getting impatient, and the finer points of throwing the contest hadn't yet crept in, the pull was called a draw. This is a very appropriate expression for tug-o-war, when you stop to think of it.

Here were three undefeated teams on the final night, as nobody had dragged in the Swedes as yet. While the officials were debating this complicated mathematical problem of having three finalists when there ought to be two, the Swedes settled the discussion.

"Ve pool dem bot'," they said.

This arrangement was looked upon as a disclosure of the fact that the Swedes had just come from a long session in a beer parlor, but the Swedes are noted for their stubbornness. The Americans took the boards. They outweighed the Swedes 15 pounds to a man, but in 17 minutes their extra 150 pounds had been pulled in along with the rest of their tonnage.

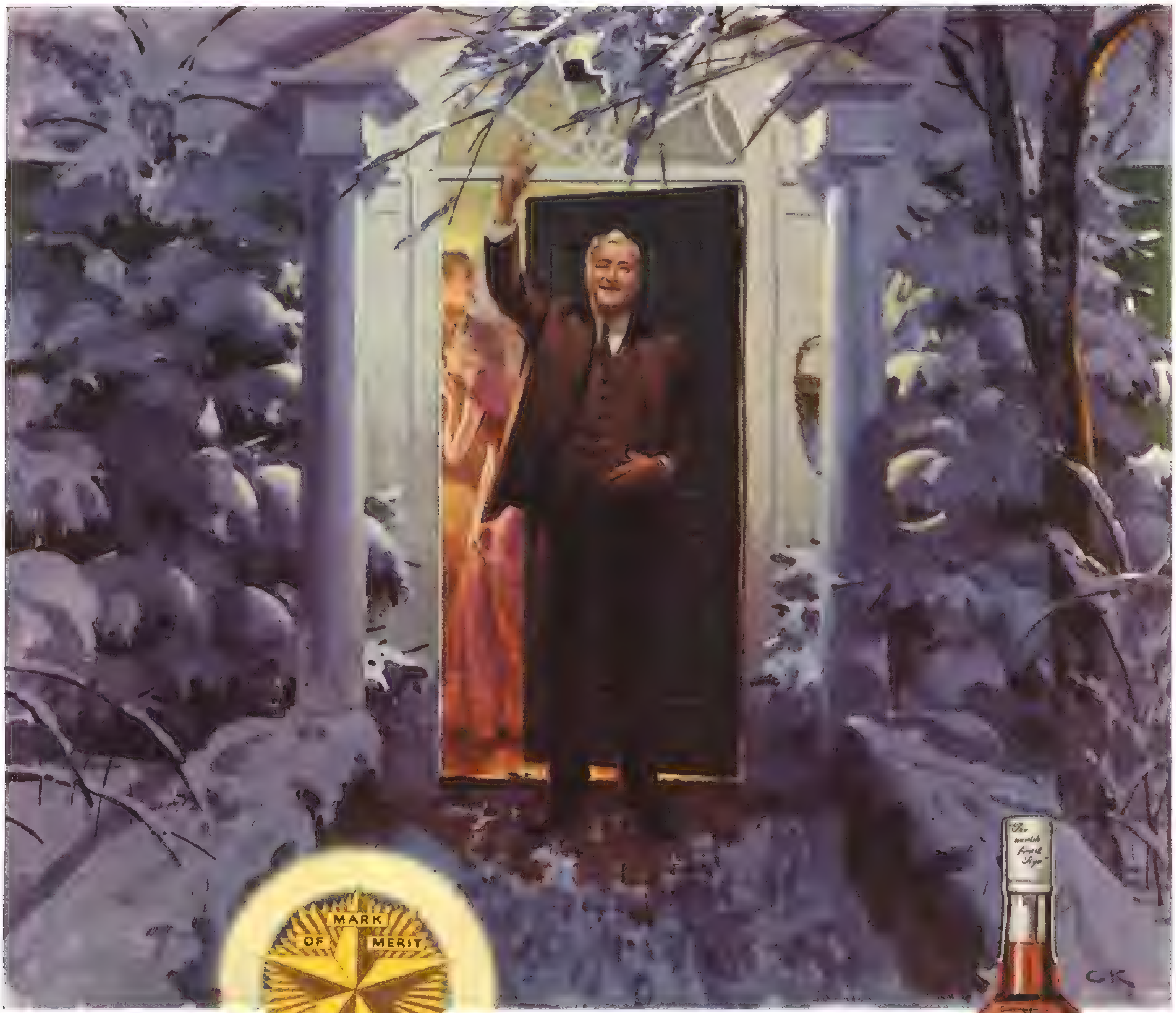
The Swedes relaxed, but didn't get off the cleats. The Danes took the place of the Americans. The Swedes, apparently tired by their first effort, had no desire for an extended struggle. They pulled the Danish champions in 14 minutes.

During the next year the champs set about to cash in on their title, but they were born thirty years too soon.

Sutro, then mayor of San Francisco, signed them up for exhibition pulls at his bath house, every Sunday for three months. Sutro's customers got a bath and this exhibition of strength for 50 cents. The champions had to hold their regular jobs, of course, but with this contract they made their day of rest pay them five dollars apiece each week!

There may have been greater tug-o-war teams, but these were the champions at the height of the sport. For two years they remained unbeatable—and then lost their title to the gold rush of '97! Yes, it was a queer national sport. With the prospect of real money in Alaska, the teams, including the titleholders, just walked out and left the game flat.

Continued at top of page 149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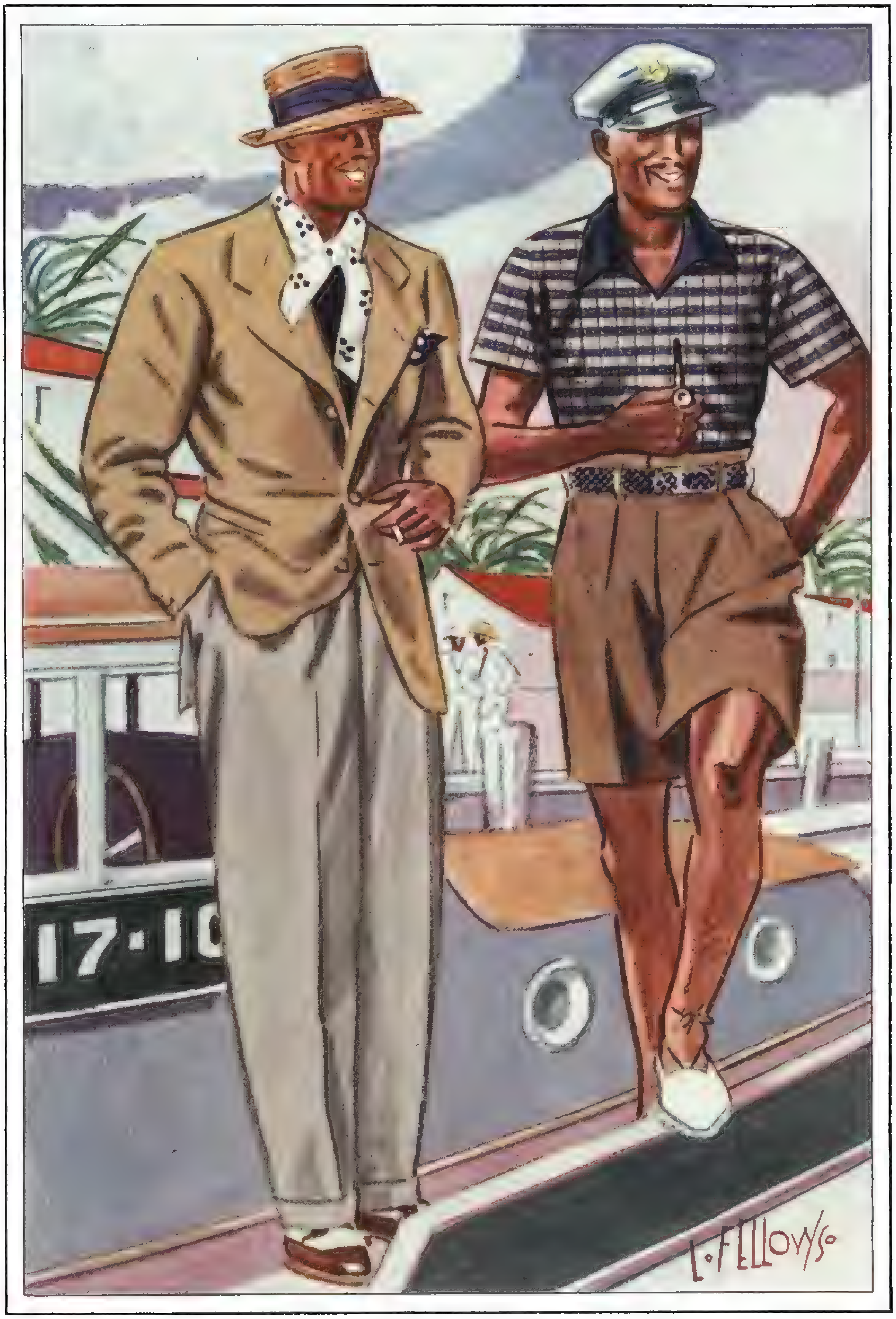


AS NASSAU REMEMBERS THE DUKE OF KENT

LARGELY as a result of the Duke's visit last winter, the outfit sketched on the right may be expected to serve almost as a Nassau uniform, for boating, golf, and even tennis, this coming season. The shorts are of gabardine, the rest of the rig consisting of a ribbed polo shirt, canvas espadrilles and a sailing cap. The other figure typifies the dress for general wear at Nassau. The jacket is of natural tan gabardine, of a silk-like quality that makes the fabric iridescent. The lapel rolls to the top button and there are eight-inch side vents. With this coat the sketched figure wears grey flannel slacks, a dark blue polo shirt of light weight silk, a large cotton neckerchief and the popular Nassau hat of coconut straw with a cotton puggree band. The shoes are the brown and white Norwegian model, as introduced last season in London. Both outfits are also suitable for Bermuda a little later in the season.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Fun on the Rope

Continued from pages 71-146

In Alaska the sport revived, once the gold fever subsided. It was a game which he-men miners needn't be ashamed to play. So they bet their gold dust on ten men and ten feet of rope, and Lord help the man who chickened out once he grabbed the hauser!

After a while there emerged a championship team of sorts. At least it was the team everyone tried to beat, but it wasn't always the same team.

Everyone pointed for Herman Bloom's draft horses. He had gone to Alaska along with the others, and his favorite recreation was organizing and training pull teams. Sometimes when they were in the same part of the country, his brothers pulled with him, but Herman, now weighing 225 and all lean, was always anchorman. The main point of Alaska's tug-o-war became "Beat the Blooms." The pulls in the States were often limited to half an hour, which is long enough on the rack for the toughest man. In the North most pulls were to a finish, and in a land where giving up often meant death in everyday life, the teams hung on as though life depended on the rope.

Many old-timers will remember the pull on the Queen's birthday at Dawson in 1901. Dawson pulled against a Scotch team, and it was an hour and 22 minutes before the Dawson team could gain the necessary five feet.

The longest pull on record was in 1917 in Fairbanks. The Fairbanks team, with Herman Bloom still going strong as anchorman, met a Russian team.

For over two hours, the twenty men had strained on the rope. Fairbanks had part of the Russians' share, but not enough to win. His hands bleeding and his legs ready to buckle under him, Bloom knew he was about done.

Then long years of experience came to his rescue. Instead of wasting his team's remaining strength in futile straining, he composed his features for one last bit of acting.

The two anchormen were the only ones who stood. With their feet against the cleats, they strained back against the end loop in the rope to hold whatever advantage their mates took.

Bloom braced his feet well. He stared at the Russian anchorman. Their eyes met. Then Herman deliberately leaned back in his saddle, folded his arms—and smiled.

It was a broad smile, which did not betray the pain of the body behind it. It said plainly, "Go on, tug all you want to. We're set for another two hours."

The Russian, just as tired as Bloom, was not to be outdone. He too relaxed. Bloom signaled. In a flash the Fairbanks team dragged in the remaining foot of rope.

This epic struggle is still talked about in Fairbanks. It was great. Three of the Russians died before the next year was out. Bloom was finished too.

Herman's seventy now, and lives in Fairbanks. The other two brothers and most of the rest of the Swede champions of 1895 are living yet. Tug-o-war may have killed off the rest of the old-timers, but not the Swedes. However, their parents warn them the strain of those old contests may cause them to die early. #

Grandpappy Say . . .

Continued from page 78

"Sure," says the chile.

"Dat means he know music notes, don't it?" say Grandpappy.

"I don't know if it do," say the chile.

"Well, he got to play somethin' in this here," say Grandpappy. "Sholey, he can play somethin'. Now I'se all ruint and I might as well quit."

"Aw, go on, Grandpappy," say the chile in a kind voice.

"Well, I go on," say Grandpappy. "Bing he drive up and bow. He speak in a Harvard accent to Flora Belle. 'Good evenin', ma'am,' he say most polite, 'your feminine pulchritude is magnificent'," When Grandpappy say "pulchritude," he look at the littlest chile. The littlest chile he never interrupt but he blush. Grandpappy he hasten on and look proud.

"Bing say then to Flora Belle, 'Can you direct me, ma'am, to a boardin' house where we can play tunes for the edification of the boarders, the delight of the landlady and the purification of the unlettered inhabitants, such as the large person who looks like a walrus and who hovers near you?'

"Flora Belle she never say nothin', but W. C. speak up. W. C. say, 'We all mought go down to old man Weevil's,' he say in a hopeful voice. 'He likes music and he make good corn liquor.'

"'Who tole you, you was goin'?' say the Sheriff.

"'I forgot I was incarcerated,' say W. C., lookin' sheepish.

"'Why not let him go long,' ask Bing. 'He look like a sho'nuff musician to me.' All the time Bing talk, he look straight at Flora Belle and the Sheriff he see him. The Sheriff he gnaw his mustaches and then he say:

"'Stranger, I got a notion that you ought to board at old man Weevil's. I got a notion to turn this W. C. loose and let him go with you. There was somethin' you said about a walrus. I ain't got it quite clear in my mind what you said, but I'm studyin' about it and, if you meant what I thought you said, I mought drap in on you 'bout night'."

Grandpappy he stop a long time and he ponder.

"Is you run out of ideas, Grandpappy?" say the littlest chile. "If so, I can finish it for you."

"I ain't run out of ideas," Grandpappy say, "what I'm doin' now is marking the passage of time. If it were a screen, and not me, you could see the hands of a clock going around, or a calendar turning over. It's a problem I can't figure out."

"Try, 'Came the night,' in a deep voice," say Alice.

"Came the night in a deep voice," Grandpappy say, "although I'll be damned if it makes sense. Anyhow, we is all down at old man Weevil's place. There's a big still a'settin' by the creek. W. C. is leadin' the College Five in mountain music. Old man Weevil is messin' 'round his still out of which comes a stream of corn liquor like it were comin' out of a fire-hose. You'all know about corn liquor?"

"Old stuff," say the littlest chile. "Its fusel oils is high, though its alcoholic content is low. Corn liquor produces exhilaration which is followed by stupor."

Grandpappy scratch his head. "There is things about corn liquor no chile can know, no matter how much he study. But, as I was sayin', they was havin' a fine time, and grown people does have a fine time with corn liquor, even if it do end in stupor. Old man Weevil he just set back and laugh at the goings on, till all of a sudden the Sheriff come out of the brush. 'I come to arrest you and the College Five Orchestra for makin' liquor, W. C.,' he say." Then Grandpappy he stop again.

One of the chillun yawn heavy. "Lordy," he say, "whar is my marbles? I tole Grandpappy not to postpone his sex. It must be Grandpappy's age."

Grandpappy he blush. "Boy," he say, "what you want this thing to turn into? Folks is human. A man got to drink, first, then he got to eat and then he mind calmer. He relax and his eye get devilish. I got to come to the eatin' part. Now we is all of us in the jail-house again. Flora Belle and her maw come in, both bearin' big plates of food. 'Dinner, men,' say Flora Belle's maw, in a sort of cackle. 'Here's ham, here's eggs. Here's coffee that's hot.' She go all around feedin' the prisoners but Flora Belle she feed Bing through the bars with her fingers from a plate. 'Lady,' say Bing in a soft voice, 'lady, now that I've et, I don't care no more for food.' He accent food when he say it. Flora Belle she drop her eyes and the plate but she never say nothing. Flora Belle ain't much for talkin'."

"One of the dumb sort," say a gal chile.

"Them kind ain't dumb," say Alice. "You got to watch them brunette women which never says nothing."

Grandpappy he raise his hand for silence. "Here come the Sheriff and he see Flora Belle talkin' to Bing and he bridle up. 'Woman,' he say, 'git to your job of feedin' them prisoners.'

"Bing bite his tongue to keep civil and he say in his Harvard accent, 'I hear, Sheriff, that you'se the best musician in these parts. I'm languishin' to hear you play.'

"The Sheriff he swell up. 'I'm pizen on the harmonica,' he say, 'and if your ears is hongry for good music I'll give you *Comin' Round the Mountain* with variations.' All the time the Sheriff is playin', Flora Belle and Bing is meltin' in each other's eyes."

"Damn," say the youngest chile. "Get hot, Grandpappy. I ain't had much experience but I see what you mean. Your characters has fust had liquor—then they has et, and now they'se goin' after love. They will run the whole gamut of human experience," he add in a thoughtful voice.

"Dar, now," say Grandpappy, "chile, by the time you is growed up, I sho hopes I'll know you. 'Sheriff,' say Bing when the tune is finished, 'you-all play mighty good. I'm wonderin' how such a great artist ever escaped the stage. If only you'd have been taught the classics, what a box office you'd have been.'

"'I study Greek in school,' say the Sheriff. 'What-all do you mean by the classics?'

"'I mean classical music,' say Bing. 'Such things as the *Moonlight Sonata, Git Along Little Dogie* and the greatest of them all, *The Anvil Chorus*.' As Bing say Anvil Chorus he look cunning as a fox.

"'I can play any tune I hears,' say the Sheriff.

"'We got to have things for this *Anvil Chorus*,' say Bing wavin' his hands 'round. 'We got to have all sorts of tools to represent men working.'

"By now, the Sheriff all swelled up. 'That's good,' he say. 'Flora Belle, pass around amongst the prisoners and take a list of what they needs. There's nothin' I wouldn't do for art.'

"Flora Belle she pass around. 'What'll you have, kind sir?' she ask. 'I'd like a axe,' say one. 'I'd like a hammer,' say another. 'I'll have a keg full of corn,' say W. C. 'It makes a mighty fine musical sound when it swash around.' When she come to Bing's cell, she say in a soft voice, 'What'll you have, Bing, darlin'?'

"'One Hour With You,' say Bing brightening. 'But, Flora Belle, you bring me and all the boys some of them little steel saws which is made for cutting iron. We wants them for the high notes of the *Anvil Chorus*,' he say with a wink."

"What's a wink, Grandpappy?"

Continued at top of page 150

Grandpappy Say . . .

Continued from pages 78-149

one of the chillun ask. "Is it something erotic?"

Grandpappy study long. "A wink sort of ocular osculation," he say finally. "Anyhow, here we is now in the jail-house. The Sheriff, he play his harmonica, W. C., he play his mountain fiddle, the Widder Gibson she sing, Flora Belle she look at Bing and Bing lead 'em all in the *Anvil Chorus.* The College Five hammers on the bars each makin' a different music note."

Grandpappy make music, then he drive on. "The Sheriff, when it's done, he blow out a kerosene light, and he burn his mustaches and the folks all go out, leavin' the prisoners. It's dark as a cat's back, and I don't care if a cat is a animal. All of a sudden, there begin the awfullest screetchin' sound. Here comes the Sheriff.

"'What's that screetchin' a goin' on in here?' he ask.

"'Screetchin'?' say Bing surprised, 'what do you mean by screetchin'? We're practising the archipeggo movement for the *Anvil Chorus.*'

"'Sounds like grasshoppers, say the Sheriff.

"'All archipeggoes sounds that way,' said Bing. 'Dry and raspin'.'

"'Sounds like saws,' say the Sheriff, 'if I didn't know it were music, I'll swear, I'd think you boys were cuttin' the bars,' and with that he goes out, burning his mustaches on the lamp.

"The Sheriff ain't much more'n gone 'til Bing, he sing out. 'Boys, how is you doin'?'

"'Practically perfect,' they say and they grabs the bars and shakes 'em down and they all walk out. 'Let's go, Bing,' they say. Bing he stop and study a while. 'I think I forgot something' he say. 'You go out and set in the car and bye and bye, I'll come and join you.'

"W. C., standing by, he say, 'Hot Diggety-dog, my little aged bottle,' he say, 'my little quart of fine old corn,' he say happy like. 'Love is triumphant'."

Grandpappy he stop and meditate. "I's approachin' the climax," he say. "If you chilluns'll wait, I'll go out and get me a sup of water or something." When he come back, Grandpappy look all freshed up, only his eyes most too bright. "Dar now," say Grandpappy, "it's moonlight and Flora Belle is sittin' in an upstairs window. Flora Belle say, 'Oh, what a night! I wisht I heard some real good music.' And about that time there's a sound under the window and there's Bing playin' a serenade with passion.

"'Oh, Bing,' say Flora Belle, nearly falling out the window, 'is you out of them cruel bars?'

"'Sure, I is, honey,' say Bing, 'and I'll waft you down on the wings of sweet music and love,' and then he play soft-like, and, bless my soul, here come Flora Belle just a'floatin' out the window smack dab into his arms."

"Grandpappy," say the youngest chile, "I done told you. You is all exhilarated."

Grandpappy look scornful. "Say, chile," he say, "ain't it love which make the world go 'round?"

"Sure is," say the chile.

"Well, ain't the world heavy?" say Grandpappy.

"Sure is," say the chile.

"Well, if love can make the world spin 'round," Grandpappy say triumphant, "I'm asking you if it wouldn't be the easiest sort of a little triflin' job for love to pick up Flora Belle and waft her 'round. Anyhow, here we is now and the peach done been pulled from the stem, as you chillun would say."

Grandpappy lit his pipe. "For a proper ending," he say, "here we is now with the old car going down the road, W. C. guidin' it with the stick—the College Five boys all in the front and Bing and Flora Belle in the back, wrapped up in each other's arms. The College Five is playin' the serenade with passion. And running after 'em, come the Sheriff and the Widder Gibson. The car just move on slow and it look pretty soon like it goin' to be caught, but W. C. he just pint his stick in the air and that old car just drift up towards the clouds with the Widder Gibson and the Sheriff watchin'. The car float along like a big owl. And that's all."

The chillun got up. "Much obliged to you, Grandpappy," Alice say. "The story was good but I'm going to tell Miss Nancy in the abnormal psychology class that you started out with a animal and would up with an animal. In one story of movie actors, you've mentioned a rabbit, a mouse, a cat, a grasshopper, a fox and an owl. It means something."

Grandpappy sunk down in his chair never say a word. The youngest chile he linger. "You pretty good, Grandpappy," he say. "Afore I goes, I'm goin' to fix you a nice soft place."

"How come dat?" say Grandpappy lookin' down at him kindlike, for Grandpappy, he liked him.

"To fix a place for you to hit when the stupor hit you after the exhilaration," say the littlest chile and then he were gone. #

Cry to the Living

Continued from page 66

they would be married. Would it be a church? Then it would have to be in a temple of every faith in the world, Mohammedan, Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant, every kind of Protestant, Mormon, Holy Rollers and all, Shinto, Jewish, Buddhist, Toltec and sun worshippers. They couldn't take chances on not being surely, certainly married by whichever one was right.

He had been in rebellion against general habits of thought and action since grammar school. He hoped he had put up some sort of a minor fight in kindergarten. Nor had she run in the grooves smoothed by the majority. Together, it became part of the games. Elaborately innocent, she baited the pompous, drew the smug pitilessly into the open for team attacks. They threw their assurance and warmth to the support of people who walked on side paths, without armor. Both knew something of walking alone. Once, early in their time together, while swimming at night, he had climbed on a rock and dived far underwater into a blackness absolute and terrifying as interstellar space might be. There was neither light nor gravity and he turned meaninglessly in the strangeness of it, made panicky suddenly by a new awareness of an age-long, inescapable loneliness. Her shoulder, when he grasped it on the shore, was warm, wet and real.

Other ingredients were mixed with the joy. Together, stricken guilty by their own health, they fumbled to share their store of life with a boy caught in the white death of a mountain sanitarium. For two days she pleaded with a scared girl and having lost the argument, got him to drive her, shivering and silent, to a doctor in New York whose office had no sign outside the door. Together they knew Danny Farrar, who called himself the last of the lost generation boys. He was typical in his mad, month-long drunks, typical in his surface cynicism, not typical in his strange songs, the deep honesty of his inarticulate protest, nor in his five-year love for a woman, not typical the time in a kitchen at dawn when he pushed bottles aside, shamefaced and cold sober, to confide the kind of a son he wanted to have by her. Danny drank too much. His girl told him to take a year to straighten out. Three months before the year was up she telephoned for him. He didn't get there. On the way, his car ran off a bridge.

Once she read Dunsany's legend of medieval Carcassonne, the fabled, walled city sung by all men, to which no men ever came, and of the great chief who set out to tilt with destiny, swearing great oaths and singing great songs, resolved to reach the place set apart so that all generations of man might be free, even of the gods. She told him how his men fell away, how his young might was battered by enemies, plagues and the seasons until that day when he stalked off into the last forest before Carcassonne, white bearded, weary but indomitable. His last attendant, an ancient minstrel weary as his master, lifted up a feeble, courageous song as they disappeared from the knowledge of men. It was not known, said the legend, whether they reached Carcassonne. Just afterward, driving to a strange city, they swung around a bend in a mountain road and saw the town spread far below them in the valley. "Carcassonne," he said. She pushed up out of her seat to see. "Give me a cigarette," she said. "We'll come to it."

They never got there. He still wasn't sure why, even as he put his thumb on the doorbell under the card marked Talbot. They made fun of it time and again but there was the confused, imperative business of his finding himself in the world as they had found themselves in each other. It seemed wrong, somehow, to be glad and sure so soon in the kind of a world they faced. Work and a year of time separated them. Old questions, given a blanket answer before, began to get more important and new questions came faster than answers. On his side, winning bread and butter and freedom of movement in the third winter of the depression was exacting enough. Circling away from easy solutions and getting ready for some vague, unknown but demanding appointment outside himself was as hard. Somewhere, inexplicably, that confusion spread to their relationship. She saw first that it was over. The wedding announcement, stiff in his pocket, was the first letter since the break.

Talbot answered his ring. He was taller than Nolan remembered and his smile was genuine and quick.

"Nolan," he said, holding out his hand. "Where in the world did you come from?"

He was calling over his shoulder as he shook Nolan's hand.

"Hey, Pat! Look who's here!"

The old nickname hit Nolan with a tiny shock.

"Come on in," Talbot said. "We were just talking about you last week. Pat'll be tickled pink."

"I wanted to get in some congratulations," he said.

She was in the hallway when Talbot dragged him in. She seemed taller too, and her eyes were quieter, more mature. She stopped suddenly when she saw him.

"Hello, Pat," he said.

He couldn't be sure whether she closed her eyes quickly as she smiled and stepped toward him. He put out his hand awkwardly.

"Just helping out the vice squad," he said, pushing out the words at random. "Checking up to see if your marriage license is in order."

Her hand was warm and surprisingly strong.

"We light fires with it," she said. "I'm glad you came."

His awkwardness at the door

Continued at top of page 152

PRINCETON
SPECIAL
TRAIN
the University Man goes Knox..
"FIFTH AVENUE" DERBY
"CHILTON HOUSE"
"AINTREE PORK PIE"
MOVEO ET PROFICIO

KNOX
NEW YORK

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Cry to the Living

Continued from pages 66-150

returned as he tried to sort out the hostess, old friend and Pat in her voice. Talbot had his hands on their shoulders in honest delight.

"Soon's we give this crowd the slip, we'll settle down to some of that wedding present of yours. We've been saving it."

"You're sending people pretty good whiskey these days," Pat said.

He was trying desperately to penetrate behind the tone of her voice.

"That's that good sport nonsense," he said, as the three of them walked arm and arm into the room.

He had been preparing himself not to like Talbot but the feeling against him slipped away with everything Talbot said and did in the next half hour. He was quick where others in the room were slow. He was big, quiet spoken, good natured and open. Nolan's second jolt came when he happened to intercept the careless, easy warmth of a glance between them. The two other young couples in the room, school friends of Talbot, refused to clear out when he made a vast pretense of sweeping the room.

"It's still housewarming," one of the women said. "You're a hell of a host, you are."

She was the one in the white dress who had looked quickly at Nolan when she heard his name in the introduction.

"You're on Pat's side of the family, aren't you?" she asked, looking at him almost too curiously.

The question put his guard up.

"Both," he said. "I guess I'm a matchmaker."

The seven of them sat talking, safe on general grounds. He held the highball Talbot had mixed, feeling uncomfortably as if he were on a stage, trying to ask two questions of Talbot and the others for every one he risked with Pat.

Only once did she drop her voice a little in talking to him across the room.

"Still putting lost and found ads in the paper?" she asked.

The woman in the white dress looked up.

"Some," he said.

"What did you lose?" the woman asked.

He couldn't tell whether it was a challenge.

"It's just something I haven't found," he said.

"We haven't found out how to turn off the gas here yet," Pat said.

For a few minutes, while she flipped out general leaders about the trials of a new housekeeper, he was convinced that she was talking away from a developing situation. He felt a twisted pleasure that she should have to make an effort to keep away from the thousand questions that piled between them. He wanted to go to the kitchen for more ice, ask to be shown the house, anything to get her alone for a moment and shake the blithe hostess from her tone. Then suddenly, not from any one thing she said, he felt that the tone belonged there for him now, almost as much as it did for the other people. Talbot was talking about some mad clown named Curtis who had chased pigeons around a square in his car in downtown New York on Sunday.

"Hey, Tal," said Pat. "It'd be great to have Nole and Curtis up here together some week-end. The place would be a madhouse with these lunatics around. You didn't ever meet him, did you, Nole?"

He stared at her. If it was a mask, it was complete. She had rushed out with the plan just as it struck her.

"No," he said abruptly.

He drained off his drink in one swallow and stood up.

"Look, I've got to catch a train. You'll make out all right, won't you?"

Talbot swung to his feet.

"You've hardly taken your coat off," he said. "I was going to have you help Pat open cans for dinner."

Nolan looked around for his hat. He was in a strange house.

"Heavy business," he said. "I've got to get to the city."

Talbot came toward him protesting. There was a last wavering moment when he thought Pat might do something like showing that her fingers were crossed when she put him in the dear, crazy old friend class, might even ask him if the city he meant had a wall.

"No, he means it, Tal," she said. "But he'll have to come up when Curtis comes."

"I'll drive you to the station," Talbot said.

"No, thanks. It's just down the street."

He pushed Talbot back to his guests and swung his eyes away as he shook hands with Pat at the door.

"Good winds to you," he said.

She stood in the doorway, not saying anything, as he walked down the steps. He felt suddenly older as he looked back at her, at once tired, bitter and reborn. #

It's a Small, Brave World

Continued from page 53

whistle suddenly lay flat against the roof of the car, a mournful channel of sound knifing through the void of night, and disappeared. A moment later warning bells jangled and they thundered over a deserted grade crossing.

John bestirred himself dazedly, propped himself on one elbow and smoked a cigarette, stroking Mary's shiny black hair absently.

She smiled at him, and he realized for the first time that she lay awake.

Her deep blue eyes were lost in deeper, bluer shadow, but he could feel a quiet peace in them which left him dumb, happy.

He kissed her.

Not long after that they went back to sleep.

The train raced on, breaking a rhythmic trail through the darkness.

Thus the night.

Dawn came untroubled and it was bright and clear and Sunday on the Jersey flats when they awoke again.

They stretched wearily in the aisles as the train jolted to its berth in the Pennsylvania Station an hour later.

John changed his shirt in a booth in the station's washroom while Mary freshened herself up and donned her new dress and stockings in the women's room. They checked their bags and left the terminal. Breakfast followed in a cafeteria across the street from the station and about nine o'clock they found their way to a church on Fifth Avenue.

There didn't seem to be much else to do so early Sunday morning. Both dozed a little toward the end of the service.

It was about ten-thirty when they shot up to the top of the Empire State Building in the high speed elevators.

On the observation tower New York lay like a huge living map at their feet.

It wasn't like Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh was wild and smoky and raw and friendly and looked from its surrounding hills very much like a shapeless mass of slag dropped into the center of a murky green bowl.

New York was big and clean, tall and still and graying white in the placid Sunday morning.

Here, from the tourists' lookout, it was fascinating—but there was an aloofness, a vastness about it that inspired awe, or even more, and made one feel it was chill and distant.

Mary snuggled close to her husband.

"It's nice, John," she whispered, "nice—but *so* big!"

John smiled and kissed her quickly. He patted her hand. It was just what he had been thinking, only that he'd have said "*too* big."

They looked through the dime telescope from the side marked "West" in large letters on the red tile tower floor, and wondered if that thin smudge on the horizon could possibly be Andy Mellon's building at the corner of Grant and Forbes back home.

John finally asked a guide and the guide laughed and said no, he thought not, that you could only see about eighty miles at the most through the telescope on a clear day. He took them in tow and pointed out different things in the town for them from the sides of the tower.

John discovered it was half-past one and said they'd better eat. He handed the guide a quarter, but the guide wouldn't take it.

"No, buddy," he said, his Irish face splitting in a friendly grin, "you take it and buy the wife a Rolls-Royce—and good luck to you."

Then they all shook hands and laughed, and John and Mary went into the tower lunch room, where they studied the menu and ordered sandwiches.

They felt a little panicky as the elevator dropped them to the ground floor.

Later Radio City, Times Square and Chinatown swam past them in elevators, subways and buses and then it was seven o'clock and they were back in the Pennsylvania Station for the journey home.

They saw some of the people who had made the trip over with them. All seemed a little tired, and most of the kids in tow were fretting.

After passing Philadelphia they turned their seats over again and made a bed. Sleep came more easily than the night before.

The weather turned bad as they rushed across the Pennsylvania night. Storms nestled on the mountains and sent rain streaking down the window panes, but neither of them was conscious of the change.

Pittsburgh was wet when they arrived and John and Mary were tired and silent.

By the time they reached the street corner at the outgoing end of the trolley-loop the drizzle of rain shone on Mary's face, making dancing silver lights around her eyes.

John's fingers explored his vest pockets as the orange trolley numbered Forty-Eight came toward them, moderately filled with early workers.

He found a nickel and three pennies and held them out in his palm for Mary to see. They smiled like two children, children contemplating a secret shining children's world.

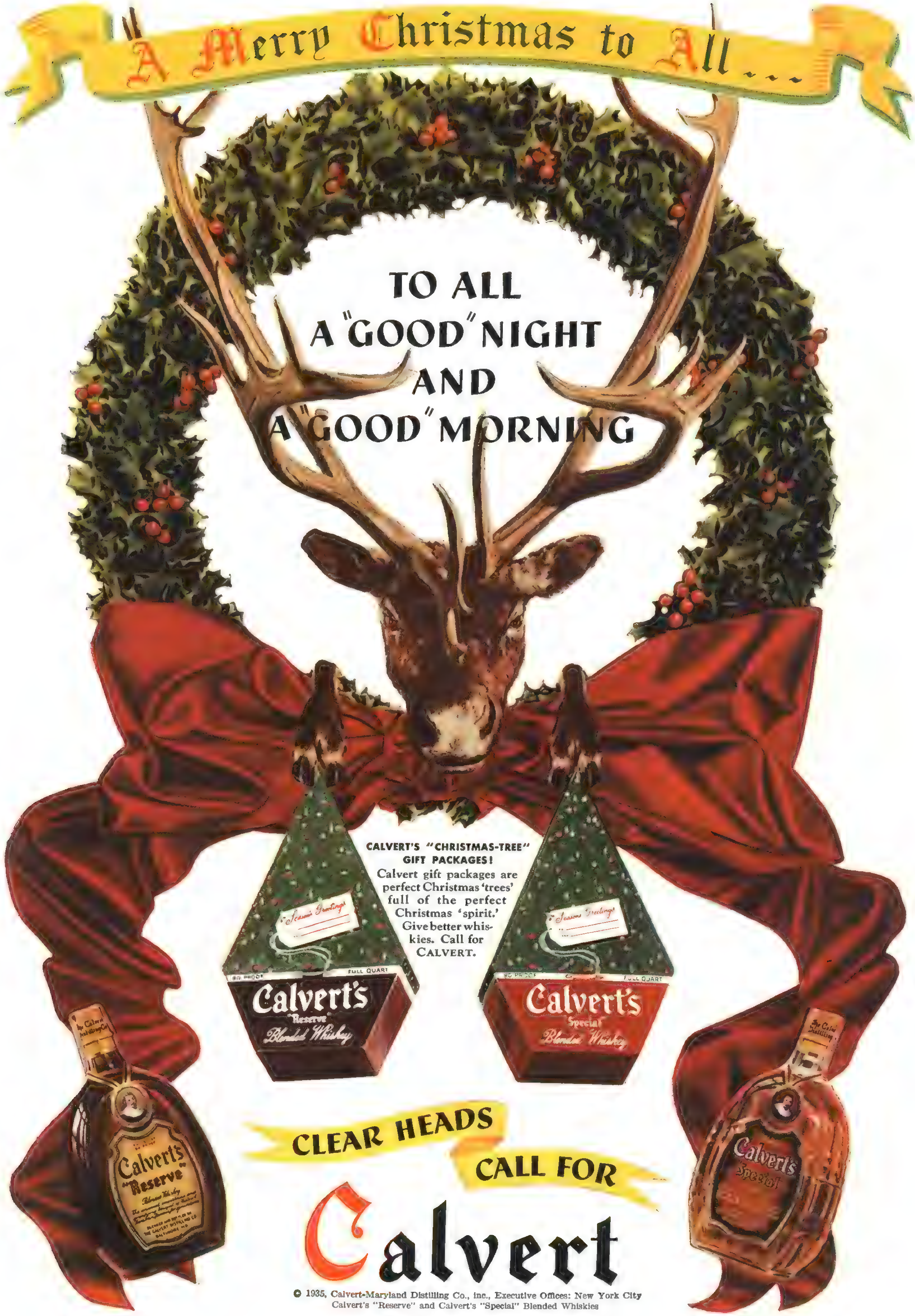
John fumbled into his left pocket and took out the trolley discs.

The motorman clanged the bell and expelled an impatient blast of air from the trolley's brakes as Mary climbed aboard. John followed hastily.

The two tokens tinkled bluntly down the chute in the fare box and John sat down beside Mary and pushed their luggage under the seat.

It was Pittsburgh, Monday morning, gloomy with rain and Mr. and Mrs. John Miller had just come back from their honeymoon.

John smiled tiredly, his brimming eyes going all asparkle, and reached for his wife's hand. #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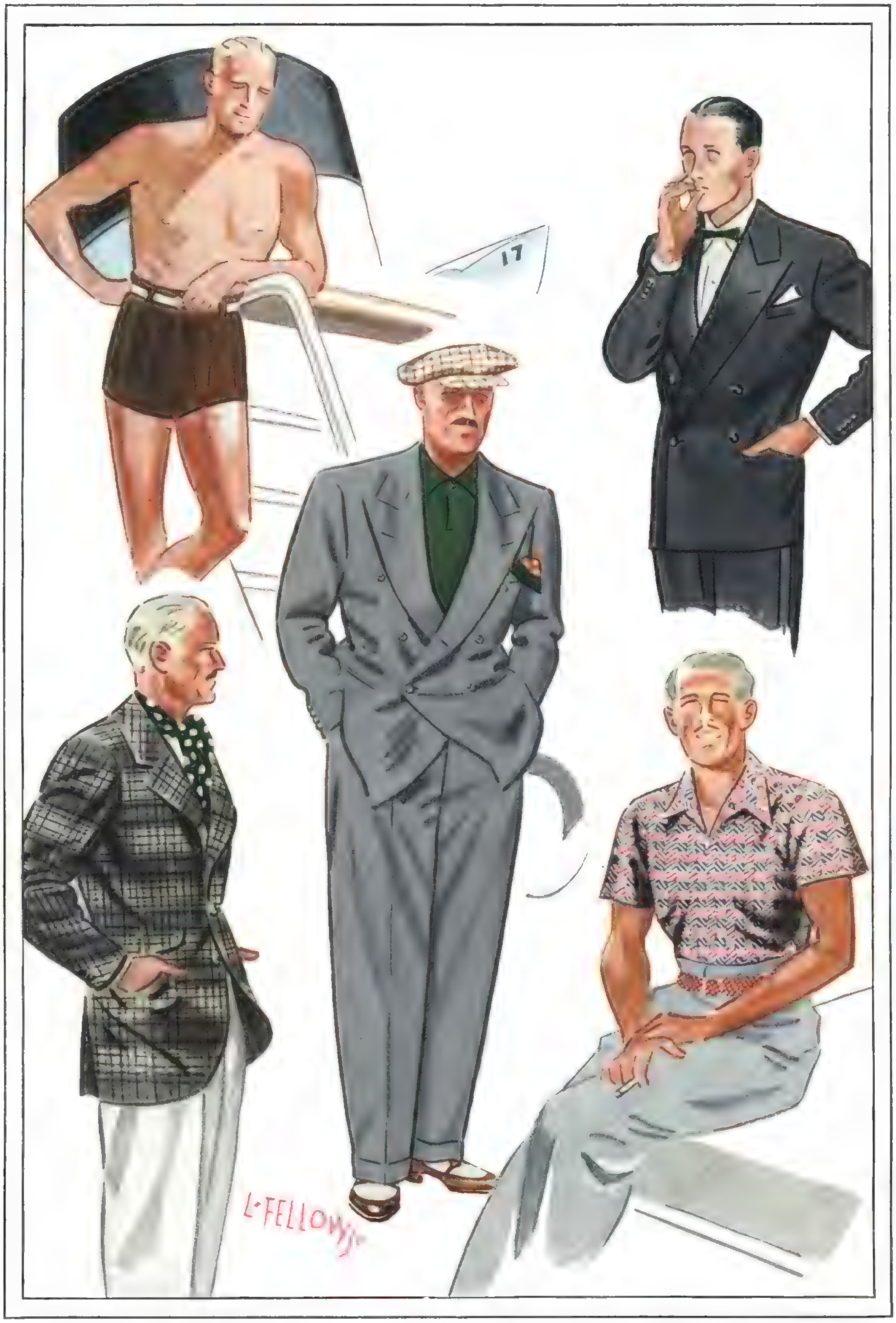


NOTES FOR THE WINTER CRUISE WARDROBE

Upper left, a pair of dark brown ribbed knit swimming trunks. The color was most popular last summer on the Riviera. They are form fitting and not too high waisted. Upper right, the new green dress tie, a believe-it-or-not item that has the loftiest sponsorship from London, and may or may not presage the further invasion of color into evening clothes, but may certainly be indulged for cruise wear, with a silk dress shirt and a d. b. dinner jacket. Lower left, for the morning mile around the deck house: lovat plaid cheviot jacket, white flannel slacks, white wool anklets and white buckskin shoes, red rubber soled, and a foulard muffler in place of collar and tie. Center, the proverbial ship board special, in grey flannel, double breasted, worn with a light weight polo shirt, Norwegian model shoes and a tweed cap. Lower right, polo shirts are getting pretty fancy.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Music-Box Review

Reviewer, roused from normal dour state, stands up and cheers, denies being bribed by phonograph people

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

IF EVER a piece of writing looked as though it were paid for by "PAPA," this one must! However, RCA-Victor has assembled what they call "The Victor Library of Recorded Music," and, minus all the advertising verbiage, it is this: a compilation of the most representative works of the most representative composers, selected by the most representative committee, and performed by the most representative artists. That is not meant to be facetious—it is exactly what the library represents. The actual musical selections are certainly the tops in their field, and there is enough diversity to suit anyone's taste except a few screwy people who wouldn't buy the library anyway. The RCA-Victor people can throw their nose skyward when talking about the recording because it is the finest.

It is a big undertaking to market such a project, but this one can not help but go over successfully. I notice the advertising starts with the heading "The Greatest Music of All Time," but why a funeral march in the upper left-hand corner? I hurry to state that, nevertheless, that is also great music.

The Sombre Tone Poet . . . The Old Man of the North . . . The Grey Muse of the Norse . . . Gloomy Gus . . . and so forth and so go on. Twaddle and tweedle, and how do you like it if I think that Jan Sibelius is a grand composer of symphonies and not a saga, which is how most writers like to picture him. Dear old G. P. (not grand pause, but general public) won't understand this symphony—and imagine, it's only his second one. . . . Dear old G. P., you can't possibly understand the general scheme upon the first, second or third hearing, but suddenly it's in your ears, and you'll have a heck of a time trying to like the froth-composers from then on in.

Everyone reads into music just what his own imagination, colored by mood, pictures. I can not conceive of this music mirroring the dark Norwegian forests and cold, icy fjords of the North. All I can think of is that here's powerful music with an individual style in the orchestration, bordering at times on the crude. It is music written by a man with the mind of a stoic, but not without an eye to public acclaim in some of his other works.

Well—so—Koussevitzky batons the Boston Symphony through the mazes of this music in no uncertain fashion. He knows where he is going, the road he wants to travel, and just about the time he expects to arrive. The vivacissimo is too hectic. The finale is austere and forbidding but at the same time majestic music, and the Bostonians are equal to every bit of it. Superb, in spots, I calls it.

Now please don't listen to Sibelius' music as though it were written by Bach (who, after all, was quite a beer-quaffer, even as you and I), but listen to it as if it were written by a human being who happened to be born in the Norse.

Jan Sibelius Symphony No. 2 in D Major (Op. 43) Played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

VICTOR—MUSICAL MASTERPIECE SERIES—M272.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a violinist-composer named Henri Wieniawski, who was so clever at his chosen art that old wolf "Technique" could never get him down. Every once in a while his mother would hand him a violin case which was packed with concerti to deliver to his public, and in running through the public woods he'd meet old wolf "Technique" who would say, "What a swell staccato you've got!" or "What big octaves you've got!", whereupon Henri would say, "The better to play my *D Minor Concerto* with, Grandma."

Violinists, sit in front of this record and become humble.

Jascha Heifetz has broadened into a superlatively sincere musician. All the pyrotechnical stunts in this concerto just roll off his bow—octaves, staccato, spiccato, elegance—all are present in an overwhelming degree. Of course, it is becoming the fashion to sneer at this Wieniawski work, but I think that is because it has been played so badly so many times. The balance between the orchestra and solo violin is perfect. The solo clarinet passage before the slow movement is beautifully played. No one will consider you maudlin if you cry a little bit during the slow movement. The Heifetz tone here is superb, and when you come to the finale all you can do is step aside and wonder at the miraculous bow arm of M. Heifetz. This is art in music.

The last side of the set is a shorter Wieniawski number with piano accompaniment, the *Scherzo Tarantelle.* I remember, many years ago, this being among the first records made for Victor by Heifetz. I remember a lot of violinists standing around like old cigar store Indians and wondering whether this was what they had to do to become great in their chosen art, and their subsequent looks of dismay and their subsequent remarks of "Well, the technique is great, but he's so cold." Now Heifetz is hot and all the rest of the boys are frozen up for the winter because in this playing of the *Tarantelle* he still has old wolf "Technique" tucked under his arm, and an even better understanding of the content of music.

Henri Wieniawski Concerto No. 2 in D Minor. Played by Jascha Heifetz and the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

VICTOR—MUSICAL MASTERPIECE ALBUM—M-275.

* * *

Josef Lhevinne almost had to learn to be a pianist without the aid of a piano. That's one for the book! His parents couldn't afford one. He is an artist of the grand manner and grand style, a baby whose octave technique is unbelievable. He plays Robert Schumann's *Toccata in C Major* with the most dynamic range that I've heard from a piano. Then, if you really want to hear a work-out for his wrists, listen to the last half of the second record which is the Liszt transcription of Schumann's *Frühlingsnacht.* This is piano playing in the Lisztian manner—spotlessly clean technique and a fine understanding of the works.

"Toccata in C Major" by Robert Schumann (Op. 7)
"Frühlingsnacht"—Schumann-Liszt
Played by Joseph Lhevinne.

VICTOR—RED SEAL SET—No. 8766.

* * *

The fading finish in dance records is in a great way of becoming an epidemic. I've heard about ten or twelve records lately in which the orchestra slowly disappears from sight—or hearing, if you want—so if I don't hear it again for a long while I'll be much

Continued in center of page 175

The Candid Cameraman

An outline of movie production
with notes on the favorite sins
of the eight leading companies

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

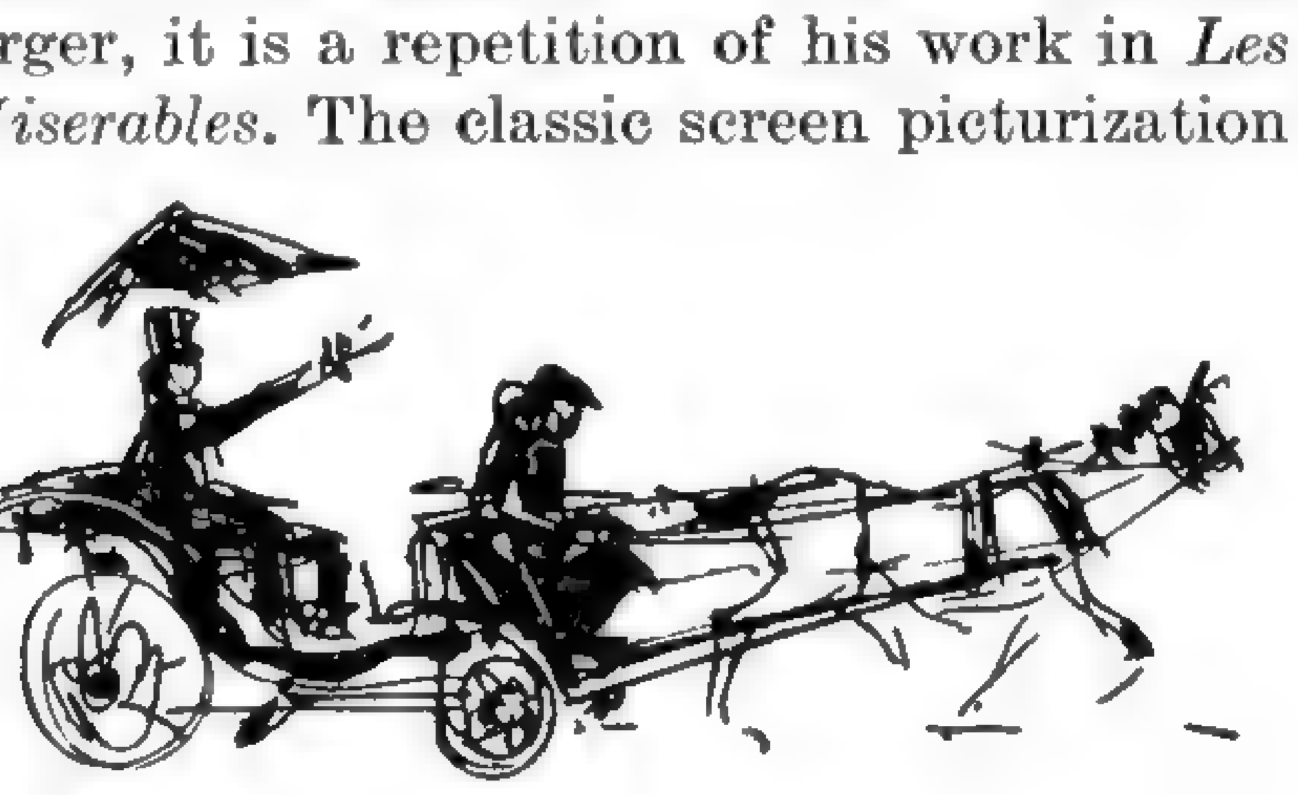
A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

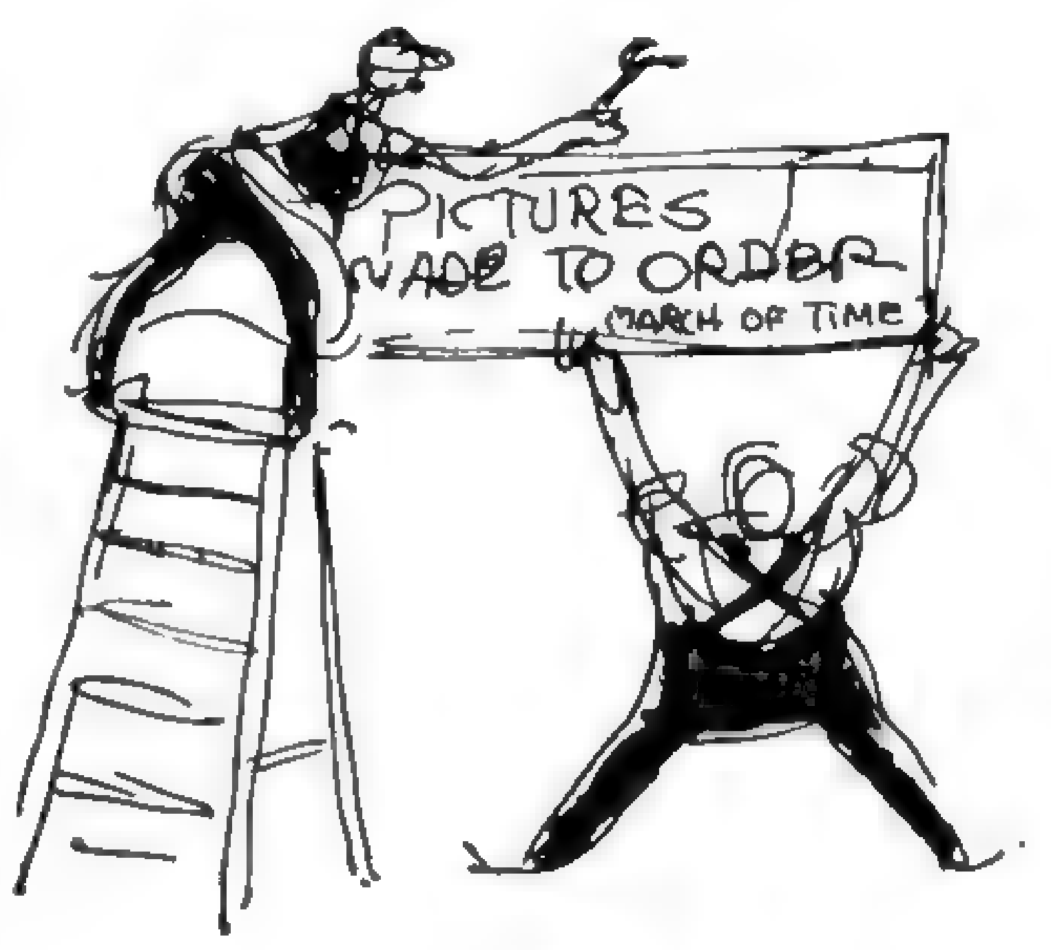
Crime and Punishment: This is the French version, though the Hollywood version, to be released any day now, promises to be equally as good, if not superior. Against Von Sternberg's production with Peter Lorre and Edward Arnold, France offers Pierre Blanchar, a lean-faced, jittery Raskolnikoff, and Harry Bauer, a chuckling, fat inspector, who plays the cat-and-mouse game with the intellectual criminal. Bauer was the hero of the French version of *Les Miserables.* As Dostoievsky's novel is probably the most perfect murder scenario ever composed, it will be worth anybody's while to see both versions. The French made a swift, simple adaptation. Honneger's musical score is so effective that it seems to be plucked out of a harp of nerves.

A Night At The Opera: The Four Marx Brothers are now three, but Allen Jones is a lot like the fourth. This horsey opera presents them in a new and sympathetic mood; instead of confining his attention to the ladies, Harpo embraces the whole world, and he bops only the villain. The final scene, in which the maniacs play Tarzan in the backstage jungle of the Metropolitan, is the most hilarious burlesque of the year. There is a viciousness about the way the boys dispose of their difficulties that is almost Swiftian. No gentle pie-throwing, but something like sadism. Anyway, this is my idea of how opera should be done in the movies. Kitty Carlisle is lovely.

Mutiny On The Bounty: Could have been a masterpiece. Runs over two hours, most of which is devoted to an episodic build-up of the cruelty of the ship's captain, superbly played, of course, by Charles Laughton. The opening scene, in which he carries out his duty by having a man lashed even though he is already dead, is so strong that succeeding incidents are pale additions. The story itself is so perfectly adapted to an adventure movie, that a mere picturization, such as this, is bound to be highly entertaining. But the direction lacks subtlety and variety, the tempo is monotonous, and the characterizations, except for Laughton's, are flat. Even Laughton suffers because, though larger, it is a repetition of his work in *Les Miserables.* The classic screen picturization of mutiny is *Potemkin,* there, when the sailors objected to maggoty meat, one could almost feel the maggots in one's mouth; in *Mutiny on the Bounty,* maggoty meat looks like a leather stage prop. The Tahiti episode is charming, and the two native girls are beautiful, and the storm shots are exciting, but the picture has little cumulative force, and misses its role as a classic record of revolt against murderous discipline. The most impressive thing about it remains the fact that it took two years to make, cost two million dollars, involved two trips to the South Seas, and runs twice as long as an ordinary feature. Double toil and trouble.



So Red The Rose: Maybe nobody intended to be subtle when he had the massed slaves of the plantation sing *Let My People Go* as they were lovingly bidding farewell to their master, who rode off in a carriage, under a big umbrella, to fight the Northern army. And maybe nobody knew he was being incredibly banal when he had the slaves, riotously exultant in their new possession of freedom, quelled by the entrance of a slim young girl and her kid brother, who reminded the big, tough Negro agitator that "you didn't finish building my rabbit-hutch." Whereupon the Negro fell on his knees in tears and said, "I'll build your rabbit-hutch, little massa," and all the slaves, singing spirituals, fell in line behind the girl and marched to the big house to offer their allegiance to the old massa! But though King Vidor often falls into his characteristically barren sentimentality, the direction of *So Red The Rose* is, on the whole, excellent. Margaret Sullavan's performance puts her in the front rank of motion picture actresses. The emotional scenes are really touching. Miss Sullavan, incidentally, is greatly changed in appearance. Her face seems thinner, she's lost the bulldog chin somewhere. Maybe it's the wig, maybe the cameraman has learned the angles. She looks prettier, has less character, and more skill.



The difficulties that beset a conscientious objector in the civil war are strongly suggested. He finally grabs a rifle.

GO ALONG TO SEE

In Old Kentucky: The last Will Rogers release is the best legacy he could have left. All about hoss racing, with a hilarious rainmaker sequence played by Etienne Girardot, and a last-minute gag that will roll you out of your seat. Will Rogers, at his best, was extremely skillful. Like all one-part actors, he had a set of gestures which could be substituted for acting, and there were pictures in which he was dull. This is not one of them. On the whole, I resent the movement that is going on to idealize Will Rogers into a permanent emblem. He was a shrewd man, said some piercing things, and had a kind heart. The character which he developed and portrayed was a shuffly, lovable, puttering, sagacious American who wore a shoe-string tie, caught on to the chicanery and dishonesty of his betters, and made "free" remarks which let them know he was onto them. But in too many ways he was the fall guy who was content to be the fall guy as long as he showed his boss that he knew what was being put over on him. At the time of his unfortunate death, he had the idea that he would fly on to Rome and talk Mussolini out of his war on Ethiopia. That was a sweet and noble idea; Will Rogers had a fortunate career; but a belief in the efficacy of such ideas is not the best armament for children who are growing up in the modern world.

That's why I think Will Rogers pictures were misleading.

Thanks A Million: A crooner campaigns for a governorship by promising to sing a song with every speech. He wins, turns on the racketeers who were promoting him, and exposes them. A speedy and witty script makes even Dick Powell bearable. Best gag: "You can't have your cake and not eat it."

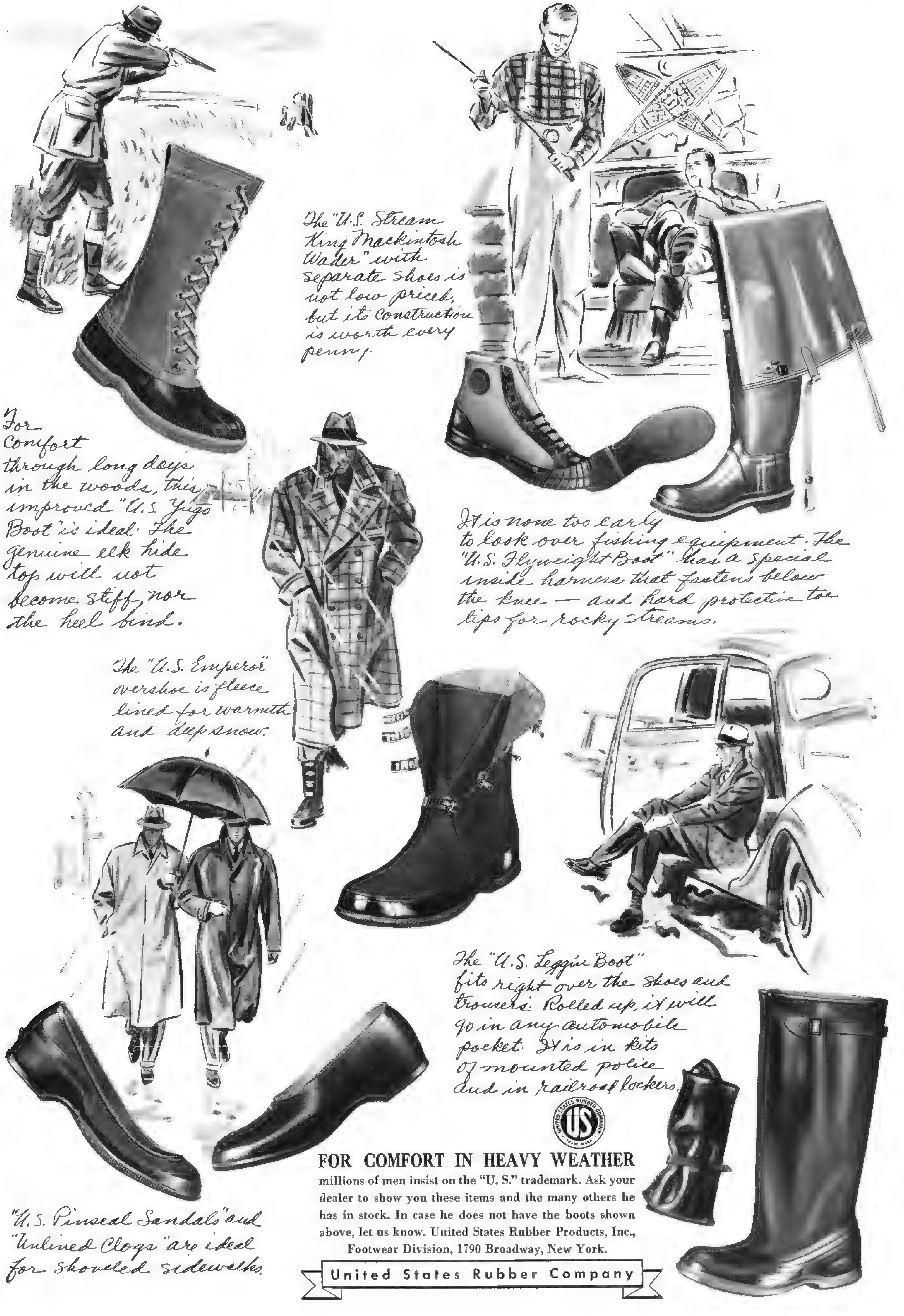
Annie Oakley: Swell atmosphere built around the Buffalo Bill wild west show. The story is of Annie Oakley, the little gal from the hills, who was the world's surest rifle shot. Explains the origin of the Indian-in-a-hotel joke, as well as the origin of Annie Oakleys. Barbara Stanwyck is nice, but it's the nostalgic, forthright romantic, and really American tone of the production that makes it outstanding.

GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO

Black Chamber: A war spy story in the *Thin Man* manner, with a capable little actress named Rosalind Russell imitating Myrna Loy because the company had a tiff with Myrna. Rosalind does the trick almost to the point of parody. Maybe they'll let her be herself in the next one. Binnie Barnes is a beautiful spyess; and there's William Powell.

Peter Ibbetson: Awfully dated and sentimentally sappy but finely acted by Ann Harding and Gary Cooper, who obviously

Continued on page 178B



For comfort through long days in the woods, this improved "U.S. Yigo Boot" is ideal. The genuine elk hide top will not become stiff, nor the heel bind.

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The "U.S. Emperor" overshoe is fleece lined for warmth and deep snow.

The "U.S. Leggin Boot" fits right over the shoes and trousers. Rolled up, it will go in any automobile pocket. It is in kits of mounted police and in railroad lockers.

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United States Rubber Company

Shadows Before

Continued from page 44

the day with them in Athens and did not get away from the city until after dinner. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he reached the hotel, a square modern building set some distance back from the main road which separated its grounds from the sea. The spring was rather late that year and the building was nearly empty, so that Bobby was not surprised to find it almost in total darkness.

In fact it seemed that the electric light was not working on the ground floor, for the porter led him with a candle across the main restaurant, which opened on the garden, down a short passage to the annex at the right of the main building, where he had reserved a bedroom, bathroom and sitting room overlooking the sea on the second floor. At the end of the passage they crossed the ground floor of the annex, a long low room which served as an extra restaurant in summer-time, then up a narrow stone staircase to the first floor, where there were only two apartments.

On the way upstairs Bobby said to the porter, "I thought you told me there was no one in the other apartment," and the man replied, "No there isn't" . . . Bobby said afterwards that the reason he made this remark . . . the only possible reason . . . must have been that he heard some kind of noise, but he paid no further attention to it.

The lights were on in the little sitting room, which was brightly decorated in blue and white, with chintz curtains and upholstering to match, all save a big arm-chair near the window with a high back like a throne. This was covered with a grey material like unbleached linen.

They were burning some refuse outside in the garden and there came a whiff of rank smoke from time to time, but Bobby left the window open because the night was hot and sat down in the big chair to finish an interesting but not especially thrilling detective story.

He had had a good dinner and the sea air made him drowsy, although he had drunk only half a bottle of wine and one liqueur, but it was still early and he wanted to see how the story ended.

Suddenly he sat up straight, every nerve tense and quivering. "It was just as if something had hit me," he said, "not a physical blow exactly, but an electric shock of fright, for I found myself paralyzed by utter terror. I couldn't move a muscle and all my body was dripping with cold sweat. I felt beyond any doubt that I was in terrible danger, a direct bodily attack on my life, and the air in the room was heavy with the odor of death. I must have sat frozen there for a whole minute . . . it seemed ages . . . before I could break the spell, and instinctively I put my sleeve to my nose. The cloth was loaded with that horrid smell.

"I forced myself to my feet and limped slowly to the door of the bedroom, listening for my very life. I heard nothing save the wash of the waves and the horn of a distant motor. The foul odor had gone but my terror was as great as ever, and the sweat ran down my back and chest as if I'd been in a Turkish bath. I had only one thought . . . to get away quick before 'They' caught and killed me. Who 'They' were I had no idea, but instant flight was my only hope. For a moment I thought of jumping from the balcony but my sprained ankle made that impossible. I was entirely helpless, unable to fight or run . . . and of course I had no weapon save my cane.

"Very quietly I unlocked the door and tiptoed out on the stone landing. There was no sound anywhere, but I knew 'They' were lurking somewhere in the shadows. My only light was the little cigarette lighter which I held out in front of me as I crept downstairs and limped across the hallway leading to the passage. I remember saying aloud in as natural a tone as I could muster, 'How stupid of me not to have told the porter I wanted breakfast at nine o'clock. Now I've got to go back and order it. Why on earth don't they have telephones in the rooms here?'

"I thought somehow that by saying this 'They' would think I was coming back, that I would fool 'Them' into waiting.

"With my small flickering light I shuffled down the passage, across the wide floor of the restaurant and reached the door opening on the terrace. Thank God, the key was there. I turned it silently and limped through the garden to the road and turned to the left in the direction of Athens.

"Fifty yards further I met a uniformed policeman and asked where I could get a taxi. 'You'll catch the last autobus,' he said. 'It leaves in five minutes from the next corner.'

"For a moment I thought of asking him to come back with me to the hotel, then I knew I did not dare to . . . and hurried on to the bus station. Half an hour later I was in my room in the Grand Bretagne, so exhausted that I fell on my bed fully dressed and slept like a log until ten o'clock next morning. When I woke up, the light was still on and the sun was streaming through the window. My body was stiff all over as if I had had a hard day's riding or some intense physical exertion."

* * *

After a bath and shave Bobby Poore went downstairs to breakfast and sat there in a state of complete bewilderment. For the life of him he could not make head nor tail of the previous night's experience. Like most reporters, he was a confirmed skeptic and had no use for superstitions or premonitions, much less any belief in ghosts. Besides, the thing that struck deepest in his memory was the entirely physical character of his terror. The more he thought of it the more puzzled he felt, but of one thing he was certain . . . he would not set foot again in that dark hotel beside the shining Gulf of Corinth. He gave instructions to send down and fetch his bags, pay the bill and explain that he had been called back to Athens on business. Then he went out to do a little private investigating.

He made discreet inquiries at the American Express and Cooks, and talked to Greek newspapermen he knew and a friend in the American legation. The results were uniformly negative . . . the hotel had only been built three or four years, and there was nothing strange or alarming in its brief history.

The proprietor and his staff were above reproach. More puzzled than ever, Bobby went back to the Grand Bretagne for a cocktail and found Lester Wales drinking orange juice in the bar.

"Hello, Bobby," he said. "I thought you were going down to the Coast?"

"I was," said Bobby, "and I did, but I came back. And I'll tell you why."

The flier heard him through without interruption, then asked quietly, "Why did you sniff at your sleeve if the smell was in the air?"

"My God, Lester, I believe you've hit something. I thought of that myself and here's the reason. You know I covered the French Front during the last year of the War and in that summer of '18, it must have been the end of July, when the Germans were retreating from the Marne, I came one day to a village just north of the river where four French batteries had caught a German battalion and blown it to hell-and-gone. The place was a shambles . . . torn bodies of men and horses all sprawled anyhow where the shells had hit them . . . and the whole countryside reeked of corruption . . . it was horrible.

"I got back to the press chateau at headquarters only a few minutes before dinner and just had time for a hurried wash and to change my riding breeches for a pair of slacks.

"When I sat down to the table the man on my right said, 'Good God, where have you been; you stink like a polecat.' I put my sleeve to my nose, just as I did last night in the hotel, and sniffed. Sure enough, the cloth was impregnated with the smell of death. I rushed upstairs and changed the tunic, which had to be fumigated, but my appetite had gone."

Lester stared at him, frowning. "Yes," he said, "but I don't see . . ."

"Wait a minute," Bobby replied, "I'm coming to the point. The only explanation I've got is that I must have fallen asleep there by the window just for a minute or two and had a brief but terrible nightmare all in a flash.

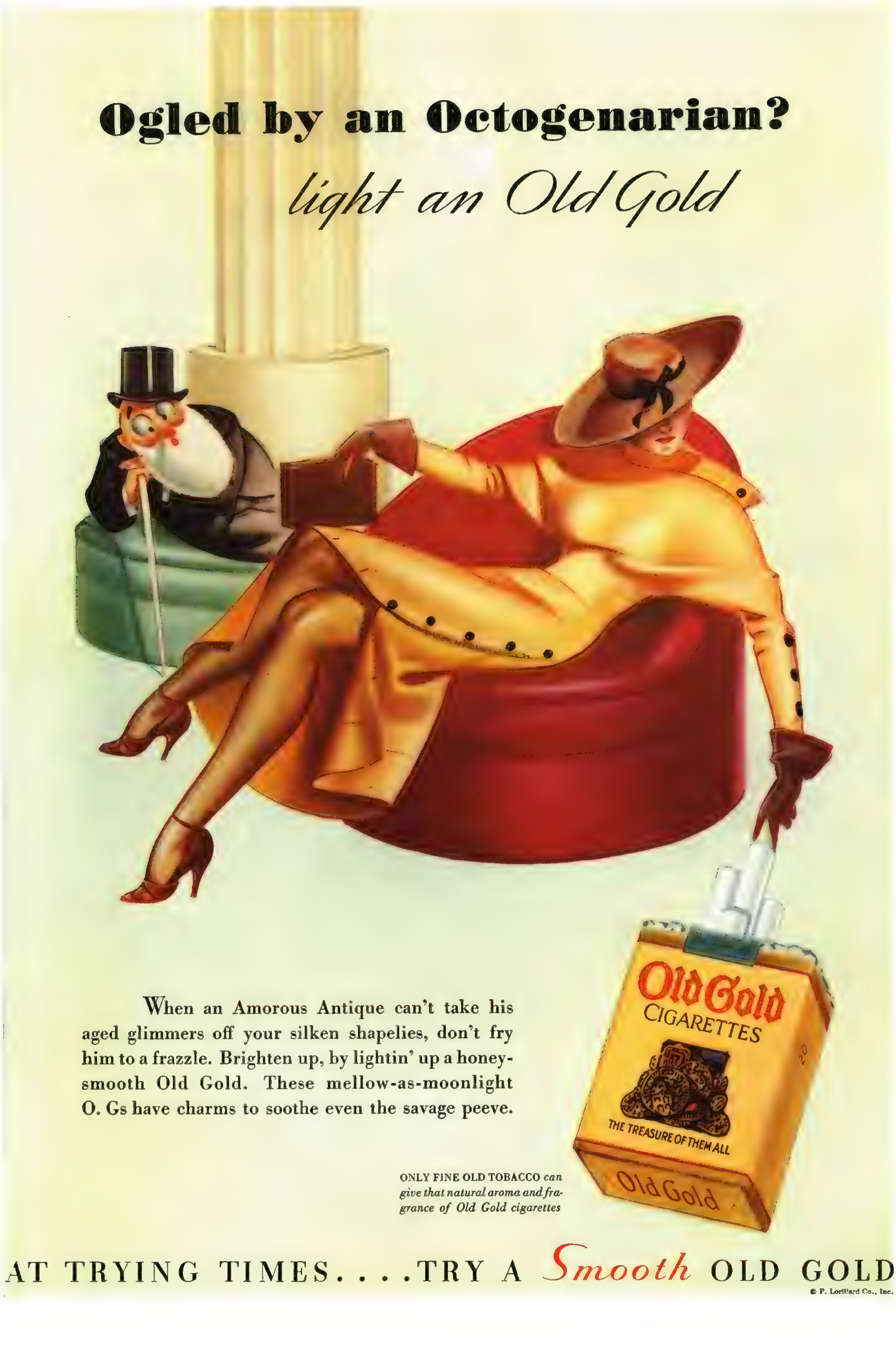
"Perhaps there was a dead rat or cat or something amongst that refuse they were burning, and the smell of it somehow reminded my sleeping mind of that day on the Marne . . . I'm sensitive to smells, you know . . . and started this flash of nightmare. That would account for the absolute panic I felt . . . it was a regular nightmare terror . . . but the dream itself I had forgotten, which often happens, everyone knows that. Suppose, for instance, the smell and the fact I was alone in a strange hotel in a foreign country brought to my unconscious mind one of those old stories about 'murder inns,' where travelers are robbed and killed and their bodies hidden in the cellar. That's an old European legend, you find it in every country. And my belief now is that I dreamt something of that kind in a second, the way dreams are sometimes, and woke up remembering nothing save the last moment of mortal fright when the knife was at my throat."

Lester rubbed his chin reflectively. "It sounds thin to me," he said. "The trouble with you, my lad, is that you've been working too hard and drinking too much whiskey and your nerves are shot. Anyway one thing's clear . . . you mustn't take this business lying down. I mean it's like a crash for one of us . . . the first thing to do is to fly again as soon as possible. Otherwise your nerve will break on you. I mean that's an axiom . . . the sooner you get off the ground after a crash, the better it is. So you go back to this hotel tonight and see it out."

Bobby laughed in his face. "Not for a million dollars, I wouldn't. I don't care what aviators do . . . they're crazy anyway, the whole lot of them . . . but I tell you, Lester, I know when I've had enough. I wouldn't spend another night in that place for anything you could pay me. Brrrrr, it makes me cold down the back right now to think of it."

Lester Wales looked at him without speaking. "See here, Bobby," he said at length, "you've *got* to go. I mean if you don't, this thing will go on working inside your head until your nerve's all broken. I know what I'm talking about . . . either you beat it or it beats you. I tell you what . . . we'll go down there tonight together and you'll see that the whole thing is nonsense . . . and nerves."

Continued on page 172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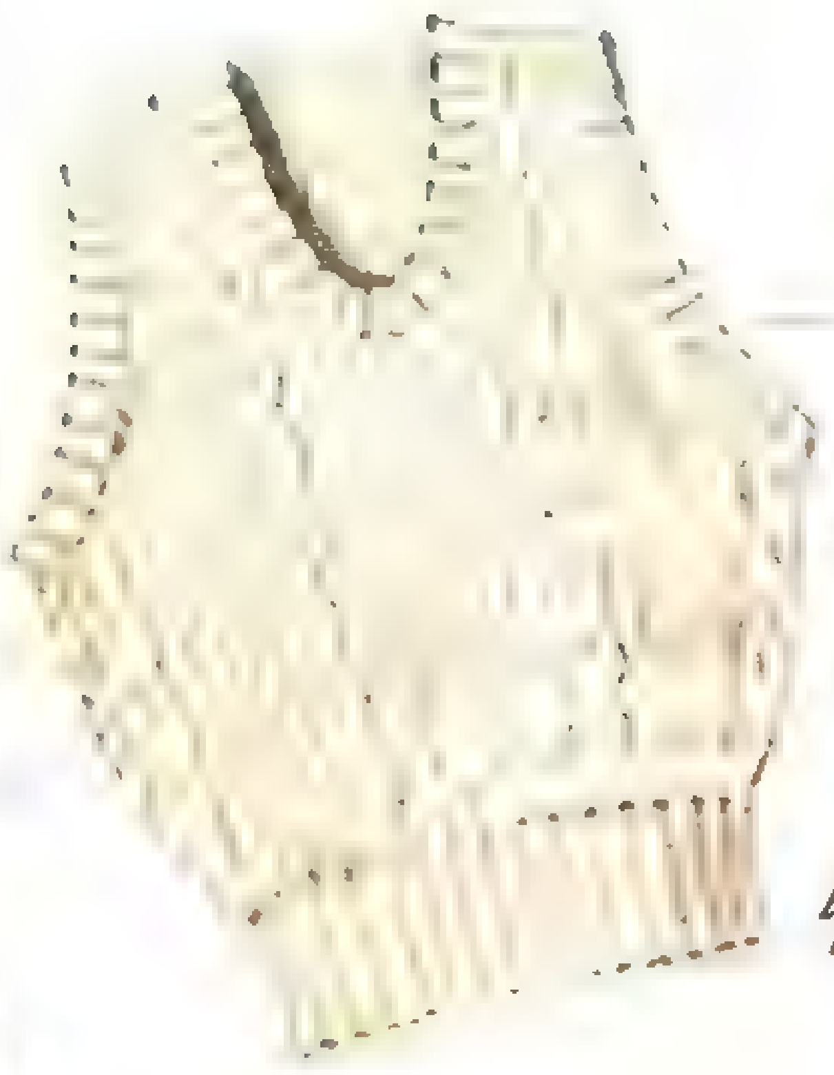
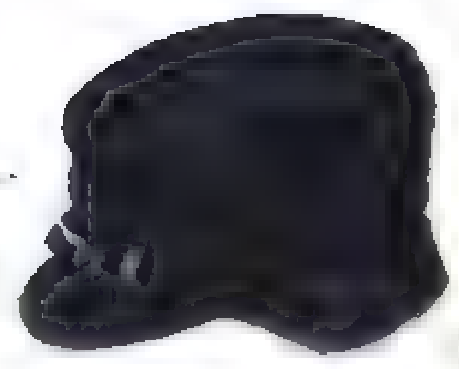
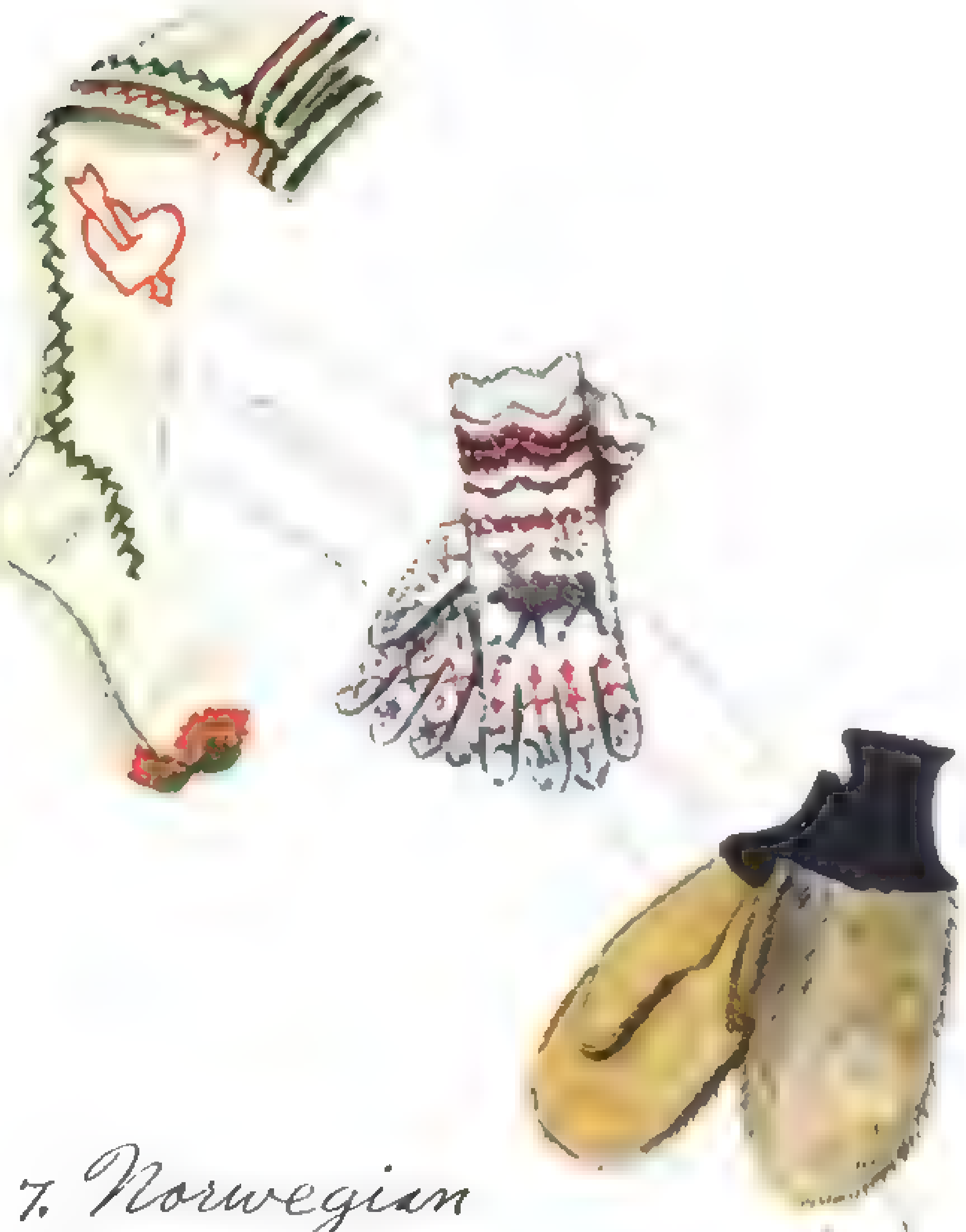


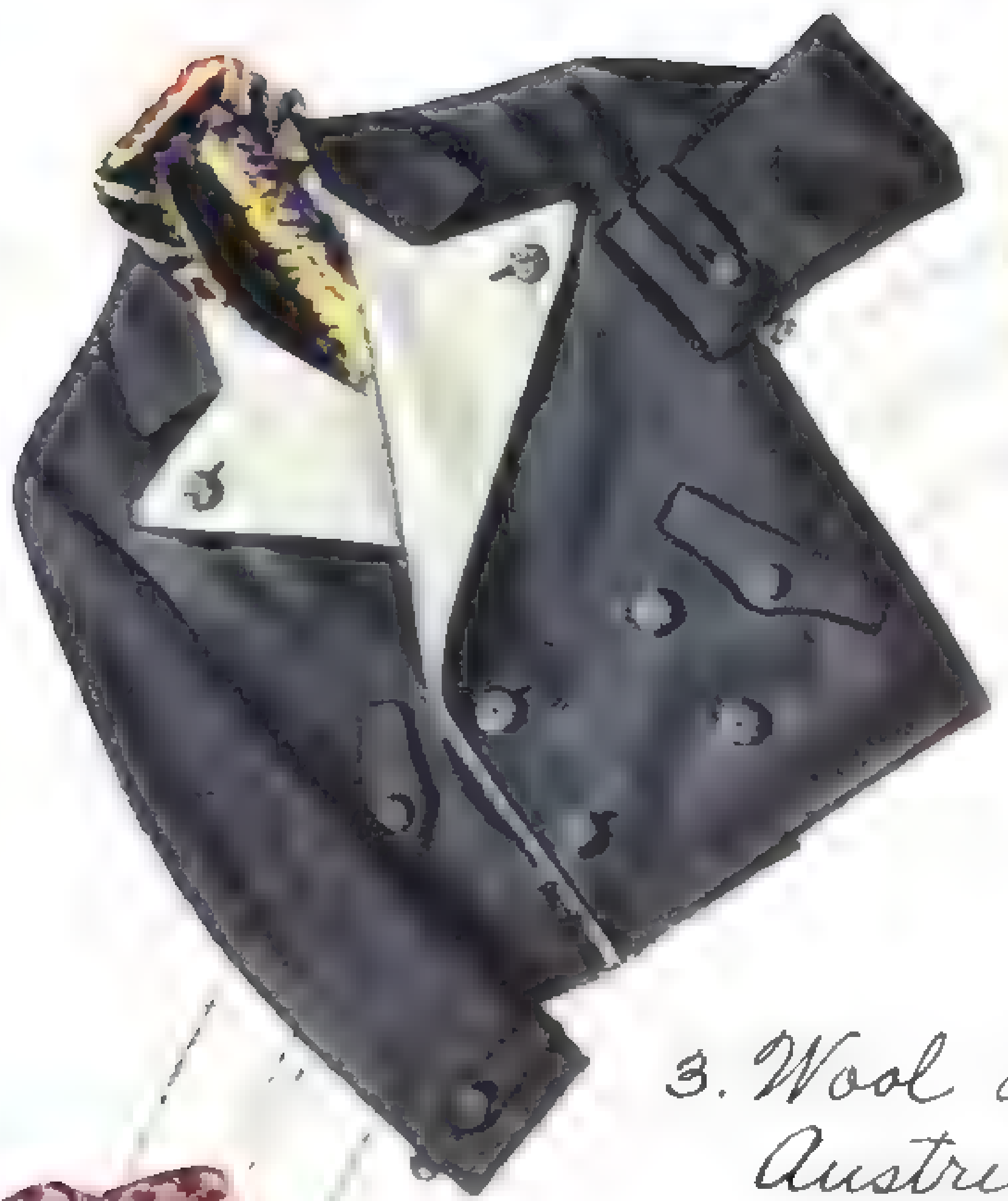




5. Norwegian skiing cap.

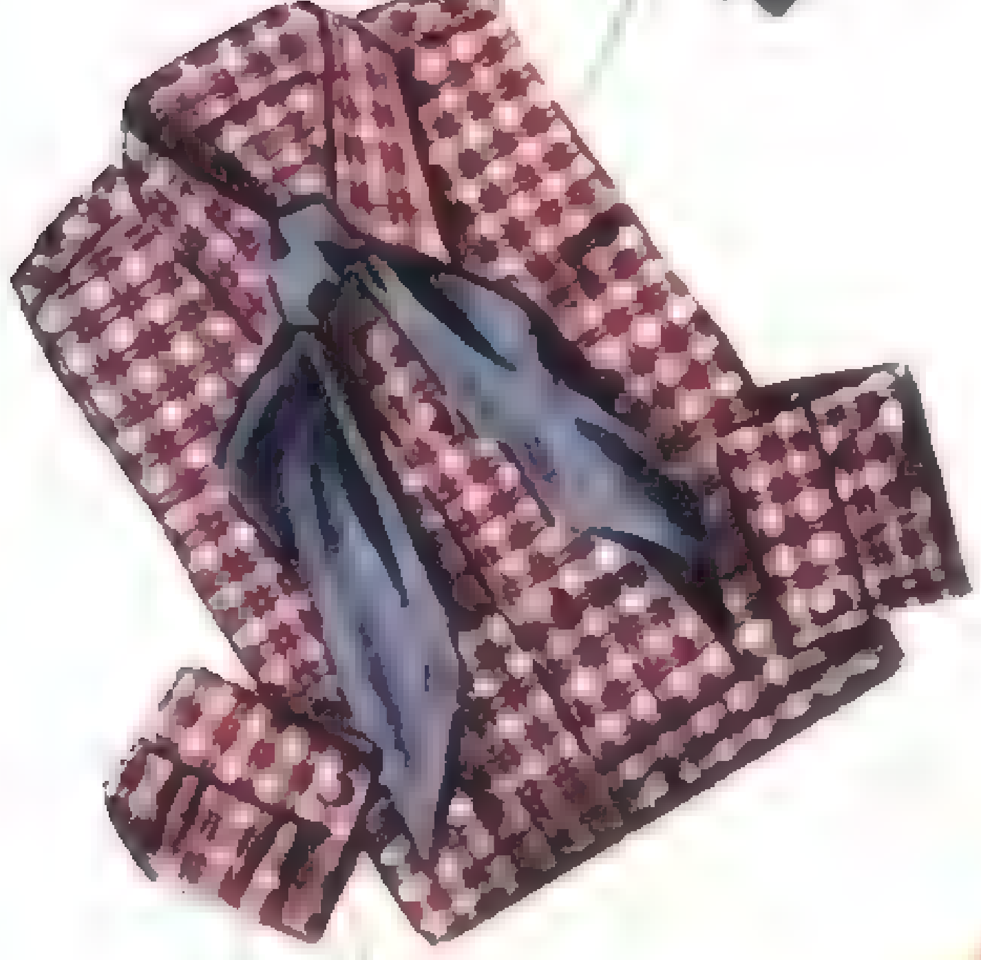
4 Heavy sleeveless sweater.

6 Tyrolean heavy hose.

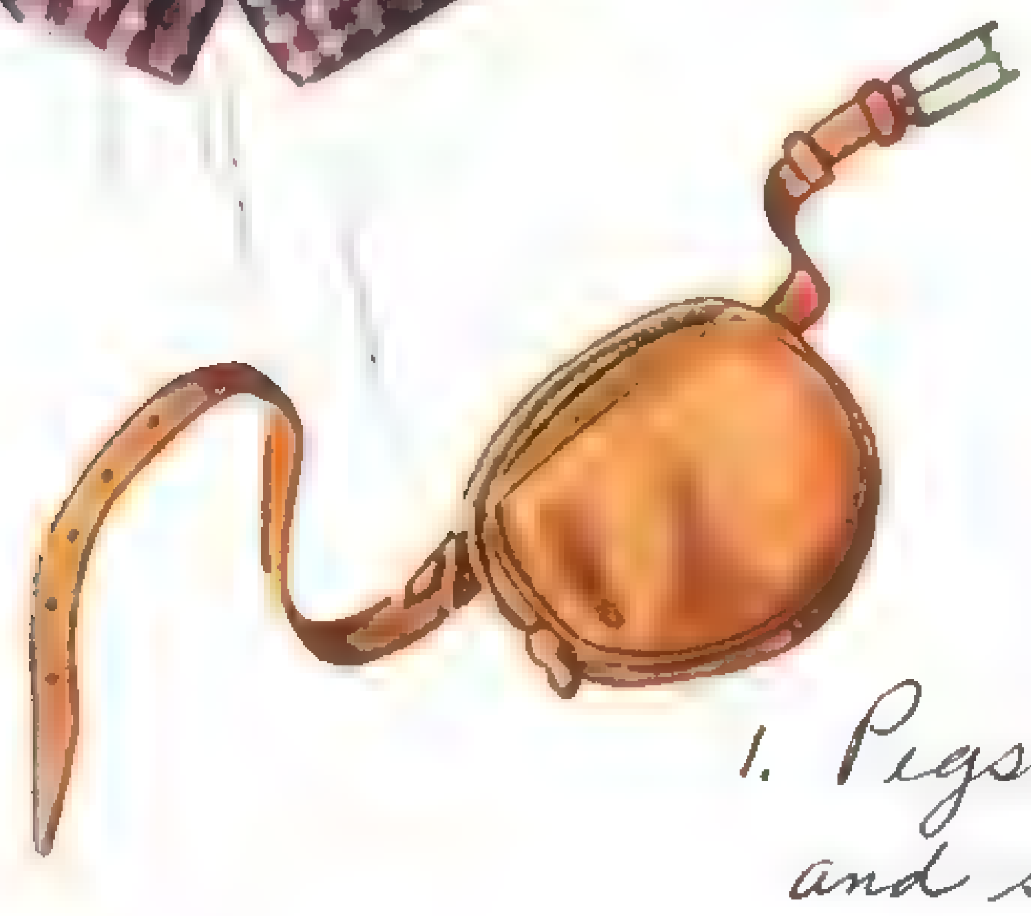


3. Wool double-breasted Austrian jacket to be worn with knickers for cross country skiing

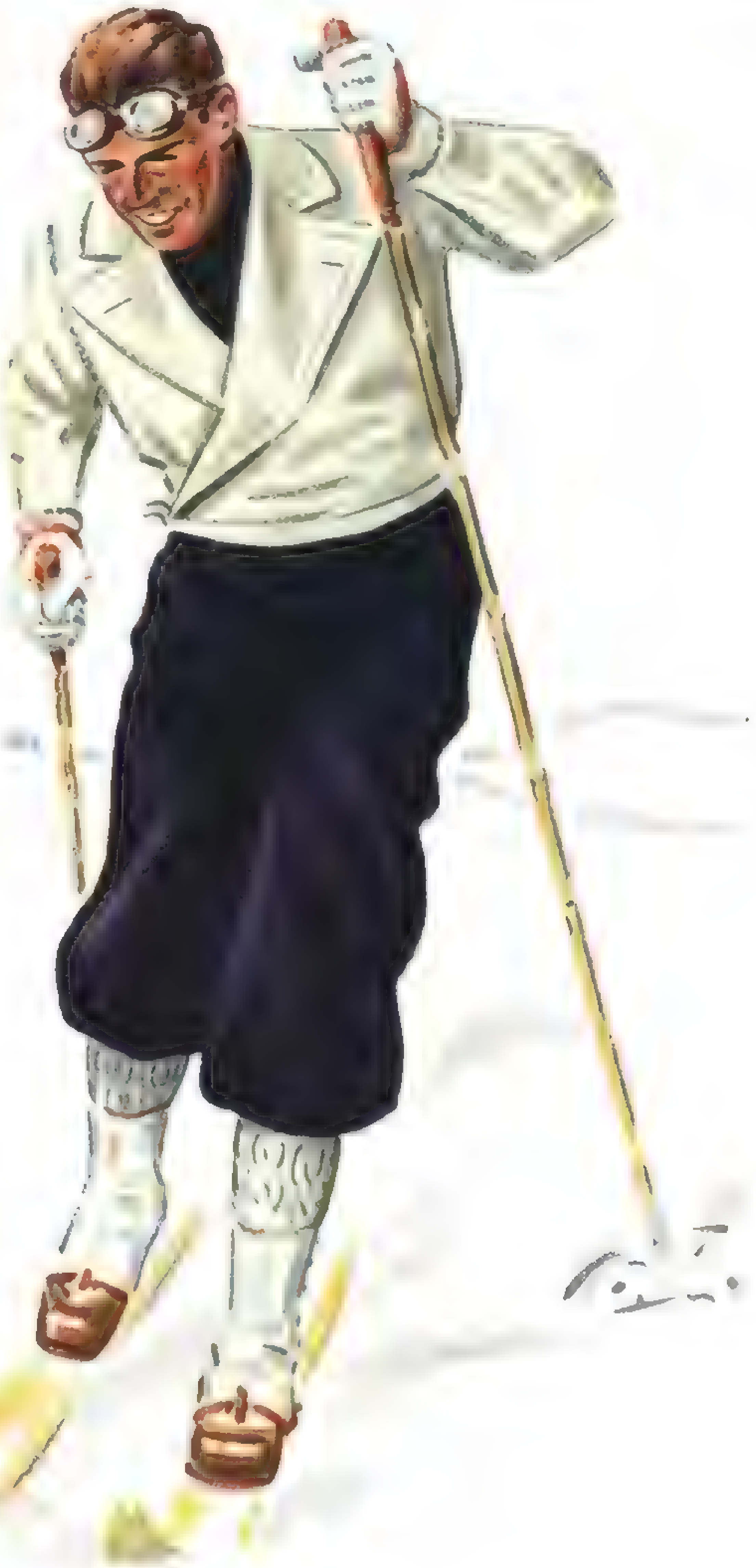
7. Norwegian wool gloves.
8. Leather mittens with sealskin back



2. Cotton shirt with colored handkerchief tied at neck.



1. Pigskin belt and sandwich case.



For cross country or down hill skiing the double-breasted light weight short wind-proof jacket, dark wool knickers, heavy cable stitch hose, a dark turtle neck sweater, canvas gaiters, heavy ski boots, wool gloves and snow goggles have been proven to be the most practical as well as most fashionable kit at leading winter resorts the world over

NOTES FOR THE WINTER SPORTS WARDROBE

What Makes Musicians Wild

Continued from page 50

blue-eyed, and highly determined lady, who followed him to his dressing room, where, white with rage, he was just removing his collar, and looking him resolutely in the eye, said, "Go back to the stage and take your bow." Mastered in spite of himself, Toscanini obeyed. He returned along a corridor which led to his dressing-room, madder than ever at having yielded to the blue-eyed lady's hypnotism. In the corridor stands, or stood at that time, a cabinet with double panels. Toscanini passing, doubled his fists and flung out with both hands, with such force that he smashed in both panels. He was found later in his room, weeping with rage.

The lady in question said nothing, but carefully gathered up the splinters of the cabinet and took them home with her. Whenever they have an argument, which sometimes happens, she says nothing, but returns home and encloses a splinter in an envelope addressed to Toscanini, with no other comment inside or outside but a two-cent stamp.

They're not all wild in so good a cause, but you might be wild too if you led the life they live. Remember the unremitting excitement, the strain, the artificiality of this existence, this world of artificial lives.

"What do they expect," cried a noted American prima donna, at the zenith of her fame. "Do they think that I can sing and act and live Carmen on the Metropolitan stage, then go home, switch on an electric light and metamorphose into the model wife and mother? Perhaps others can. Not me. My Art isn't an abstraction; it's my life."

To an awe-struck interviewer the young woman had been speaking of the artist's career, its difficulties, excitements, triumphs. And also, quoth she, the logical necessity in such a life of — romance. "That is," she continued, "*with* my consent. This nonsense about a singer's virtue! I'd like to see any man, without my consent, deprive me of mine!

"I remember very well the first time I sang in Paris. After the dress rehearsal the director of the theater, an elegant elderly gentleman, frock-coated and silk hat in hand, asked if he might not come to my apartment for a cup of tea. This was in front of the whole company on the stage, and everybody knew what he meant.

"I said, 'Come along.' When we got to my flat I gave him his tea. I said, 'You won't be sorry that you engaged me to sing. I can sing, and I can act too, and I can put it over the footlights. But this other business: I won't. I'll tell you why. You are old, you are ugly, you have bad teeth, and I do not love you.' Offended? Not in the least. Today he's one of my best friends, and when I sang with him after that I didn't so much as require a contract!"

That's the way she talked and acted. She was intoxicated then, with success, confident of her powers, knowing the world was her oyster, to be opened when and as she desired. At least she thought so. And yet, even with her, the day came, when a new singer, a new voice, a new figure, a "blonde thunderbolt," as one reviewer described it, swept onto the Metropolitan stage, and ushered her off it.

In the prize ring, if a fighter is licked, the manager throws into the ring the towel or sponge. Our diva's acknowledgment of the end was no less eloquent. It was the sale, suddenly advertised, at auction, of all her famous costumes. Some thought she would permit the public to become tired of her successor—which, in due course, the public did—and return to the stage where she long had queened it, for a fresh triumph. But perhaps, with experience, a new sanity, bred of disillusion, descended upon her. She is today, if anything, a finer woman, a maturer artist, than in the days of her Metropolitan glory, but so far as that lyric theater was concerned, she called it quits. You still hear her over the radio.

Once in a while there is the exception. Schumann-Heink isn't the only wife and mother to have graced the stage. Here is the latest sensation at the Metropolitan, the Norwegian woman, Kirsten Flagstad—a wife, a mother of a daughter of sixteen, the Flagstad herself unbelievably young looking and sounding when she appears as the superb Isolde or the imperious Brunnhilde or Kundry, the enchantress of *Parsifal*. Her drama came in her sudden emergence from relative obscurity in her native city of Oslo, Norway, where she sang at the local opera house every kind of a role, from comic opera to Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, or Tosca in Puccini's opera of that name, and was suddenly called, by a curious freak of fortune, to the Metropolitan stage, and wakened the morning after to find her fame trumpeted to the four corners of the universe.

She still doesn't know exactly why, and has travelled back to her native burg this summer with daughter and a very large and substantial husband to study more parts for New York next winter. With a voice of wonderful quality and technical development, she had through industrious years, slowly perfected herself in her daily task, which was whatever role the direction of the Oslo opera house wanted her to sing that night. One day an American critic was in Oslo. They had promised him a performance of *Tristan* with the famous Nanny Larsen-Todsen as the Isolde. Mme. Larsen-Todsen was taken ill. The management was apol-

Continued on page 162

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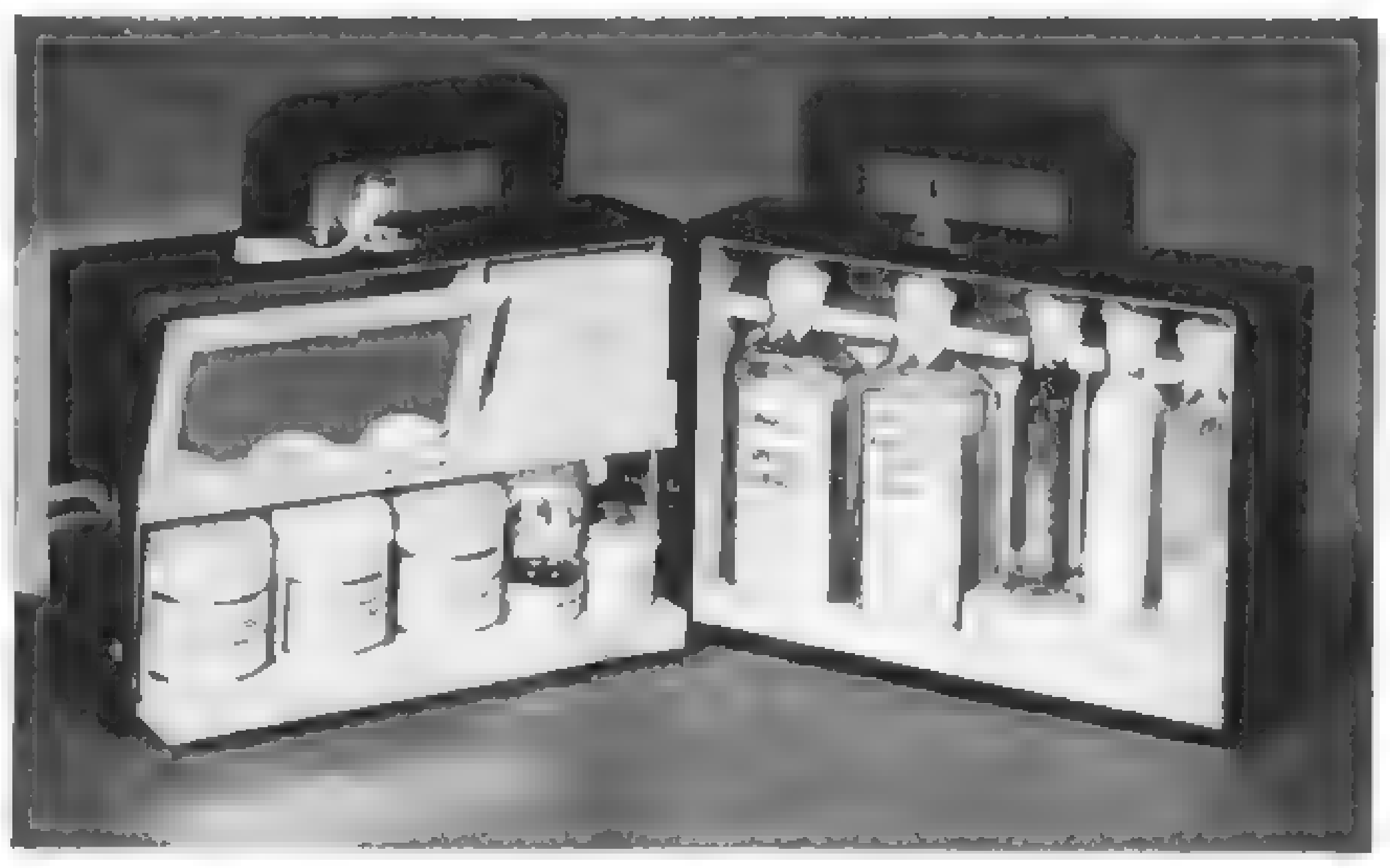

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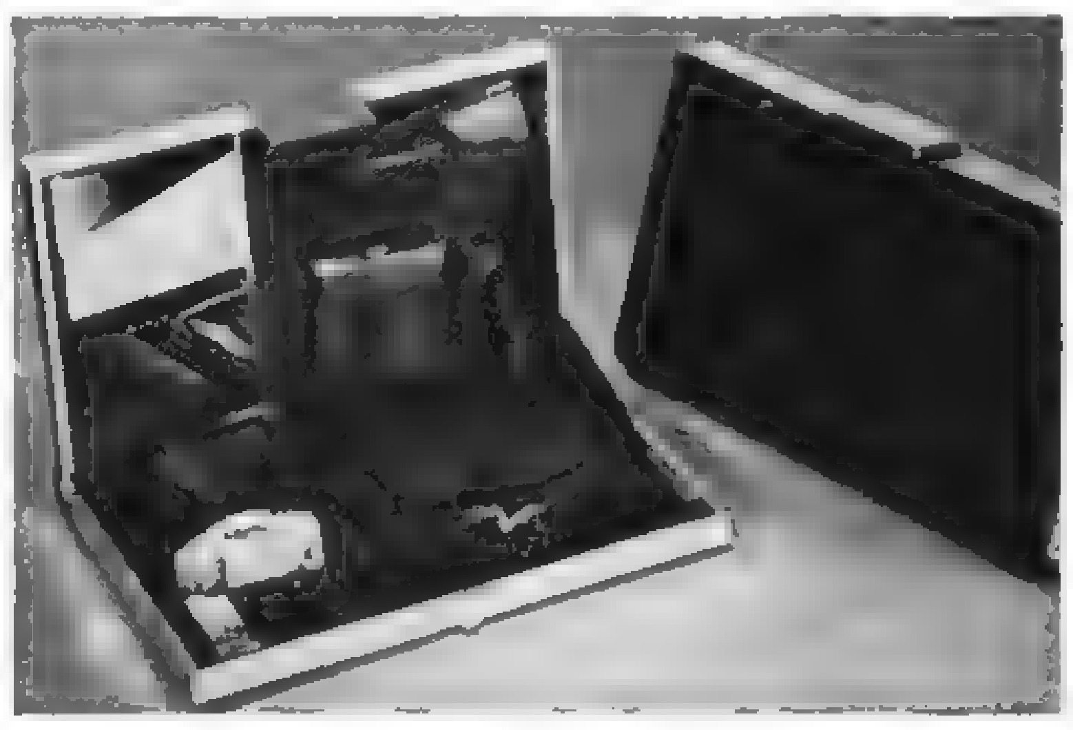

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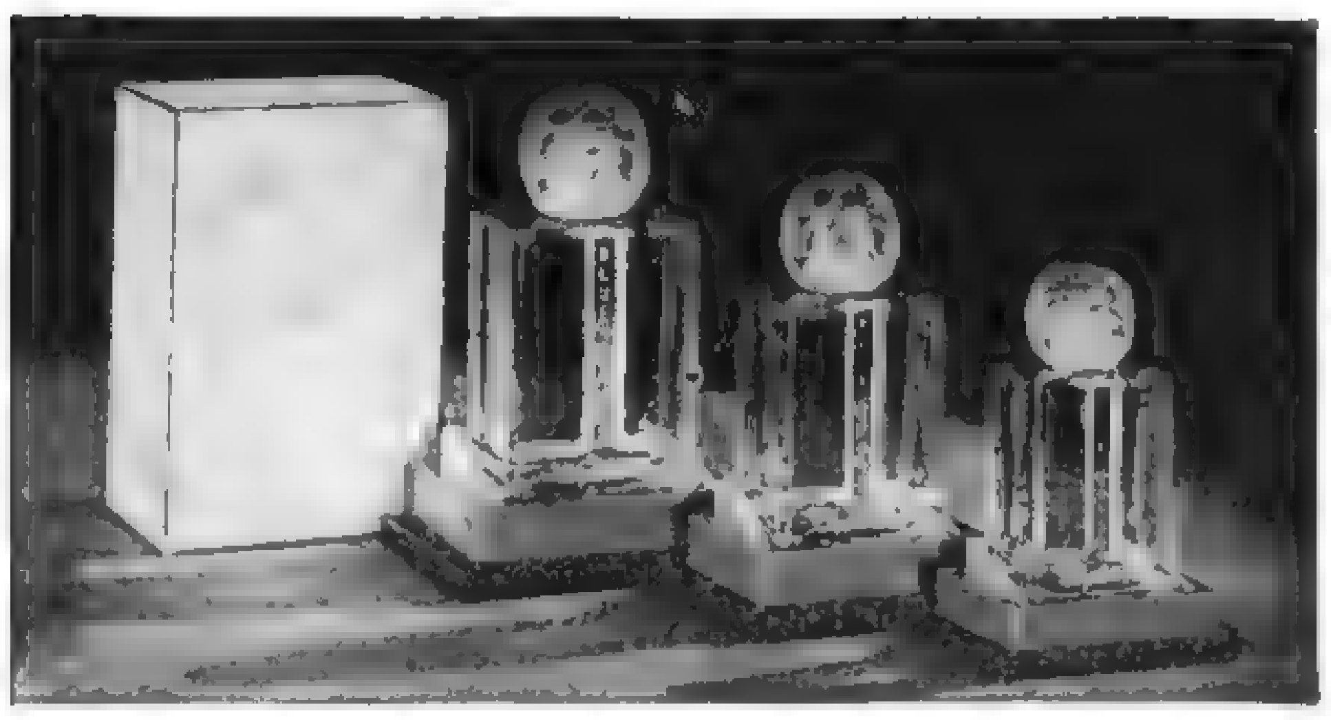
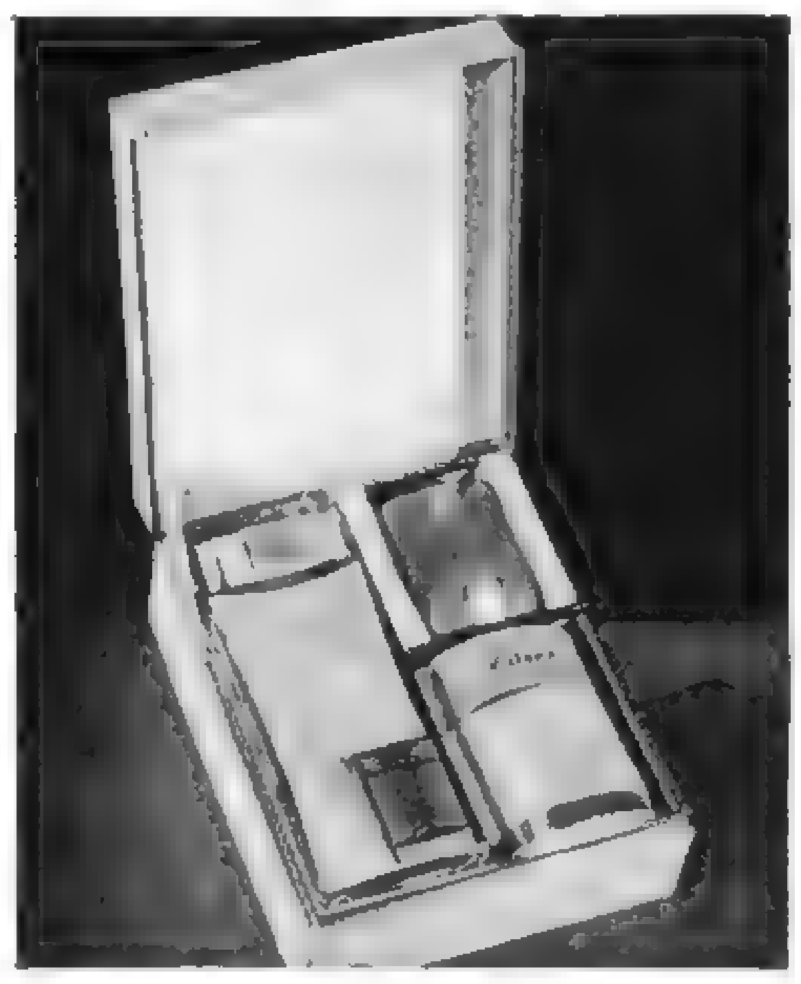


Is she a proud patrician lady? Then *Blue Grass Perfume*, with its bracing, thoroughbred fragrance was created expressly for her. $12, $20, $32.50.



Is she particular about matching her scents? The *Blue Grass Bath Box* echoes the Blue Grass Perfume with Blue Grass salts, dusting powder and soap. The set . . . $9

Is she a very great beauty? Then a worthy tribute is this *Travel Case de Luxe* lavishly stocked with Elizabeth Arden beauty preparations to enhance her loveliness. $165

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What Makes Musicians Wild

Continued from pages 50-161

ogetic. "Most unfortunately you can only hear tonight our local artist, Mme. Kirsten Flagstad. We are sorry, but hope you will find good ensemble effect."

The critic, after the performance, hurried out and wrote home an article so enthusiastic that no one believed him. So some more seasons passed. Then Otto Kahn, at the time Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan, heard her, and wired to Gatti advising him to look her up. At that time, still not crediting the reports, and anyhow having no need of an extra singer of Italian parts, which Flagstad had been singing, the Metropolitan, regardless, pursued the even tenor of its way. Some more seasons passed. At Bayreuth they wanted a third Rhine-maiden. Winifred Wagner was told that there was a young Norwegian with a good voice, who could sing that minor role. When she heard Flagstad she said, "Good heavens, why didn't you tell me. Now the only thing I can use you in this season is the third Rhine-maiden." The fates seemed against Kirsten Flagstad, although she didn't even seem to know it and, therefore, was spared pangs of discontent or self-pity. But you know the fable of the mouse-trap? It's the same thing as making a good mouse-trap: if you can sing an aria beautifully the world will find its way to your door. Flagstad was predestined. There arose at the Metropolitan a difficulty between the general director and Mme. Frieda Leider, Gatti's leading Wagner singer, and therefore, the need of some pinch-hitter for a few performances in Wagnerian roles. Flagstad was engaged.

Gatti began to purr. Rather than suffer dictation from a prima donna, he had risked much criticism in dispensing with the services of Leider, his leading Wagnerian woman singer up to that time. Here was not merely a substitute; here was a fine, fresh and magnificent voice, practically unknown to the Western world. The Metropolitan had reason to lick its chops. All Flagstad has to do now is work and refuse too many engagements. Her sanity is indeed the exception which proves the rule.

When one of her friends exclaimed against an unfavorable criticism of a detail of her performance, Flagstad replied, "But of course, he's perfectly right. Don't you know it?" Now, when a prima donna adversely criticised, praises the critic, or at least corroborates him, that's like the *man* that bites a *dog*—that's news!

Some are born wild, others become that way, and many discover that to be wild is excellent box office. You could never tell whether the little monkey of a pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, was intentionally clowning, or whether he really was completely insane. Anyhow, he played, when in the vein, in a way to move the angels, and always with a running fire of audible comment, consisting mainly in rapturous praise of his own performance.

"Listen to de Pachmann. De Pachmann, you are marvelous. There is no other pianist so marvelous as you—except perhaps, Liszt." But one day he jumped up on his seat when Rosenthal was giving a recital in Berlin, and, in bold relief against the rest of the audience, pulled out his handkerchief and punctuated his rival's performance by sobs and lamentations, wiping his eyes and his nose alternately, shaking his fists to heaven, because, he sobbed, Rosenthal could play the Chopin *Etude* in double thirds faster than he—he, the previously incomparable de Pachmann.

He hated most critics, tolerating them when they praised him, roundly castigating them as blackguards and jackasses when they roasted him. And he often deserved roasting, because on occasion he would become nothing but a buffoon, and would then not only make a fool of everybody, but distort the composer's meaning in a manner as irrelevant and undignified as his conduct. The late Arthur Friedheim told a story of a day in Luchow's restaurant downtown, when de Pachmann, entering the restaurant, saw seated at a table with his glass of beer the brilliant critic, James Huneker. Huneker, who had priased de Pachmann in his time to the heavens, had more recently given him a dig, which de Pachmann resented. He went straight to Huneker's table and used that word which, according to Owen Wister's Virginian, a gentleman never uses in addressing another gentleman without smiling. De Pachmann did not smile.

Huneker's retort was instantaneous. He simply emptied his glass of beer in de Pachmann's face. De Pachmann went screaming around the restaurant, probably pleased with the spectacle he was making of himself, yelling for the proprietor. The proprietor, when he had heard the complaint, said, "Mr. Huneker, I would like to ask what you mean by treating Mr. de Pachmann in my restaurant in this manner." Mr. Huneker explained. The proprietor said, "Mr. de Pachmann, Mr. Huneker is right. You certainly delivered the first insult, and I must ask you either to apologize to Mr. Huneker, or leave this restaurant."

De Pachmann, outnumbered, rebuked, looked furiously about him, swelling with rage. He choked and gasped. Then he got his voice. He shouted, "Very well!! Skunk, I apologize! I apologize! Skunk," and went through the door.

One night in a large concert-hall, before he began playing, he leaned forward, glanced craftily over the rim of the piano at a woman seated in the front row beneath him, started, hopped off the piano-stool, and scuttled from the stage. He wouldn't go back either, though the manager pleaded with him. He pointed out the woman through a hole in the curtain, and said, "There is a mohn-key. I cannot play."

The manager bethought himself of a stratagem. He went out to the lady, very deferentially, and whispered to her, "Madam, as you may know, Mr. de Pachmann is a very curious person. He has all sorts of aversions. For one thing, he happens to be afraid of the color green. He has noticed that you are wearing a green waist, and as long as he sees it he will not come out and play. I wonder, therefore, if you would be so very kind as to accept this box seat which I can offer you, and which you will find comfortable and convenient, so that I may get Mr. de Pachmann to come out and play."

Much amused, the lady accepted the manager's offer. She sat smiling and preening herself in the box when de Pachmann, having observed her departure, came back on the stage. He arrived at the piano, carefully adjusted the seat, rubbed his hands, and turned grinning to the audience.

"There," he said, pointing to the empty seat in the front row, "was a mohn-key. While it was there I could not play."

And what wonder if, paid to strut their stuff, played up by every possible kind of press agentry, flattered, cajoled, coddled and spoiled, they yield to the disease known as inflation of the ego.

Another one, world-famous, went home after his recital with family and friends. For hours there was talk by the adoring family of every moment, every episode, every phrase of the performance. The friend, listening politely, was silent. The violinist turned to him. "But now," he said, "we've been talking all the evening about me. I want to talk about you. Tell me—how did you like my concert?"

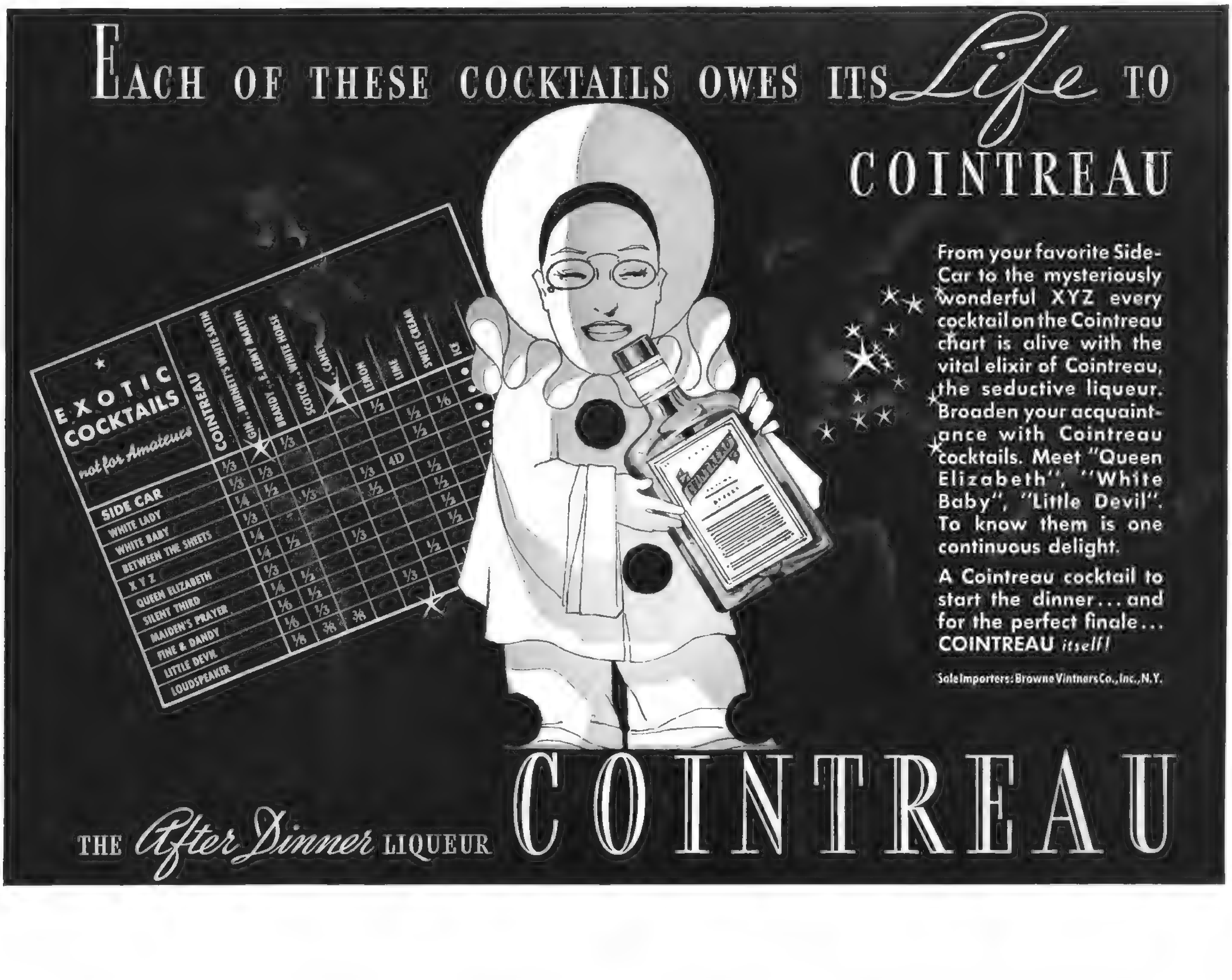
One of the greatest of Wagner singers, one from whom even Flagstad at the Metropolitan could learn today, and a woman who, with all her intellect and art was a bundle of nerves and temperament, was Olive Fremstad. She was annoyed one day when Gatti-Casazza remarked that she was "temperamental." "Nothing of the kind. Nothing of the kind," quoth she. She wanted some other role than the heavy Wagnerian parts, and Gatti agreed to indulge her. She undertook, then, to sing the part of Giulietta in Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*. But she did not successfully compass the lightness and seductiveness of the character. The newspapers emphasized the fact, and Fremstad returned gladly to the Wagnerian music dramas in which she was so great. Another singer took the Giulietta character, and one night an accident happened. That singer was descending in the elevator in her hotel, to go to the opera house, when the elevator stuck between floors. They could not extricate the singer; the performance was about an hour away. Gatti, always the diplomat, took down the phone. "Mme. Fremstad, I know you for a temperamental artist, but a very great one, and you have always been not only my artist, but my friend. Now will you help me?" He explained the situation. Would Fremstad, just for this evening, take once more the Giulietta role. "But certainly I will," said the great lady. "I'll be down in twenty minutes and have my make-up on in no time."

She sang. She was gratefully presented with an extra fee. She came flying down to the managerial office. "Mr. Gatti, I thank you," she said, "for your confidence in my character and my — temperament. Now, just to show you that I have *not* temperament, I return your check" —and she tore in half a perfectly good fat check for $1,000, scattered its petals on the managerial desk, and was gone. No temperament!

The pettiness and malice of musical rivalries is proverbial. It is part vanity, and part a thorough realization on the part of the artist of what it means if a colleague surpassed him or her in performance. Wouldn't you be wild yourself, for example, if you were the only woman star who ever had her name on the door of a dressing-room in the Metropolitan Opera House, and suddenly a newcomer and a formidable one, was given a role held to be sacrosanct with you? That means the survival of one or the other, and well they know it. "Over my dead body," was Mary Garden's comment when she heard that Cavalieri had been offered the role of Thais. And then, the pure joy of the artist, the brotherly or sisterly love of a tone-poet, when he, she or it has succeeded in giving some other colleague a swift knife-thrust from behind. That is worth seeing.

In New York one winter there were three famous conductors leading the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Let us say that one's name was "F," another's "M," and a third's "T." "F" succumbed to bitter jealousy of "T," which so affected his actions and his conducting that the orchestra management deemed it best not to ask him to return the following season. As soon as it became clear that "F" would not return, his henchmen got busy, particularly through the newspapers, by means of letters of

Continued on page 164



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What Makes Musicians Wild

Continued from pages 50-161-163

protest. This had not the effect intended. It finally resulted in one of the music critics writing a rather blunt and sharp article in which he told the true facts, as he saw them, about the dropping of "F" from the Philharmonic roster.

This article raised some comment, and not only in the city where it appeared. For the following summer its writer went to Germany. Every German he met, within a few minutes, would say, "Are *you* the man who wrote the article about 'F'?" The critic was profoundly impressed by the way in which the Germans seemed to have followed his writing. It set him up. The explanation came the following fall, when the secretary of conductor "M," who had, of course, nothing whatever to do with "F's" fortunes, said to the critic, his face shining with exalted emotion, "And, dear Mr.—, that vonderful article you wrote about 'F.' You know, just that night Mr. 'M' and myself were taking the boat for Europe. I came at vonce to your paper; I bought forty copies of your article; I had it translated into three languages and gave it to every news bureau in Europe!!" There's the spirit of art for you.

Nor were "F" and "M" the only conductors who, for various reasons, would get "wild." The Italian leader and composer, Mancinelli, was conducting a rehearsal one morning in the Royal Opera at Madrid. Now, from an Italian conductor, an Italian will take a great deal. But with Spaniards it is a different story. Came a stage man, at Mancinelli's back, sweeping the stage with a pushbroom. Mancinelli shouted, with abusive epithets, "Go away, and don't come back till the rehearsal is over. Get out of here!" The man, as it happened, was deaf. He went on with his sweeping, coming nearer every moment to Mancinelli. Mancinelli jumped off his stand and hit the sweeper. He had picked, as it proved, the wrong man. Very soon the deaf one had Mancinelli down on the floor, beating him furiously with his broom. Mancinelli was rescued. Pulled to his feet, he glared wildly about him, and fled to his dressing room. There his secretary found him, gazing at his rumpled countenance in the mirror, and plucking out his hair, which he could ill afford to do. But there he was, twisting, yanking, grimacing, jumping up and down while he addressed his distracted image in the mirror. Out came a hair. "You! Mancinelli." Another hair and a shout. "You—Mancinelli. You, the great man." A twist and another grimace. "You, the artist of the world, the saviour of art." And he tweaked out some more. "Horse! Ass! Idiot!"

But there are other things, more subtle and introspective things, which attack a man's mental balance. I mean the devil of self-distrust, that abysmal depth of fear and despair which is the arch foe of the most sensitive and intelligent. Have you ever seen the great Rachmaninoff enter the concert-hall, a tremendous, stark figure, a man of singular and self-evident power? Before he has played a note he has the audience at his command. His playing is as gigantic, as carved and stripped to the bone, as he is, and at least six feet tall to boot. You would say that this man had passed through all experiences, that his life was one of inner drama and revery that give his playing its magnificence and atmosphere. All right. Would you believe that after the failure of his first symphony Rachmaninoff was so discouraged that he had to resort to a hypnotist? Let every one of us, the smallest and the greatest, take courage from that, and recognize, as our Christian Scientist friends would say, the sovereign power of the thought.

Rachmaninoff's first attempt in the grand symphonic form had been flatly condemned by everybody. "Forgive me," said Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff, the omniscient Russian master whom the younger man adored, "but I do not find this music at all agreeable." The unkindest cut of all. And then to face the world, to hear the gratified jests of enemies and the—still worse—attempted sympathy and reassurance of friends. Rachmaninoff left the concert-hall, boarded a tram in the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg, and drove most of the night through the cold mists that enveloped the town. Thereafter, creatively speaking, he sank into a coma, resigned an important conductor's post, passed the days in idleness and despondency, from which it seemed that nothing could rouse him. He was rescued by a man, a sort of Russian Coué, who had an extraordinary reputation for mental cures. Rachmaninoff's friends told this man the state of affairs. He asked what they would like Rachmaninoff to compose. They said, "a piano concerto," because he had promised to write one when his misfortune occurred and had not been able to finish it. In fact, Rachmaninoff, for two years, had spent his time mostly alone, stretched on his couch, with only his dog Levko for company. Now he daily reclined on the couch of Dr. Dahl. Every day in the very same way Dr. Dahl repeated a formula. "You will begin to write your concerto . . . You will work with great facility . . . The concerto will be of excellent quality."

And he did. The concerto was quickly composed and was an enormous success. It is, as a matter of fact, Rachmaninoff's finest concerto, one that stands at the top of the list of the most played piano concertos today. You may easily, one of these days, hear Rachmaninoff himself perform it with an orchestra. It's the *Concerto in C minor*. And if you or a friend have the music, look on the title page. You will discover that the work is dedicated to N. Dahl. At the time of the dedication only Rachmaninoff, two of his most intimate friends, and Dahl himself, knew why.

Rachmaninoff has a great compatriot, whose name shall go unmentioned here, but the many who know that noble man, and read these words, will corroborate the event, even if they didn't know what lay behind it. This musician is also a pianist, a conductor, an editor of music, and was one of the greatest of Liszt's pupils. Advanced in years, he wished once more to prove his prowess as a virtuoso and to honor the memory of his departed master—with whom, to his absolute certainty, the pupil who lives and labors today is in constant spiritual intercourse. Liszt, from the spirit world, told him to give a concert. Liszt stood by him at the piano, as surely, he says, as others of us sat in front of him in the concert hall, and you should have heard what happened. It was a performance that fairly shook the audience for its fire and sweep and fantasy. Edgar Lee Masters has said somewhere that genius is wisdom and youth. The remark could be reversed in the instance here narrated. Genius, at that moment, was age replenished by the fires of young and never-dying inspiration, and I tell you that that was a gallant sight, a deed to warm the heart and whisper courage. He played, for himself, if you like, but also and more so, for the honor and glory of the invisible master, who he knew, had not once in the long years forgotten his beloved disciple, and stood unseen by his side.

If that is being wild, it is a pity more of us do not have the same privilege. If we had, we might be greater and the world better for our effort.

Actually, most of them only appear wild. They follow an intense and precise inner logic that directs their creative or interpretive task. John D. Rockefeller never calculated rebates from a railroad more accurately and with a colder reason than the great artist who concentrates all the force and intellect and will upon his task. The greatest of them are sovereign people, and sometimes the world has been astonished by what they did—these supposed dreamers and impractical abstractionists—when they addressed themselves to some concrete task.

By an extraordinary chain of events, as you will remember, Ignace Paderewski, at the close of the world war, became Poland's Premier. There was, of course, within as outside of Poland, intrigue against him. One night in Warsaw Mme. Paderewska had gone to bed, while her husband worked far into the night over some state papers. She was awakened by a terrifying yell in the adjoining chamber. She flung open the door, to discover Paderewski shaking a man by the throat and pounding his head against the wall. A pistol had fallen to the floor in the fracas. What had occurred was this: entering softly, having either circumvented the guards, or having bribed them to let him by, the man had stepped to Paderewski's desk, a pistol in one hand, and a paper of abdication for the Premier to sign, in the other. Paderewski, taken off guard, had pretended to surrender, but he had suddenly turned, and knocked the pistol from the man's hand. He was at the moment energetically choking the life out of him. Then Paderewski called the guards, told them in no measured terms his opinion of their vigilance, and ordered that they take the man out in the street and set him free!

When I read this it sounded like a press story. When the occasion rose, I asked Paderewski if it was true, and the name of the man. "The story," he said, "is true. The man was not a formidable character. I knew him, which perhaps told me how I could manage him. He was poor, and he was tempted. I do not wish to tell you his name, but I can tell you that ever since he has been my faithful friend."

But he is a wonder—Paderewski. Weak or strong, one of the things that enabled him to take care of himself so magnificently was the unremitting series of vigorous physical exercises which he takes, on rising in the morning, and before retiring, no matter how late, in the evening. Underneath the glamour and, let us call it, the poetical haze that hangs over him, he has a man's stomach, a man's temper, and is as powerful as an ox. He can work most men under the table. His labors have extended from the perusing and, apparently, the almost instantaneous memorizing of volumes of economic figures and facts necessary for the statesman's work, to practicing the piano anywhere from eight to fifteen hours a day. He was at that last fall in his country place at Morges, preparing for his American tour of the coming winter. He came down, apparently unwearied, to the dinner table. And how on earth, he was asked, do you stand it? He took the remark lightly, as concerned himself and his practice. He said that he kept himself carefully in physical shape, that he had laid the tracks for his fingers many years ago, and had principally to retrace them and see that the wheels of the machine moved smoothly, and more remarks of the same sort. Then he delivered himself of an aphorism worth preserving, and explanatory of much in his career. He said, "You know, energy feeds on activity." #

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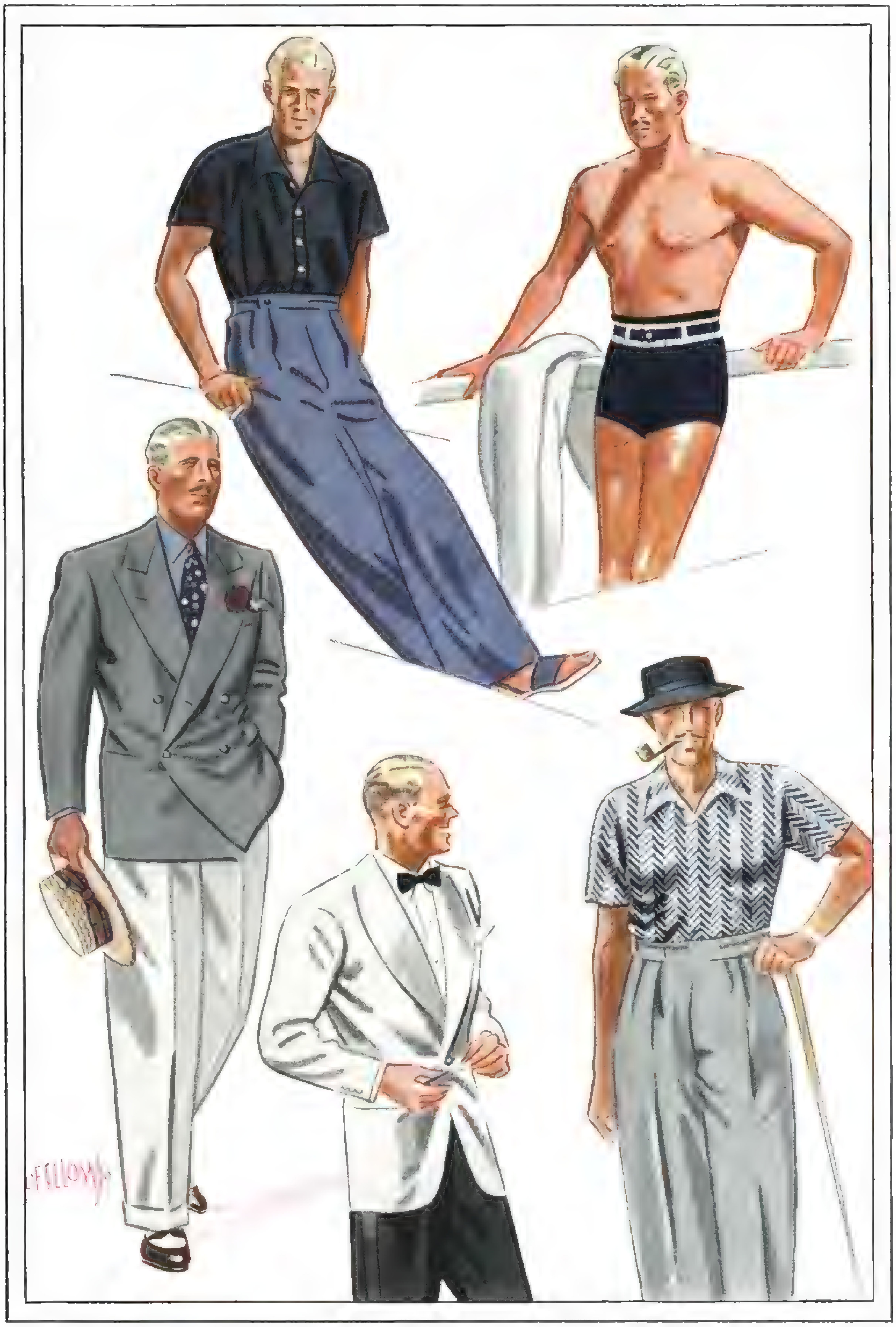

NOTES FOR THE TROPICAL WINTER RESORTS

The past Riviera season affords the cue for the coming months at such places as Palm Beach, Miami and Palm Springs. Upper left, polo shirt of light weight glove silk, coat style, with light weight linen slacks, for beach club, fishing or sailing and general day time lounge wear. Upper right, trunks with herringbone ribbed effect, introduced last summer in London by a world famous hosier. Lower left, conservative turnout, typical of a tendency of the younger Englishmen: flannel jacket, lapel rolled to the bottom button, cricket cloth slacks, broadcloth shirt with slotted collar, foulard tie, Norwegian model shoes, club banded straw hat. Bottom center, the prevailing mode in tropical evening wear. The shirt is white silk. Wear patent leather pumps. Lower right, herringbone polo shirt of light wool worn with grey flannel slacks, pork pie hat of light weight felt, and brown and white golf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Cool and Calculating

Continued from page 38

6. The passenger living in Chicago has the same name as the brakeman.

Now, go into the silence and tell the ladies and gentlemen what was the engineer's name?

At first glance it looks hopeless. But after a certain amount of prodding and fiddling, you begin to see how to go about it. It's a kind of a mental jigsaw puzzle in which unidentifiable blobs of color turn out to be the ribbon on the Newfoundland dog's neck and the highlight on a mirror.

And, if you get through that unmaimed, take a couple of days' rest and tackle the cigarette-smoking poker-players.

Five men are engaged in a poker game—Brown, Perkins, Turner, Jones and Reilly. Their brands of cigarettes are Luckies, Camels, Kools, Old Golds and Chesterfields, but not necessarily respectively. At the beginning of the game, the number of cigarettes possessed by each of the players was 20, 15, 8, 6 and 3, but not necessarily respectively. Later in the evening, at a given time, when no one was smoking, the following conditions obtained:

1. Perkins asked for three cards.
2. Reilly had smoked half of his original supply, or one less than Turner smoked.
3. The Chesterfield man originally had as many more, plus half as many more, plus 2½ more cigarettes than he now has.
4. The man who draws to an inside straight absent-mindedly lit the tipped end of his fifth cigarette, the last he smoked.
5. The man who smokes Luckies has smoked two more than anyone else, including Perkins.
6. Brown drew as many aces as he originally had cigarettes.
7. No one has smoked all his cigarettes.
8. The Camel man asks Jones to pass Brown's matches. At this point all anybody wants to know is how many cigarettes did each man have to begin with and of what brand?

You will get mired down over head and shoulders if you don't assume, as the problem intends you to, that all cigarettes smoked are wholly smoked—fractions of cigarettes are not considered. This one means pencil and paper in quantity—and even then you'll probably take a wrong turning somewhere in the middle and wind up with a perfectly good solution the only trouble with which is that it's wrong.

Perhaps a little mental arithmetic will relieve the strain here. It's quite possible to keep the running score in your head when dealing with the tale of the South Sea trading schooner which had so much trouble keeping enough of a crew to work the ship. They started out from Sydney with four officers and six men before the mast. At Suva an officer got sick and had to be left behind, so a foremast hand was promoted to command his watch and two beachcombers were shipped before the mast. At Pago-Pago the foremast hand who had been promoted skipped the ship to stay with one of the local girls, so one of the beachcombers, who had had a first mate's ticket in his day, was promoted to the cabin and a native Samoan was shipped to take his place in the forecastle. At Papeete three foremast hands were lost when a boat capsized in the surf and four natives were shipped to fill in. At Apia the first officer got drunk and shot the skipper through the shoulder. He was put in irons by the authorities and was still ashore in the calaboose when the schooner sailed.

The skipper promoted the other beachcomber to an officer's berth and shipped two more natives for the voyage back to Sydney. Apia was the last port. Now, question, what was the name of the boat?

One victim of this gag, who had laboriously kept the whole running score on a piece of paper, promptly answered "Nerts!" A better answer would be another form of the deduction of the bright school-boy in the class which was having its sense of logic tested by the teacher. "Now, children," she said, "if a certain room is thirty feet long, ten feet high, sixteen feet wide, with three windows, each four feet by six, two of which are wide open and the third tight shut—how old am I?"

The class sweated and scribbled a long time and then one boy raised his hand.

"Forty-eight years old," he said.

"How," said the teacher, "did you figure that out?"

"Well," said the bright boy, "Uncle says cousin Jim is half an idiot and he's twenty-four."

This had probably better stop before we get into the punctuation line of goofiness, problems of this sort:

"Punctuate to make sense the following sentence: 'Smith where Jones had had had had had had had had had had been approved of by the critics.'" At least that is legitimate, thoroughly unlike the better known specimen: "The son of Pharaoh's daughter is the daughter of Pharaoh's son." That probably isn't grammar, no matter what you do to it, besides playing you a dirty trick in bringing into your mind the complicated mating habits of Egyptian royalty.

None of them however, are as low as the old business about "Brothers and sister have I none, but this man's father is my father's son."

Whoever invented that must have been the kind of small child who revels in Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me.

Solutions in center of page 188

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“I'd Die for Dear Old Dollars!”

Continued from page 54

players sacrifice themselves for the glory of an eleventh player, and while it is reasonable for college players, inspired to idealism by loyalty to their school, to sacrifice themselves in this manner, men earning a livelihood in that hard routine could be rated hardly more than dolts and chumps.

Why is it that professional teams can not simulate this game? The essential difference between professional football and college football is emotion. The most exciting thing in football is the upset, and the upset is always the result of an inferior team's rising to the heights of class and drive on a wave of emotion overwhelming a team superior in form but inferior in emotion. Yale against Princeton last year, and Carnegie against Purdue this year, and a hundred others; these are the great football games; this is great football, football at its best. It is full of emotion, “the old college try,” which is so laughable to the pros who do not and can not rise to these peaks of emotion. Yet the man without emotion is a spiritual eunuch, usually a lunatic, a half-wit or a criminal.

Football is an inspiring spectacle solely because it happens to be one game in which enthusiasm and emotion has an outlet giving the under-dog a chance against superior skill. The great colleges are supreme because they match teams at the supreme peak of the contestants' physical and emotional lives. All of the great coaches, Rockne, Zuppke, Stagg, have been masters at arousing this white heat of enthusiasm in their players with their “pep” or fire talks. It is the spirit with which the boys play the game that makes football so appealing.

The physical and emotional peak does not last long. A top college team seldom goes at its best more than twice a year, but that best is the best there is in football to see. Joseph Conrad beautifully expressed the rapid decline of a man from his physical and psychical peak in the following words he wrote about his own life on the sea as a youth. “I remember my youth,” he wrote, “and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in a handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon—before life itself.”

“The triumphant conviction of strength”—that is what the college teams have that the pros can not simulate. That is the poetry, the music of the sport that makes it so appealing. That can not be bought for dollars, but only with aches and bruises, broken bones and pain, and a dim unyielding sense of loyalty to some strange, yet beautiful dream.

The only way the pros could approximate the enthusiasm of youth would be to develop their own young players, instead of pawning off on the public the faded fame and forms of formerly great college players. And without the stimulus of the mass enthusiasm of a big school, it would be difficult to counterfeit that emotional surge. Rockne used to say: “Enthusiasm creates momentum.” And surely the great backing of a school like Notre Dame or Michigan or Yale is reflected in the performance of the team upon the field.

There is another factor of the game that the pros have made no effort to put behind their teams. When two college teams come together in a big game, back of both teams stands fifteen weeks of spring practice, a hard summer of conscientious effort by fifty or a hundred hardy young warriors to keep or get into shape by strenuous labor; heavy double-duty fall sessions of practice including vicious scrimmages, technique, drills, signals, strategy and skull sessions starting on Sept. 10, winding up in a special week or two of intensive work on the opposition's style of offense and defense as outlined by trained and expert observers and scouts whose jobs depend on expertness and success. In addition, on the field both teams are directed by expert coaches who are masters in the art of strategy, “running the game from the bench.” Both teams are keyed up by the enthusiasm of student body pep sessions, by flamboyant old grads and by the fire talk of assistant and head coaches. All of this comes out on the field, in the spectacle of the game. It cannot be simulated without exactly equal energy and pressure in every respect. What a team works on in practice shows in the games, and it takes all of this tremendous amount of work and energy to produce a typical big time college football game. It is ridiculous to pretend that the same kind of exhibition can be put on by squads of a couple dozen burnt-out post-graduates who merely go out for their daily practice of running around, kicking or passing the ball without contact scrimmage, without scrimmage against ambitious freshman squads using the rival's plays, without carefully prepared diagrams of offensive and defensive play. In the West Point quarters after the Illinois-Army game at Champaign last year, a 52-page mimeographed pamphlet was inadvertently left by one of the Army players in his locker. It was filled with the complete scouting reports on the Illinois players and their play. Illinois coaches checked these thorough estimates of the Army scouts with their own ideas of their own players and found that in most of the essential factors they agreed. That merely shows how complete is the scouting information supplied to these teams before game time.

Big college teams now also use moving pictures to study intimately the exact habits of their opponents, individually and collectively, and some schools even make close-up studies of their opponents so that their players can identify their foe-men instantly on the field.

When the pros find it possible to duplicate all of these conditions completely, then they can begin talking about putting on football games in the same class with the big college games. Not before, for it is one of the irrevocable laws of nature that you can't get out any more than you put in. Otherwise perpetual motion would be easy. Just like the college teams, the pros show in their games just what they have been working on in practice. The pros are superior to the good college teams only in things like place-kicking, which the players enjoy practicing throughout their limited drill periods. They profess smoother ball handling, which has never been established by statistics, and even if it were true that they bobbled fewer plays than some college teams it could easily be accounted for in view of the fact that the salaried men are under pressure in their games, as compared with the college boys in their top contests, in about the ratio of a spring exhibition training game between a couple of big league ball clubs and the deciding game of a World Series.

Instead of attempting to duplicate all the energy and work that goes into the big college games, the pros have tried to make the short cut of building up the exhibition end of their game. Their objective is to try to entertain the crowd. The sole objective of the college games is winning.

One sees at the pro games very little good blocking in their plays from scrimmage, although there are efforts at open field blocking to try to put on long runs on passing or kick-catching plays. Passers seldom are rushed, which enables the teams to put on forward passing duels. Linemen stand, instead of charging; runners are stopped with tacklers hands around their hips, where college ball-carriers would wrench forward for additional gain. Passes are thrown within the shadow of the goal posts, thrilling the fans; and what is the loss if the other team intercepts? It is still a thrill. That is the aim. Referring to their so-called unorthodox strategy, one leading coach remarked after such an exhibition: “They make enough mistakes in one game to cost a top coach his job!”

Another grizzled veteran of the game points out that the reason the pro games late in the season satisfy the fans is that no football team can go on without scrimmage, and by the end of the campaign the pro play is so ragged that it looks good to the ignorant fans.

The teams can not key up for top exhibitions because to pay off a team has to play twenty or twenty-five games a year, whereas the college teams, at their physical peak, find eight games plenty with a couple of crises. Therefore, along with their flipping, the pros have had to institute a softer type of game, getting away from the fundamentals of blocking, tackling and hard running.

On the good college teams, the interferers usually are taught to take an end out of the play by body blocking. But it is easier on the players to use what is called the high block, although it is not so effective. If both teams use the same style, as in pro ball, and the officials are a little lax about enforcing the rule on the use of the hands, then the players are saved a lot of hard work.

The pros themselves make quite an ado over the fact that some of their men are still getting by after ten years of the cautious, self-protective style of game they play. In this respect it is interesting to consider how many college stars are able to stay at the top for even the three years of their competition when they are at their best. In the last fifteen years only two college players have made the All-American three years running—Grange of Illinois and Oosterbaan of Michigan.

Some years ago one of the big newspapers printed an exposé of wrestling in which they pointed out that while in prize fights men are socked hard without being knocked down, in the hippodromed wrestling exhibitions by a mere flip of the elbow a huge and hairy grunt-and-groan artist will be sent swirling and catapulting like a sturgeon clear across the ring and over the ropes. The “act” is the same as the exhibition work of pro football where it is tacitly understood by both teams what style of play is to be put on, and neither team will cross up the other by reverting to the hard charging, hard blocking and hard tackling of real football.

This was the first bid of the pros for the paying public—the putting on of a spectacular type of game, irrespective of its soundness as football. The second, and unquestionably the more effective, was the spreading of propaganda in the newspapers that their game was more interesting than college football because of the big scores. A check of the relative scores, however, reveals that the 17-point average of the pros is topped by an average of 25.6 in the Western Conference. This, in spite of the fact that the pros have the goal posts on the goal

Continued at top of page 170

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"I'd Die for Dear Old Dollars!"

Continued from pages 54-168

line to encourage field goals, while the colleges have removed the goal posts to the end zone to prevent unnecessary injuries. The pros also put in a pass rule permitting passes from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, which was of especial value for a man like Nagurski, who could charge into the line, drawing in the defense, and then toss a pass over them.

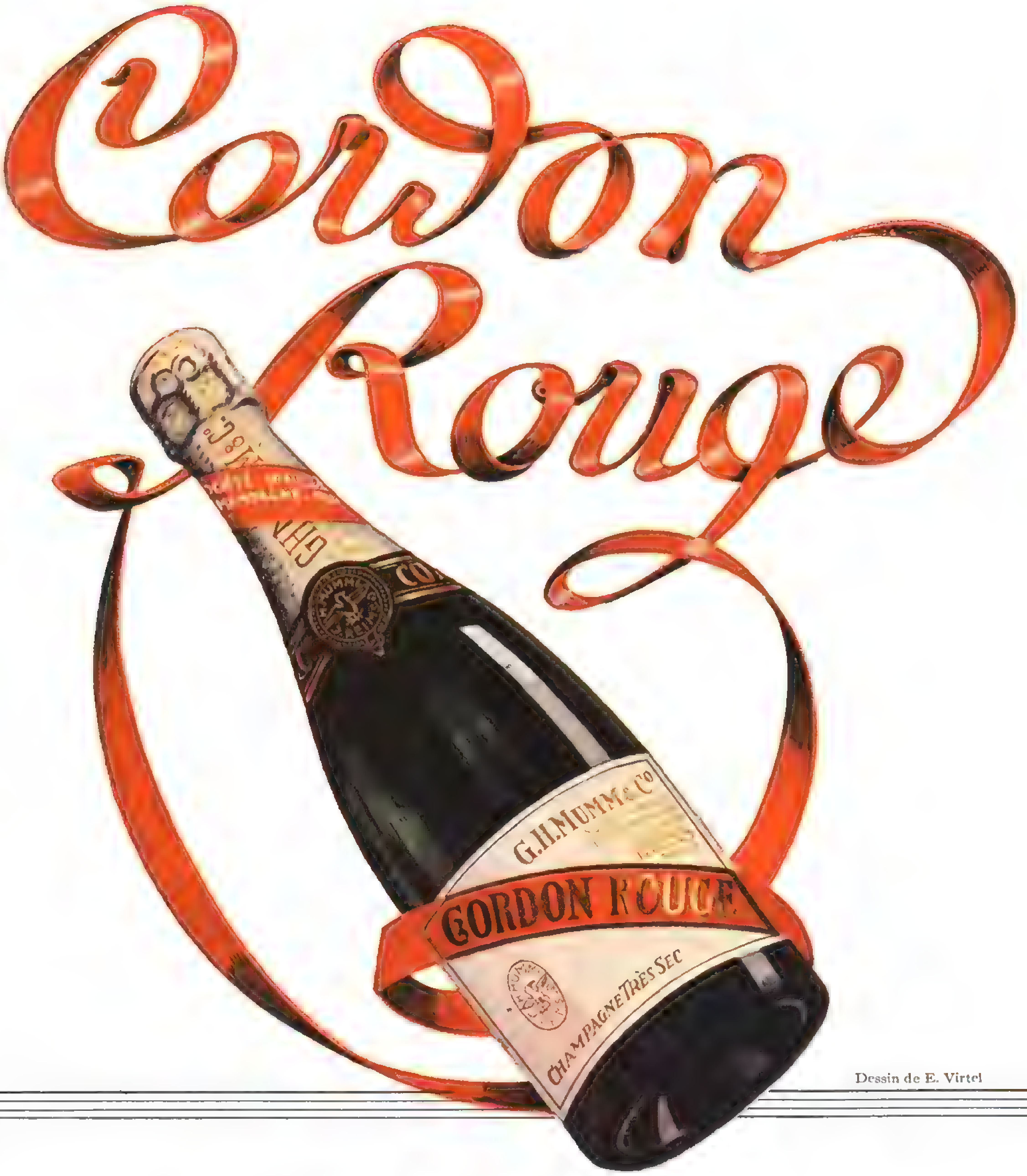
The main value of football is in helping develop the characteristics of courage, fortitude, aggressiveness, persistence, the abil- accident insurance on the players of the non-contact game of baseball, and before pro football can ever bid for crowds large enough to pay a worth-while salary the game will have to approximate the vigor of the college game, which means certain and premature injury to the aging players attempting to keep the pace.

The majority of players who go into pro football do so reluctantly, and because they have been unable to place in business. And they all try to get out of the game as soon as possible. There is al- through medical school, but too many fall into easy ways and give up their ambitions. They waste the best six years of their lives, and lose step with their fellows. It is curious that the real build-up of pro football in the press has come since the death of the universally beloved "Rock" who was the one man with the wit, wisdom and influence to put to flight all the arguments for pro football.

Even in the big money and long careers of big league baseball there is a risk. Guy Bush, one of the most successful big leaguers come bums. If we don't go along with them, we're sissies."

Such pro stars as Norman Barry of Notre Dame and Benny Friedman of Michigan, after their pro days were over openly stated that football was no game to play for money.

Most coaches warn their players against going into the pro game. The great coaches like to look upon their work as a process of character-development. They point with pride to their "boys" who have gone out into the competition of life and made good.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Shadows Before

Continued from pages 44-158

"Ah, that's different. With you I might chance it. In fact it mightn't have been so bad alone if I hadn't bust my ankle. But I felt so utterly helpless. Have you got a gun, by the way?"

"Yeah," grinned Lester, "of course I've got a gun, you poor fish, but what's that got to do with it? Guns are one thing but nerves are another, and your trouble is nerves."

"Oh well, perhaps you're right, but anyway bring your gun along, though God knows I'll look like a fool going back there again tonight after sneaking away like that without a word to anyone."

"Who cares what you look like?" said Lester firmly. "Leave that to the Greeks. The point is you've had a nervous crash and you've got to get up in the air again without wasting a minute. That's what I'm telling you, isn't it?"

* * *

They drove down to the coast together after lunch and lay on the hot sand by the blue sea, went in swimming and lay on the sand some more and walked back to the hotel feeling fine. They dined in the big restaurant and sat smoking on the terrace afterwards, and everything was calm and peaceful. The lights were lit on the ground floor of the annex when they went up to bed about ten o'clock, and there wasn't a sign or sound of anything unusual. The porter hadn't even asked why Bobby Poore had left so hurriedly the night before and they'd had a good dinner and Bobby liked the resin taste of the Greek wine.

"You're quite right," he said, as they entered the sitting room in the annex apartment. "If I had not come back here, this thing would have gone on bothering me, but now it's over and done with. Are you sure you won't try some of this greengage liqueur . . . I think it's marvelous. Oh well don't, you damned anchorite, if you don't want to, but I'll just take another." He sat down to the table and poured himself a small glass of the fragrant amber liquid.

Lester strolled over to the big arm-chair by the window. "I wonder why it doesn't match the others," he said casually, pulling aside the blue and white curtain. "Gee, it's a fine night, and look at the moon on the sea. Say, I like this place, Bobby . . . and there's nothing being burned in the garden tonight to give you nightmares."

They talked idly for a half an hour, then gradually slid into a discussion about the next war and the part aircraft would play in it.

Poore thought the air danger was exaggerated, of course airplanes had improved enormously since 1918, but what about anti-aircraft . . . cannon, machine-guns . . . hadn't that made equal progress, as the fliers would find out when it came to a show-down.

Lester Wales wouldn't hear of it. He was sure that air superiority would be decisive . . . modern bombers . . . and gas . . . and flame stuff . . . why, these thermite bombs . . .

"Fine," said Bobby, "*if* you ever reach your objectives, but I tell you that modern anti-aircraft batteries will wipe out any plane that ever flew. Four six-inch guns with a range of twenty thousand feet, all firing together automatically in tune to sound control . . . no plane could hope to live through it. They don't aim at the plane any more, simply follow its sound like hounds after a fox."

"Nonsense," retorted Lester. "Just because you've seen some of these trick anti-aircraft batteries you don't need to . . ."

He stopped short, mouth open, with the hand he had raised for emphasis posed level with his shoulder. His face was white as chalk and Bobby could see beads of sweat on his forehead, while he gulped convulsively as if he was trying to speak.

"What's wrong, Lester? Are you . . ."

The airman licked his dry lips. "Don't you smell it?" he muttered. "My God, this is awful! Where's that gun? I was crazy to leave it in the bedroom . . . if I've time! . . ."

With a jerk of his whole body he plunged at the door and rushed across the bedroom for his bag, then swung back with the heavy Colt automatic leveled at the entrance to the apartment. His lips were drawn back like a snarling dog and his eyes were wild.

"Now let them come," he shouted. "Thank God, I got my gun in time!"

Bobby stared at him in complete amazement. "For the love of Mike, Lester, what in hell's the matter?"

"Shut up," said the airman roughly. "Shut up, you damn fool, they'll hear you. Get that torch out of my bag, but don't flash it until I give the word, and be quick, man . . . that's right . . . now stand behind me when I open the door and . . . now flash the torch."

The landing was empty.

"They're downstairs," said Lester. "You go first, slowly, and flash the light when you get to the bottom, and duck as you do so. I'll show them, the bastards."

The ground floor of the annex was bare and empty, and so were the narrow passage and the main restaurant, and the other apartment of the annex which they searched later. They came back to their own sitting room and Lester gulped down two glasses of the heavy plum liqueur, then slumped in the chair where Bobby had been sitting. The color had returned to his cheeks, but his fair hair was dark and dank with sweat.

"You win, Bobby Poore," he said thickly. "I never knew what fright meant before . . . " he drew in a long breath between his teeth. "Come on, let's get out of this bloody place. I've had enough."

Bobby gave him a mirthless smile. "You were scared, were you, plumb scared right down to your boots, and the smell of death was in your nostrils? Just nerves, wasn't it? Overwork and too much whiskey? And try it again tomorrow like a pilot who's had a crash. But the funny part of it is, Lester my boy, that you're flying solo tonight just as I was yesterday. I mean that tonight I haven't felt a thing or smelt the slightest sniff, and what's the answer to that I'd like to know."

The aviator sat bolt upright. "Do you mean to say," he cried, "that you got none of it? Why, I'm still all goose-flesh down my back."

He glanced around him uneasily. "Look at this, it's still shaking . . . " he put out his right hand . . . "and that's never happened to me before in all my life. Anyway let's get out of here, I've had enough of it."

Bobby nodded. "Yes," he said, "I guess you're right, if you feel the way I did yesterday. But I'd like to know how come it leaves me cold today. I thought you were kidding at first, till you jumped for your gun."

"Kidding! Good Lord man, to move from that chair was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. I was sure they . . . ugh!" . . . he shuddered and caught up the pistol from the table. "Come on," he said, "let's go. I tell you I've had enough . . ."

* * *

At this point in his narrative, which he doesn't often tell except to old friends, Bobby Poore waits and asks his hearers, "Well what *is* the answer, in your opinion? Allow that my nerves were bad and I had a nightmare and all that, but how do you explain about Lester? Hard as nails and fit as a fiddle, a man who never drank and didn't know what fear was, but he felt it the same as I did, and wasn't ashamed to say so. Not that it worried him afterwards or interfered with his flying . . . I mean he just dismissed it from his mind, if aviators have minds, which I rather doubt. I always think they work on a mechanical reflex system like robots."

"Yes," someone asks, "but is that all; does the story end there, without any . . .?"

"It always did," said Bobby, "for more than two years it did . . . just ended flat right there . . . until Venizelos pulled his abortive revolution in Greece early in '35. I saw the old boy after he had escaped to Paris, and I made friends with one of his officers who'd been on the revolutionary staff.

"We had a big dinner, this staff-captain and I, at the Tour d'Argent, where they serve that squashed duck, the night he was condemned to death by court-martial, to celebrate the fact he was a thousand miles from the firing squad. A nice fellow . . . I liked him, and we had a lot of drinks together. And he fought the revolution all over again and showed where they ought to have won.

Then I told him my story about the hotel near Corinth. He had spoken of Lester Wales, whom he knew quite well, and it recalled our strange experience to my mind.

He listened to me in complete silence but his eyes were blazing with excitement. When I had finished he asked sharply, "Which apartment was it, number two or number one?"

"Number two," I told him.

"Good God!" he said. "And when did you say this happened?"

"Early in May, 1933. I've forgotten the exact date . . . the eighth or ninth I think it was."

"Good God!" he repeated, "it's impossible. The other way about I could understand it but this is quite impossible."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I have told you exactly what happened and if you don't believe me or think I have invented it, ask Lester Wales . . . no one would accuse him of imagination."

He stared at me stupidly, then brought his fist down with a bang on the table. "All right," he said, "I will tell you the sequel, for there is a sequel, and that's what I don't understand. A few weeks ago, at the beginning of May, one of our Ministers in Athens got in bad with the Terrorist group in the army and learned that they had marked him down for assassination. He knew they'd be watching the ports and trains and roads, so he sneaked down to that hotel on the Corinth road to give his friends time to arrange for a hydroplane to come and pick him up.

"He thought he could lay doggo there for a week or so, but the first night a group of the Terrorists came in and shot him full of holes as he was sitting by the window after dinner.

"They locked the apartment and told the people in the hotel that if they breathed a word to anyone then or later, they'd know what would happen to them . . . and they did know. That Terrorist group was 'hot stuff,' as they say in England. When the plane came a week later with the Minister's friends and they forced the door, his body was still huddled there in a big high-backed chair by the window."

Bobby jumped to his feet. "What!" he cried. "When was this? Quite recently?"

"That's what I'm telling you. We found him on the tenth of May, 1935."

THE EXTRA

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Wings Always Over Africa

Continued from page 31

all Ethiopia. And the Ethiopians, as this is written, have steadily refused battle.

Each day the Italian lines of communication become longer, each day it costs her no one knows how many million of lira to keep her army in the field, and each day there are the sick being taken down to the ships for evacuation. Once Ethiopia has retreated far enough so that they can wage a guerrilla warfare on the Italian lines of communication, and never fight a battle at all, Italy is beaten. The Ethiopians may be too proud, or too conceited to do this and they may risk everything in a big battle and lose. There is always a possibility that they can win although everything is against them there.

Once they become used to planes and learn to scatter and fire on the plane as the Riffians did in North Africa one of Italy's greatest assets will be nullified. Bombing planes must have towns for targets, machine gunning planes must have a concentration of troops. Scattered troops are more dangerous to the plane than the plane is to them. If the Ethiopians can hold on until the next rainy season comes Italian tanks and motorized transport will be useless. It seems doubtful that Italy can get enough money to fight through until the next rains are over. Remember the Ethiopians live in Ethiopia and eat only one meal a day, while every Italian in the field needs a gigantic and expensive transport organization to keep him there and feed him the food he is used to. If Italy wins one battle she will negotiate for peace.

Mussolini's generals have wisely employed Somali and Danakil troops as the spear head of the Italian advance and a great part of the regularity of their advance must be credited to their wise mistrust of European infantry in Africa and their sound appreciation of the lesson learnt from the last war, that to fight that close to the equator, and win, you must use black troops. If, once they have advanced far enough, a great battle is precipitated they will have to use Italian troops in the fighting since they have not enough trained askaris to fight on any large scale. This is what they are evidently seeking to avoid and what the Ethiopians hope for. They whipped the Italians once and they are confident that they can whip them again. Italy is hoping for a fool proof battle to be fought with black infantry, tanks, machine guns, modern artillery and planes. Ethiopia is hoping to get an Italian army into such a trap as Adowa was in 1896. In the meantime the Ethiopians are retreating and stalling and the Italians are advancing, using up their askaris, gaining many untrustworthy allies, and spending all their available money to keep their army in the field.

As I see it now the next move will be for Italy to come to a confidential agreement with the powers to let her alone and remove the sanctions because of the danger of what she will present as "bolshevism" in Italy if she loses. Countries with a democratic regime of government may sometimes unite to prevent a dictator carrying out an imperialistic scheme of conquest, once those countries have consolidated their own imperialistic holdings, but let the dictator squeal that bolshevism is coming if he is allowed to be defeated or go broke and this dictator will receive the same consideration that he once had when he was a hero to the Rothermere press in England because of the myth that Mussolini saved Italy from going red. Italy was kept from going red when the workers took over the factories in Turin and not one radical group would co-operate with any other radical group. It was kept from going red by the accident that the workers seized the artificially built up war-baby metallurgical industries at the moment when they were about to go broke. Mussolini, the cleverest opportunist in modern history, rode in on the wave of disgust that followed the farcical failure of the Italian radicals to co-operate or to use their great asset, Italy's defeat at Caporetto, intelligently.

I can remember in the old days how the mothers and the fathers used to lean out of windows, or from the front of wine shops, blacksmith shops or the door of a cobbler's when soldiers passed and shout, "*Abasso gli ufficiali!*" "Down with the officers!" because they saw the officers as those who kept the foot soldiers fighting when they had come to know the war would bring them no good. Then those who were officers and believed that war could only be ended by fighting that war through and winning it were bitter at the hatred that all working people bore them. Many officers hated war then as since you can hate nothing; not tyranny, not injustice, not murder, not brutality, not the corruption of the human soul; for war has the essence of all of these blended together and is strengthened by its various parts until it is stronger than any of the evils it is composed of can ever be. The only people who ever loved war for long were profiteers, generals, staff officers and whores. They all had the best and finest times of their lives and most of them made the most money they had ever made. Of course there are exceptions; there are and were generals who hated war and there are whores who did not do well out of the last war. But these excellent and generous people are exceptions.

There are many people in Italy who remember the last war as it was; not as they have been taught to believe it was. Many of these

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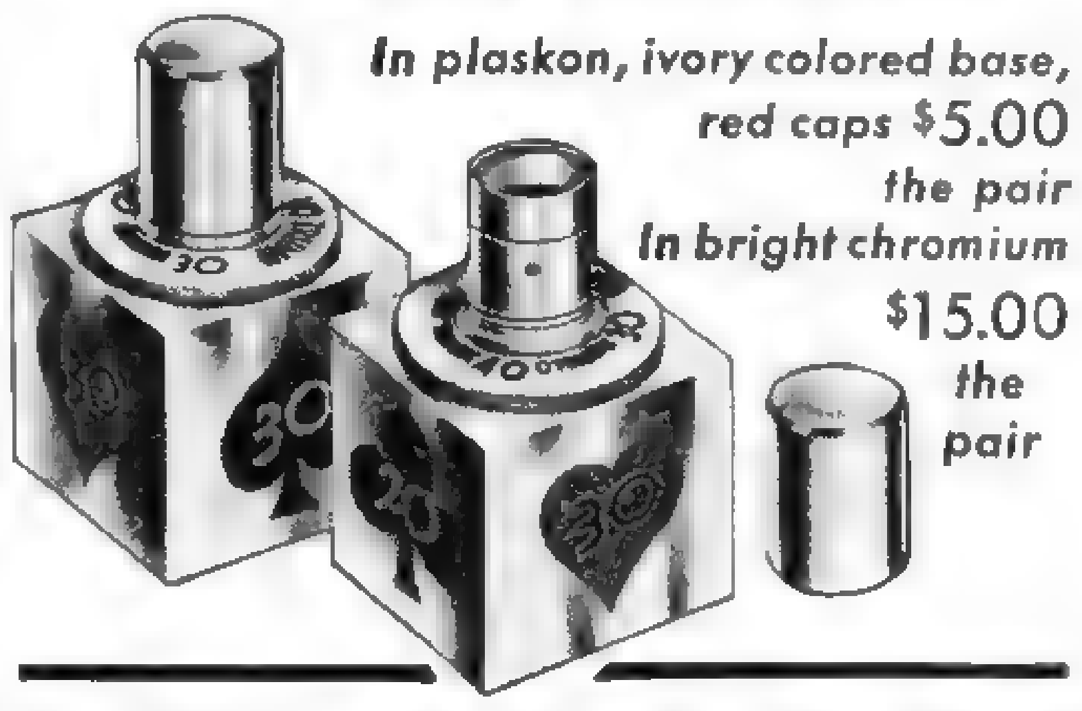

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people have been beaten because they opened their mouths, some were killed, others are in prison on the Lipari islands, and some have left the country. It is a dangerous thing in a dictatorship to have a long memory. You should learn to live for the great deeds of the day. As long as any dictator controls his press there will always be great daily deeds to live for. In America as we get premonitions of dictatorship you can see in the newspapers how marvelous everything is every day in the achievements of government and looking back note how lousy is the result of any given year or period of years of governmental activity. No dictatorship can last, really, except by force and that is why no dictator or potential dictator can afford to go through any period of unpopularity which will at once force him to the use of force to stay in power. A successful dictator uses clubs and has constant newspaper triumphs. An unsuccessful dictator gets scared, shoots too many of his own people, and goes out as soon as his army or police switch on him. If he shoots too many he gets shot himself, usually, even while his regime stands. But this is not about dictators but about certain ornithological aspects of African war.

Certainly no knowledge of the past war will help boys from the little steep-hilled towns of the Abruzzi where the snow comes early on the tops of the mountains, nor those who worked in garages, or machine shops, in Milano or Bologna or Firenze, or rode their bicycles in road races on the white dust-powdered roads of Lombardy, nor those who played football for their factory teams in Spezia or Torino, nor mowed the high mountain meadows of the Dolomites and guided ski-ers in the winter, or would have been burning charcoal in the woods above Piombino, or maybe sweeping out a trattoria in Vicenza, or would have gone to North or South America in the old days. They will feel the deadly heat and know the shadeless land; they will have the diseases that never cure, that make the bones ache and a young man old and turn the bowels to water, and when there is a battle, finally, they will hear the whish of wings when the birds come down and I hope when they are hit someone will have told them to roll over on their faces so they can say, "*Mamma mia!*" with their mouths against the earth they came from.

Mussolini's sons are in the air where there are no enemy planes to shoot them down. But poor men's sons all over Italy are foot soldiers, as poor men's sons all over the world are always foot soldiers. And me, I wish the foot soldiers luck; but I wish they could learn who is their enemy—and why. ⧺

The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 155

obliged. Eleanor Powell, the female Fred Astaire, sings and tap dances, with the accompaniment of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, two numbers from the picture, *Broadway Melody*. The titles, *Lucky Star* and *I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin'* are good tunes and they are from a swell picture and la Powell's dancing is rhythmically among the best I've ever listened to. Now, after Astaire and Powell, let's give up tap dancing on records for a while because I doubt if anyone will do it any better.

Tommy Dorsey's orchestra functions very well with Miss Powell, and I think they're going to go places.

VICTOR—No. 25158.

* * *

After my warning of last month are you ready to talk "Fats" Waller dialect? If not, you'd better get up on it. Two Dietz and Schwartz songs from *At Home Abroad*, *Thief in the Night* and *Got a Bran' New Suit* are the "Fats" offering. The first is a low down misterioso, and the latter is a swing tempo. The guitar in this is sumpin, and the clarinet goes strolling in a torrid sun. The trumpet interjections are priceess. "Fats" is "Fats."

VICTOR—No. 25123.

Would you like someone to make a "Barrel-house" woman out of you? Ramona has been. Her piano is so sophisticated, and the word "attractive" describes the entire presentation. She does *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby* from *The Blackbirds of 1928*, and if you listen to this record you'll agree that that's plenty.

Ramona and her Gang are presented by Paul Whiteman, which again proves everything.

VICTOR—No. 25156.

* * *

I'm afraid too many nice things have been said about Reginald Foresythe because Duke Ellington has written *Reminiscing in Tempo*.

This should be called *Reminiscing in Melancholia*. It takes two records to tell all, and is a very ambitious effort. The style is almost free improvisation, and you can almost hear Ellington whispering, "Who is this Uncle Bud Forsythe?" I won't go into the various effects produced, but most of them are beautifully done and there is a little bit of the future in the harmonization. I longed to hear a few more tonic chords, but here it is, Ellington collectors. Get it!

BRUNSWICK—No. 7546 and 7547.

Continued at top of page 176

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The Music-Box Review

Continued from pages 155-174

Did I ever say that I thought the Boswells were just about the last so-and-sos in their field? I did? Well, then, I'm sorry, but I do think the Boswells are the last so-and-sos in their field! The *Top Hat* tunes are now in the way of becoming hardy perennials. These gals go to work on them in no uncertain way and the orchestra is swell. In *Top Hat, White Tie and Tails* they take the song apart and put it together again, and you'd be surprised at how attractive such a procedure can be.

DECCA—No. 574.

* * *

Look up the definition of "stingaree" in Webster's, but that is not what it means to Springback James when he sings *Stingaree Mama Blues*. Of course, the Epworth League wouldn't endorse the whole idea, but on the way home after the strawberry festival. . . . Just imagine "rock me so slow and easy, baby, like a ship at sea" and "the way you rocks me make the springs cry on my bed." This is just a faint idea.

Texas Heifer Blues is on the reverse side. I'll bet this will be a little bit more difficult for a Yankee to understand. The piano accompaniment is just a low down, obstinate drone, but the whole thing is so elemental and primitive that it is fascinating. It reminds me of the type of thing that one of the boys in Charleston would sing as he was sweeping the leaves off the walk. Springback James didn't write these tunes, although he gets credit on the record. They were written by the entire race.

DECCA—No. 7199.

RECOMMENDED: Lanny Ross singing *Thanks a Million* and *Day Dreams* (his own song) with Russ Morgan's orchestra.

BRUNSWICK—No. 7540. #

Men About Hitler

Continued from page 37

CASH AND CREDIT

"Germany is Hitler, and Hitler is Dr. Schacht."—*Berlin saying.*

Superficially it seemed that by the end of 1935 the Nazi regime had produced a considerable degree of economic recovery. This was caused mostly by the spur to industry of war preparations. Unemployment had fallen in autumn to 1,870,000—only about 600,000 more than in 1929, the best year since the war; and the volume of industrial production was back almost to the 1929-30 level. But this not very substantial boom was only achieved at frightful cost. The economic fabric of the country stretched and sagged.

In 1929 German exports amounted to approximately 13,000,000,000 Reichsmarks. By 1933 they had fallen to a value of scarcely 5,000,000,000 Reichsmarks, and in 1934 to only 4,187,000,000. Germany had a passive trade balance for the first time in years in 1934, when it amounted to 400,000,000 marks. German industry, normally, lives by its foreign trade. Its foreign trade began to disappear, on account of the high gold value of the Reichsmark, the increase of import restrictions abroad, and the international boycott.

Yet Germany had to continue to pay for imports. It needed imports of raw material desperately. It needed silk, rubber, nickel, manganese, chromium, tungsten, raw textiles, tin, copper, gasoline. Using every available facility of cash and credit, Germany bought immense stores of these goods. Purchases of Swedish iron ore by the German steel trust—to cite a single instance—rose from 249,000 tons in August, 1933, to 478,000 tons in August, 1934. German imports of raw nickel—an essential war material—tripled between 1932 and 1935. Germany accumulated a gasoline stock of 2,000,000 tons—enough, it was calculated, to keep the country at war a year. And every effort was made to produce agricultural self-sufficiency, so that the Reich could feed itself despite blockade.

The search for *Ersatz* (substitute) materials was unceasing. Sugar from sawdust; flour from potato meal; gasoline from wood and coal; clothes from chemical fibre; tires out of "reclaimed" rubber; margarine from coal—these were some of the substitutes inflicted on hapless but patriotic Germans.

Wages were mercilessly deflated by means of forced payments to relief, the labor front, the air defence league, and so on. A bank clerk's salary, for instance, became 241.90 RM per month instead of 290.25 RM, purely as a result of "voluntary" contributions. H. R. Knickerbocker found that a skilled workman, such as an expert joiner, earning 39 RM per week, very high for Germany, had to pay out the following in taxes:

Income tax	2.10 RM
Old age insurance	1.20
Citizens' tax	1.25
Health insurance	1.20
Unemployment insurance	1.30
Tax for aid of unemployed	0.80
Bachelor tax	2.10
Dues, Workers' front	1.00
A total of	10.95 RM

or roughly 25% of his income.

Even so, where did Dr. Schacht get all the money from? He had the quadruple job of paying for imports, financing public work

Continued on page 178

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There are 47 full-length symphonies in this new Victor Library of Recorded Music—played by the great orchestras of the world.

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You can hear records from The Victor Library played on the new RCA Victor D-22 at any of the dealers listed on the opposite page—or write RCA Victor, Camden, N. J.

LIBRARY *of* RECORDED MUSIC

Men About Hitler

Continued from pages 37-176

projects to relieve unemployment, meeting the cost of re-armament, and maintaining the ordinary budget of the government. His gold reserve had dwindled almost to nothing. He had defaulted on his foreign debt. He had seemingly sucked the last cent out of the German tax-payer. Yet he needed money, money, money. The cost of the new naval programme was alone estimated at $200,000,000. How meet such staggering bills?

It seemed, roughly speaking, that Schacht adopted two general courses. Internally, he jugled by financing the current business of the government with internal loans. They were practically forced loans. He borrowed, in the summer of 1935, RM. 500,000,000 from the savings banks, another RM. 300,000,000 from the insurance companies. These were bled empty. He gave in return government I. O. U.'s worth no more—and no less—than the government's promise to pay. There was no gold to cover them. But the bills were accepted at face value so long as government credit stood.

These forced loans—together with minor items such as conversion at lower interest rates of former public loans—amounted, of course, to nothing less than the compulsory mobilization of the wealth of the German people. What were the German people promised in return for their savings? Prosperity and peace. Yet the money went to finance a war machine. General Goering's Air Ministry budget was, for instance, upped RM. 210,000,000 in 1935.

Externally Dr. Schacht performed even greater feats of financial wizardry. He seems to have been the first money man of the period to have seized on the idea that the position of debtor was better than that of creditor. He made immense capital out of the fact that Germany owed money. Schacht, beyond any doubt, is one of the ablest financial experts alive. He really understands money. What he did may have been unscrupulous, but it was brilliant. He made Germany "the most successful fraudulent bankrupt in the history of the world."

This happened because he contrived to pay for imports by getting his creditors to foot the bill. German firms owe money, of course, to England, France, Scandinavia, the United States. Exporters in these countries do business with Germany. Dr. Schacht said to them in effect: "Buy from us, and then we can pay our debts. If you don't buy, we cannot pay." He promulgated partial moratorium after moratorium; and at the same time threatened to cease payment entirely unless he got more business. He was saying: "Buy from me, or you will get nothing at all, since I cannot finance my debts unless you lend me more."

There are always people willing to throw good money after bad, and the situation became that Germany was in reality expanding its armament industry by new borrowings. The potential enemies of Germany in the next war, France, the small succession states, Great Britain, and even Soviet Russia, were financing the effort that Germany may make some day to destroy them.

The process reached its most extreme phase when, in December, 1934, the Bank of England granted a £750,000 credit to Germany in order "to facilitate the mobilization of German commercial credits," i. e. so that Germany might have means (new credit) to meet old debts—and build airplanes that can cross the English Channel in seven minutes.

SCHACHT—THE MONEY BAGS

It took Hitler a long time to find Schacht. He tried and discarded several economic experts. There was no financial Rosenberg, no economic Goering, on hand from the beginning. Hitler's first choice as economic adviser was a certain retired captain, by name Wagner; for the past two years he has been in concentration camp. Following Wagner, a minor industrialist, Wilhelm Keppler, had decisive influence. When Keppler fell, a new and ambitious economist, Albert Pietsch, president of the Munich Chamber of Commerce, advanced; he had insinuated himself into the post of "economic adviser" to Hess, Hitler's deputy. But meantime Schacht was ready.

He was born in January, 1877 at Tingleff in Schleswig. His father was a great admirer of the American democratic tradition; thus the name he gave his son, Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht. The Hjalmar came from the mother, who was a Dane.

Schacht is very proud of his Viking ancestry. He spent part of his boyhood in New York, accompanying his father, a merchant, on business trips.

He studied at several universities in Germany, obtained a doctorate, and went to work as an archivist's clerk in the Dresdener bank—one of the lowest posts. Clever and ambitious, he rose very quickly. One of his jobs was to prepare the routine trade bulletins; he did them so well—combining vigorous unorthodoxy with sly good sense—that presently the directors of the bank used them as a guide to policy. So by 1908 he was deputy director. In 1916 he went to a rival bank, the Darmstaedter and National, as director.

In 1923, when the mark collapsed, he was appointed Reichs currency commissioner and he saved Germany from utterly chaotic conditions by inventing the Rentenmark, which stabilized the currency. As reward for this coup, he was appointed president of the Reichsbank; he had already refused the finance ministry, which he thought not big enough. He was Reichsbank president till 1930, when he resigned in protest at the Hague agreements which implemented the Young Plan. In March, 1933, Hitler appointed him to the Presidency of the Reichsbank again.

He is a man of utterly boundless ambition. Until he hitched his star to the Hitler bandwagon, he wanted to be president of Germany. He is a complete opportunist. He was one of the founders of the Democratic party, in 1919, and the socialists supported him as the man who saved the mark. The campaign slogan went, "*Wer hat die Rentenmark erdacht? der Demokrat, Herr Dr. Schacht!*" But early in 1930 Schacht saw on which side Germany's bread was buttered, and he turned to Hitler. He had met Hitler through Goering.

Dorothy Thompson interviewed Schacht early in 1931. He told her he was going Nazi. She asked him why. He replied, "Because I believe in everything that encourages German nationalism." Miss Thompson said, "But if Hitler comes to power, the Nazis can't run the country financially, economically. Who will run it?" Schacht replied, "I will."

His interest in money is not purely theoretical. During the war he was finance administrator of the occupied area of Belgium, and irregularities in his conduct of the post were subsequently alleged. His salary as President of the Reichsbank is 300,000 marks per year, one of the largest incomes in Germany. He saves nine-tenths of it. Does he keep his fortune inside the Reich? No one knows. He could be minister of economics if he wished, but the salary is only 38,000 marks per year, so he prefers the Reichsbank job.

Like so many Hitlerites, Schacht has no discernible private life. He owns an estate in the country, but he lives in the bank itself. He wears extraordinary collars, high and jawbreaking. He likes good conversation. He is cool, shrewd, witty. His power is based first on tremendous ability, second his absolutely ruthless and calculating politico-economic opportunism. As a boy Schacht had ambitions to be a poet, and one of his songs, incorporated in a musical comedy, survives.

Not only is Schacht Hitler's money man, but he has contrived to make himself indispensable as a link between Hitler and the whole of German economic life. Schacht dominates, for instance, the newly created Reich economic chamber. Theoretically, this organization embraces the Labor Front, with its 15,000,000 members, whose dues amount to 100,000,000 RM per year.

Naturally Schacht has no fondness for Goebbels and the "left" extremists. He knows full well that anti-Jewish nonsense hurts German export trade. At Koenigsberg, in August, 1935, he denounced the lunatic rabble, and Goebbels suppressed his speech. Schacht told friends that his course would lead him to a monument or the scaffold, he did not know which. Such conflicts, spats like these within the party, are bound to continue; they rise from the very nature of the Nazi movement.

Thyssen is Schacht's close friend, and so are Krupp von Bohlen, the armaments king, and F. C. von Siemens, the magnate of electricity. These men are members of the economics chamber, as are Professor Bosch, the dye-trust millionaire, Dr. Vogler of the steel trust, a potash magnate named Diehn, and Baron von Schroeder, the banker. It would not, however, be correct to say, as one might easily jump to saying, that Schacht works under their joint and powerful thumb. He works under nobody's thumb.

The industrialists may influence him, as they may influence Hitler. It may be said that Hitler "protected" capitalism, saved capitalism for his industrialist friends. But this is not quite the truth. Hitler is no friend of orthodox finance capital. If private profits interfere with the security of the state, out private profits will go, as Dorothy Thompson has pointed out. The industrialists disapprove of much of Schacht's jugglery, and they have found that although Naziism serves to perpetuate capitalism, it also demands heavy sacrifices of the capitalists.

So far Hitler and Schacht have outlined only the scantiest adumbration of a fascist, corporate state. Naziism, as it cannot be too often pointed out, is "a faith not a doctrine," a nationalist revival, a "broad mass movement of protest and despair." It is not an economic experiment—at least not yet. It is the same old capitalist dog, furbelowed in bright nationalist ribbons, and it exploits the whole nation for the sake of the Hitler state.

Hitler has no interest in economics (which is one of the sources of Schacht's strength) but economics may be his ruin. The permanent realities of the economic situation in Germany wait upon no Hitlers, no Schachts, no Thyssens. If Schacht fails, Hitler may find another Schacht. But the fundamental difficulties remain. Germany must feed 65,000,000 people; it must borrow or export enough to pay for imports; it lives by the manufacture of raw materials, and no financial hocus-pocus can alter the inexorable law that goods, somehow, must be paid for.

The day of reckoning will come for Hitler—in gold as well as guns. #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 8

HARRY SAYS (IN EFFECT) THAT HE LIKES IT

Fifty cents used to get you five dollars when purchasing ESQUIRE. At least it did until the ads for women began spoiling the odds. And they are going way down until the odds will be against us! A grand magazine going straight to hell because of feminine influence creeping in! At the bottom of *Sound and Fury* on page one-hundred seventy-three we must look at a woman's hat. *A Magazine For Men!* Bah! Or perhaps a stinking bottle of imported perfume! Dear, dear, isn't it just too ducky for words.

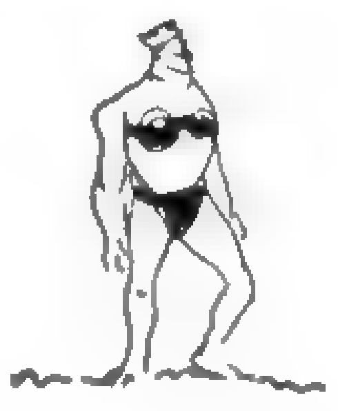
Isn't fifty cents enough from a quarter of million readers? Or are you so greedy that the comparative few dollars that this sort of advertising brings into the coffers is enough to compensate for the ruination of the ideals that were the foundation of ESQUIRE? I for one am hoping that the letters against this policy of making a woman's magazine out of our men's institution will force you to see the light. Perhaps you can prove to us that the whole staff does not consist of a lot of money grabbing nit-wits. We'll hope for the best.

Your cover and cartoons are great stuff. The articles as a whole are the best *but* your short stories are terrible. Why not try and have them written with an ending that is at least worth reading? Read some yourself and perhaps you will agree.

At any rate I like ESQUIRE and hope that women's ads won't drive me away.

Hopefully yours,
Los Angeles, Cal. HARRY JONES

PRIVY COUNSEL



Your amateur sermon, *A Thought on Woman's Ads*, appearing in the November issue of ESQUIRE is enough to bring on convulsions of the buttocks. Of all the insipid fany-mamby reasoning that editorial is a classical boner. Your nauseating reasoning follows along the premise that we men pay too high a revenue for a magazine out of which women derive at least half of the benefit. So, you contend, why not make the women pay for this privilege by making them look at women's ads and patronizing the advertisers?

In the first place who the Hell is kicking about price? In the second place who gives a damn what the women are getting out of it?

As far as I know there are only two institutions left where men still retain a full degree of individuality. One of them is the men's toilet; the other is ESQUIRE. Both of these institutions are sacred. Our exclusive right to smoke, vote, drink, swear, and yes, even wear pants have been infringed upon and now it is ESQUIRE which is being attacked by the perfidious female. This evil must be stopped! Man, if it is possible, must assert himself! First, we will have women's ads in ESQUIRE; then we will rise and give the women our privy seats. This is not the cry of miscgyny! We men have souls and all we ask is the right of self expression in the two institutions where virility is still inclined to smile. Don't you worry about the unfair distribution of cost; all you have to do is keep ESQUIRE virile and potent.

Another bit of insipid reasoning; "Saying that it is for men only merely heightens their (women's) interest." Maybe. But is it not that the reason why women are attracted to the magazine is on account of its masculineness? I should say that it is for the same reason that they hang around a well developed, bronzed, life guard. Now suppose we take a life guard, beautifully proportioned in all detail and hang a brassiere on his manly chest? Do you think that women would dote on him then? Do you think that men would admire him? I fail to see any distinction between this analogy and that of having women's ads in ESQUIRE.

Sincerely yours,
Winthrop, Mass. ELI L. REMBAUM

WAR IS—PSHAW!

In his latest newsprint inanity, G. B. Shaw penned a paradox to the effect that the mouth of a pacifist waters at talk of war.

You, perhaps unwittingly, validate his claim. Your November number is a classic in reiteration; an editorial fugue whose theme is very very ingeniously introduced and pops up at beautifully spaced intervals under a variety of nomes de plume so that it is hardly possible to open the magazine without being forcibly lambasted in the visual apparatus with a paraphrase of General Sherman's understatement.

Assuming that you are not propagandists, would it not be wise to remember that the more impressionable of us are emotionally unable to withstand such a barrage of words? To explain why war is and what war is and what war does is commendable surely, but to scream and whisper and even in pantomime to say, "Lookout boys, here comes a war," is not.

After half a night with your magazine, I rose this morning unrefreshed. Crossing to the opened window, I looked forth on the cold and quiet street. "What?" said I, "No war?" And frankly, I was disappointed.

Yours truly,
Tacoma, Wash. M. MACDONALD

HOLLYWOOD FAREWELL

It is seldom that the man on the perennial street is treated to so annihilating a blast of critical comment as in Mr. Levin's ESQUIRE-sponsored diatribe against the Hollywood flicker, *Annapolis Farewell.* I might add that it is the most convincing observation on the plight of the current cinema which it has been my good fortune to peruse.

My love for the screen and its exhibitors is by no means a natural one. I have come by it only through years of trying cultivation, hoping against hope that its emergence from the Biograph idiom would bring with it something of the essential flavor of life. I had presumed that the foibles of another day would become the happy fables of today, transcribed through the medium of the sound screen into episodes of thrilling beauty. But I have been dolefully disappointed. To me Hollywood in the main is productive of the most sickening lithe since the degenerate days of the old slave South. The homo sapiens at the box-office unwittingly forfeits a precious pittance to see himself caricatured on the screen as homo sap. He sees derring-do as it should be done, free from the restraint of prudence and resourcefulness. In its mad haste to bring Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf to the screen Hollywood has failed to denote the low barometric pressure of its capacity to impress. Herein lies the salvation of the movie critic. Sooner than it may care to imagine death will come to the sound screen and with it, I trust, will depart the very spirit of its present success. Its demise aptly inspires this homespun eulogy:

Here lies Hollywood,
Gone and forgotten;
It might have been good
Had it not been so rotten.

I sincerely recommend your efforts in behalf of a higher standard for our movies.

Cordially,
Rochester, N. Y. OSCAR M. SHYNOOK

William
Jameson & Co
GOLD LABEL
Irish Whiskey

Even though he's hard to please
and
Even though he "has a book"

William Jameson & Co.
Gold Label
Irish Whiskey
In its brilliant
Holiday Book Package

WHETHER he's a whiskey connoisseur, a bibliophile, simply a hard-to-please man . . . or perhaps a superbly interesting combination of all three . . . here is a unique Christmas gift that's bound to please his male acquisitiveness. William Jameson's 15-year-old Irish Whiskey can't be improved upon and neither can this gift package. It's a real book. . . "Illustrated" with a bottle of real William Jameson Gold Label Whiskey together with pages of time honored Irish Whiskey mixing ideas compiled by Lawton Mackall. To top it off, William Jameson & Co. adds the Painless Pourer Cork to the festivities. Lift them all out and the book itself is a useful and distinguished addition to the home. This uncut "book of the year" is . . .

DEDICATED TO HIS CHRISTMAS JOYS

And . . . the price of this Christmas package is the price of this fine old whiskey alone.

AT YOUR FAVORITE LIQUOR STORE

Imported by
McKESSON AND ROBBINS, INC.
111 8th Avenue, New York City

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 156

had to work hard to force himself through the spiritualistic scenes. It isn't half bad until the last reels, when he lies in a dank prison cell, and she lies on her castle bed, and they meet in their dreams and play the games they used to play in the fairy garden of their childhood. All this could have been avoided if Freud had lived a little earlier.

Three Kids and A Queen: Henry Armetta in his usual role of the harassed barber spreads himself all over this one and gets a lot of laughs. May Robson, when not reading aloud out of newspapers, is effective as the richest lady in the world who kidnaps herself and learns about the real things in life from a bunch of slum kids. Frankie Darro must be Cagney's little brother.

WASTE

Metropolitan: Because Lawrence Tibbett is one of those singers who should be heard and not seen.

CHEER

This is for the "what's the use of kicking" contingent.

Probably no business is more sensitive to customer reaction than the motion picture industry. Every box-office is a seismograph. Public response, even to a bit player, hits a sort of grapevine telegraph, and spreads instantaneously through the motion picture world.

Recently, this column was concerned with activating public opinion against jingoistic propaganda in motion pictures. A few of the more outspoken reviewers in the daily papers expressed reactions similar to mine. Two pictures which aroused exceptional antipathy were *Red Salute* and *Annapolis Farewell.*

In many cities, liberal organizations and groups of college students demonstrated their disapproval of *Red Salute.* But the best demonstration was the stay-away demonstration of the vast public. Word-to-mouth report of the nature of these pictures brought an absent vote of disapproval that was a strong and fine warning of what may be expected at the box office for other pictures of this type.

In my city, *Red Salute* was an ache in the pocket to distributors, and mention of *Annapolis Farewell* brought groans that must have been heard in New York and Hollywood.

Another interesting reaction to public sentiment has been shown by *March of Time.* The super-news-reel was accused of presenting a pro-fascist attitude, and considerable agitation was started against the *March of Time* in the liberal press. Immediately, there followed the issue of the *March of Time* which contained a pleasant feature on the Jewish settlement in Palestine, calculated to relieve any audience of the notion that the editors of the news-reel pursue the German Fascist policy of anti-Semitism. And the next issue contained an exposure of Berghoff's strike-breaking agency. The editorial policy of the *March of Time* is not in question here, except as these incidents indicate a response to public demand. People will get the kind of pictures they pay for.

PRESTIGE

The grapevine has it that Warner Bros. will consider *A Midsummer Night's Dream* successful if the production loses no more than half a million dollars. Of course, the picture may turn in a profit. But the Warners feel that, even with a loss of half a million, the prestige value would have made the production worth while.

It is questionable whether the producer's trade-mark on a picture means anything to the public. Prestige may have a great deal to do with selling the exhibitors, but it would seem to me that a financial loss would not be the sort of thing that would impress those boys.

In a general way, producers' trade-marks, like publishers' imprints, can be used as a motion picture guide. There has been a good deal of shifting and re-alignment in the production field, this year, and I thought it might be worth while to remind the public who makes its movies.

There are eight major companies. Most of them present a hodge-podge program. If a picture, or a group of pictures attains any recognizable distinction, seems to bear the mark of a personality, there is either a talented director or a forceful producer in the woodpile. Obviously, a motion picture is the combined work of many different kinds of artists, from authors to cameramen. In any picture, exceptional work by an individual artist, be he a gag-man, an actor, or a costume designer, may stand out. But the picture as a whole must derive its quality from the producer or director.

Now, within the large companies, are subordinate producers. These men may assume all, part, or none of the financial ownership of the pictures they make, but they more or less assume, as their name implies, the general responsibility of production.

The gargantuan companies are tending more and more to subdivide responsibility in this fashion, which is a good thing, as it

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tends to give greater variety to motion pictures.

Of the chief companies, Paramount is still said to have the largest assets. A motion picture man told me it was around $300,000,000; a published statement for 1934 put the assets at very near $150,000,000. In the same class with Paramount, so far as gargantuanism is concerned is M. G. M.

Warner Bros., my gossip informed me, was worth a mere $200,000,000. And the newly aligned Twentieth Century-Fox firm is in the same class. (Fox assets for 1934 were published at around $46,000,000.)

There follows a group of "smaller" companies, composed of Columbia, R. K. O., and Universal.

United Artists is an association of independent producers.

These eight companies make practically all the pictures ordinarily seen in the United States. But a few more trade names are known to the public, and it is well to remember their alliances.

Cosmopolitan Pictures, a Hearst enterprise, moved from MGM to Warner's, largely, it is said, because Marion Davies was not allowed to play the sick poetess in MGM's *Barrett's of Wimpole Street*. To my mind, the loss is Warner's, but perhaps this will be offset by the half million dollars worth of prestige they are getting out of Bill Shakespeare.

Twentieth Century was an independent company dominated by Darryl Zanuck, who was once in charge of all productions on the Warner lot. Twentieth Century made *The House of Rothschild* and *Les Miserables*, of recent date.

When this company combined with Fox, Winfield Sheehan, the big shot on the Fox lot, resigned. The Fox name will probably be eased out of pictures, as those who have read a certain biography by Upton Sinclair will remember that the man who gave the company the name is no longer—to put it mildly—with Fox films.

Anyhow, it may be expected that this company will produce a slightly more sophisticated type of picture as a result of the new set-up.

Fox films have rather stressed the sweet and sentimental, specializing in Will Rogers, Shirley Temple and John Boles. *Way Down East* gives you an idea of a Fox film. Bucolic, with ice floes. Perhaps *Thanks a Million*, a musical with an edge of political satire, marks a turn.

As Twentieth Century stepped out of United Artists, a new producing unit has been admitted. This is dominated by David Selznick, whose most recently remembered production was *Anna Karenina* for MGM, but who has been the rounds from Paramount to RKO, and who now wants to go it alone. Mr. Selznick is backed by John Hay Whitney, the Technicolor man, by Lehman brothers, bankers, and A. Giannini, banker. Another important development in United Artists is the admission of Alexander Korda's British producing unit, whose American releases will be through this firm.

As far as prestige goes, United Artists has always tried to be impressive on the arty side of the industry. Right now, Mary Pickford is acting head of the concern. Charles Chaplin is a producing member, and so is Samuel Goldwyn, who gave the film world Eddie Cantor and Anna Sten. It is pretty safe to go to a United Artist picture, except that once in a while they release something like *Red Salute*. You can't trust anybody.

The same Lehman brothers who are banking Mr. Selznick have recently put their pinkies into RKO. Controlling interest in RKO was bought by their Atlas corporation, last month, and a new president, Leo Spitz, was appointed. RKO is notable chiefly for its real contribution to the development of the film musical, the insouciant team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

This firm also possesses the signature of Katharine Hepburn, possesses the distinction of having made the best film of the year so far: *The Informer*, and of having pioneered Technicolor with *Becky Sharp*. Until now, it has shown a real ability to recognize and present important innovations in the motion picture art. For the intelligent movie-goer, an RKO stamp is about as safe as they come. What the new regime will do, no one knows.

The shifts in lineup, then, have been Cosmopolitan to Warner's, Twentieth Century to Fox, Selznick to United Artists, RKO to Lehman brothers, and, most recently, Universal has been taken on option by Charles Rogers, an independent producer who made the rather nice *Eight Girls in a Boat* for Paramount. Universal did *Little Man, What Now*. Mostly, it is noted for efficient horror pictures. Carl Laemmle, one of the grand old men of the industry, will probably retire if the Rogers deal goes through.

Universal is said to be the last of the large producing companies to find itself still in the red. The other seven companies have pulled out. MGM is said to be the only one that stayed consistently on the profit side, through the depression.

It is difficult to find the line of the gargantuan companies. Most characteristic of Paramount, to me, is Cecille De Mille. Although Lubitsch is now supervising director of all Paramount productions, their general character remains rather ponderous. Yet it is this old-fashioned firm which experimented with the Hecht-MacArthur productions, which, of course, went to the extreme of fake sophistication.

MGM goes for stars. Garbo, Gable, Harlow, Beery, the Marx brothers, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Myrna Loy, and on and on. It vies, in pretentious productions, with Paramount and Warner's. But the emphasis on

Continued at top of page 180

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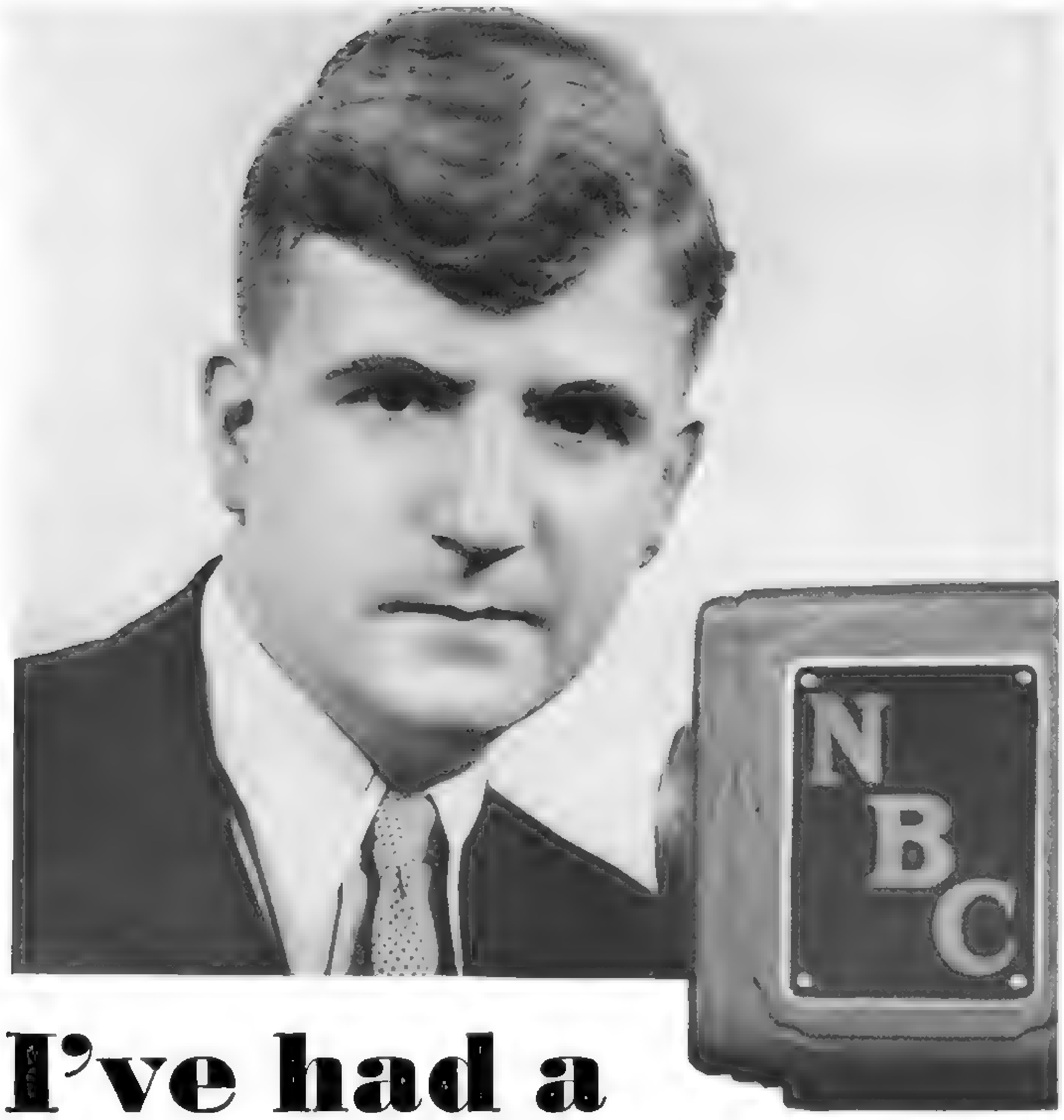
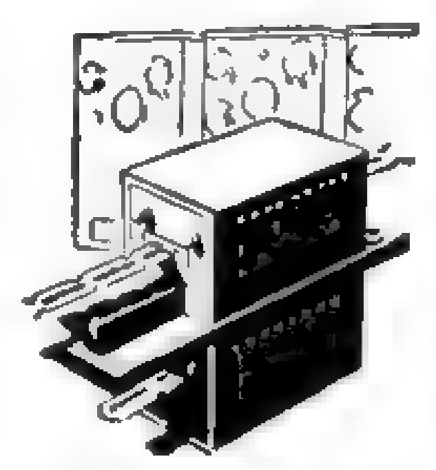


I've had a fortune spent on my face

by JOHN B. KENNEDY
EDITOR—RADIO COMMENTATOR

MY FACE isn't my fortune—that's certain—but there's a factory in Boston where they've *spent* a fortune on my face, and *yours.* I flew over to Boston for this story—visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

Yes, Gillette has spent millions of dollars in developing equipment and facilities to produce and test the Gillette "Blue Blade." I watched every step in its manufacture—saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar blue package. I was tremendously impressed. My conception of razor blade manufacture was completely changed.



Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. It was utterly clean—without odor of any kind. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces, the like of which you've never seen—harden Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box—a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel—exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette "Blue Blade."

Through magnetic control—this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would probably fill a library.

And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirring cycles of abrasive wheels and leather—Gillette "Blue Blades" come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel, and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass—I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette "Blue Blade" has *the* shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.

In view of these facts—impartially recorded by a trained observer—how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette "Blue Blades" and insist on getting them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 156-179

stars tends to standardize the produce.

If you like a certain actor, regardless of the photoplay value of the production in which he appears, you can be pretty sure of what you are getting.

The Warner imprint is the same as the First National imprint. So what you see under their combined names, or under either name, has much the same character.

There is a type of Warner Bros. comedy which is rather distinctive because of the use of a "stock company" of players, such as Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh. The best example of this was *Convention City.* In Paul Muni, Warners has the most consistently sincere actor on the screen; Muni's and Cagney's pictures often have true topical value, and relation to the American scene, but since Cosmopolitan has come into the Warner layout, there is suspicion of propagandistic intentions. Anyway, it must be remembered that they are willing to spend half a million for prestige.

Columbia crashed through with *It Happened One Night,* and ought to be chastised for re-discovering Grace Moore and starting the present run of operatic movies. It's one of the smaller companies, very peppy, a money-maker, and often makes worth while cinema. Most recent prestige-addition is Joseph Von Sternberg, who has directed Peter Lorre in *Crime and Punishment.*

All eight companies, of course, copy from each other. A fairly safe rule to go by is that when any one of them springs something fresh, they will be able to keep the juice of their innovations. Usually the first film of a new theme-trend is the best. ⧺

Faithful to Byron

Continued from page 47

reason for such an obsession. Two reasons. The timidity of a gentle fastidious nature shrinking from the harsh facts of life. Or a highly romantic nature touched with mild megalomania. The aloof, shut-in atmosphere which must exist in this far-off country during the long months of winter would be conducive to that sort of thing. He said when Martha returned: "Thanks for telling me. I'll not embarrass Miss Peabody."

"Just so you know," Martha returned.

She's uneasy, Egbert thought swiftly. Why? The phobia seems harmless enough. He withdrew his eyes from her person as she walked toward the door and his gaze drifted over the dining-room. He was immediately reassured. That friendly, homey room bedecked with sprays of purple lilac, held not the faintest trace of sinister significance.

She and I are not so far apart, he thought with gentleness. I, too, have dreams.

He got up from the table and stood for a moment by the window. The shower was passing; the sky had cleared above the mountains to the west and it held now the faded colors of the departed sunset. Twilight, unctuous and rich in fragrance, closed in.

Behind him Martha said: "Miss Peabody is in the livn'-room."

He went forward to a moment of intense surprise. The young lady who arose with extended hand was no shrinking, unlovely woman, capable only of a love life through the vague means she had chosen. She was a small, very pretty blonde. Her dainty figure was charmingly ripe. Beyond a very faint vacuity in her large, doll-like eyes Egbert could find no fault with her appearance. He liked the warmth of the generous mouth which flamed against her very fair skin. He liked the emanation of her intense femininity, so tangible that it reached him like a vapor. Byron, he thought with a humor not usual to him, is a lucky man.

She laughed into his eyes with friendly frankness.

"I suppose," she said, "that Mr. Burlington has told you of my fixation. It was a source of great amusement to him."

"As a matter of fact he said nothing at all to me about it," Egbert answered. "Martha mentioned it."

He was surprised at the look of relief which flashed across her face. She sat down and motioned him to a chair. He was aware of a faint tension in the silence; aware that it grew, swelled, mounted, throbbed in his temples. Her white slender fingers tapped the arm of her chair in rhythmic sound. She's striving for effect, he thought. She's trying to create atmosphere. He cleared his throat noisily. Her eyes swung to him. He noticed their color. They were violet, not blue as he had expected. They were deep lakes in which a man might drown himself.

She spoke suddenly. He did not hear. His mind was playing with thoughts. Oddly disturbing thoughts. He remarked from the depths of his preoccupation, his voice expostulatory: "But it's so *futile.*"

She took up the word. "Futile? In the sense of waste?"

"Yes."

Her smile was slow and secretive. "You don't understand," she replied. "I have a sense of ownership. If he found me he would love me. You see, it would be inevitable."

He accepted that. "But he's not alive."

"Who knows?" she said.

The tension snapped suddenly.

He remarked lightly: "I'm afraid I don't understand, Miss Peabody."

"There is nothing lost," she replied quietly. "All is merely change."

"Ah, yes. I see now. You're thinking of reincarnation."

"Exactly."

"That's more understandable," he confessed. "You would recognize the soul though the body were outwardly different?"

She seemed very positive. "Undoubtedly." She added smilingly, noticing his relief: "I'm sure you thought I was mad."

"Not exactly that," he answered thoughtfully. "But I do thank you for explaining. It's easy for one's emotions to turn inward on oneself. I know. I'm a solitary man, Miss Peabody. Thwarted in some respects, perhaps. Certainly from the standpoint of love. I know nothing of that."

The pink point of her tongue made the circuit of her lips. It seemed to him for a brief moment that the quick flash of her eyes denoted something akin to hunger.

Before he could verify this the expression was gone and his momentary uneasiness with it. Martha came in. "Your room is ready now, Mr. Patten," she said.

He excused himself and followed her upstairs. She indicated his room with a motion of her head and left him. He went inside and unpacked absently. In the midst of this he did an unusual thing for him. He went to the mirror and carefully surveyed the face peering back at him; the gaunt, unbeautiful face saved from mediocrity by soft, deep, amazingly blue eyes. Presently he turned away. His shoulders drooped. He went down the stairs.

Outside the rain had ceased and the birds were at their vespers. The peace of the lingering twilight seeped into him. He was reluctant to go inside again. Idly he wandered around the well-kept grounds. The light, fitful wind shook the rain drops from the leaves. They pattered on the walk before him in miniature showers. When he paused and listened intently he could hear the voice of the brook. There was a curious lightness upon him at these times. To himself he seemed caught up between earth and sky; poised there with every sense delightfully alert. Sounds were clarified; he seemed to be able to translate vibrations even—vibrations as evasive as the swift beat of a swallow's wings.

She stood by the lilac bush as he rounded the house. It was so dark that at first he could not make out more than the mere blot of her figure against the sky. When he drew nearer he saw that her face was turned toward the valley. He stopped short as he heard her voice, suddenly raised. He saw Lipse, then, standing in front of her, hat in hand. She said with cold finality: "That will be all."

Egbert knew that both had seen him. And, despite the unconcern in her voice when she turned to greet him, he knew that the moment had been dramatic.

He asked casually about the fishing. Lipse answered him: "Either fork of the brook is good. The west one is down in the valley yonder; the east one a half-mile behint the house. I ain't much of a hand at fishin' but they tell me they's plenty insects on the water. Trout are out of the pools, lyin' in the ripples. They bin some good ketches. I don't know 'bout you."

"Thank you, Brad," Miss Peabody said graciously. "Good night."

He went reluctantly, Egbert thought. It seemed minutes before his powerful young body was swallowed by the darkness.

"He doesn't appear to like me," Egbert remarked dryly.

"There are few he does like," she replied with indifference. "He's a moody person. I forgive it because he's an extraordinarily diligent worker. He keeps these grounds beautifully. Oddly, he has a passion for flowers. It *is* odd, isn't it, in one so uncouth."

Egbert agreed. She put the fingers of one hand lightly on his arm.

"Come," she said, "we'll walk down the lane to the road. The shower has made the outdoors beautiful."

She had caught him up again, he realized shortly, in that queer, throbbing tenseness. He was as conscious of her fingers on his coat as if they had been laid on his bare flesh. He was glad she walked in silence. He had no words for her. Emotion choked his utterance. She pervaded his being like the warm scent of a well-loved perfume. Like the scent of honeysuckle waving its blonde bells in a warm breeze. Honeysuckle draped across a weathered fence. He was profoundly moved.

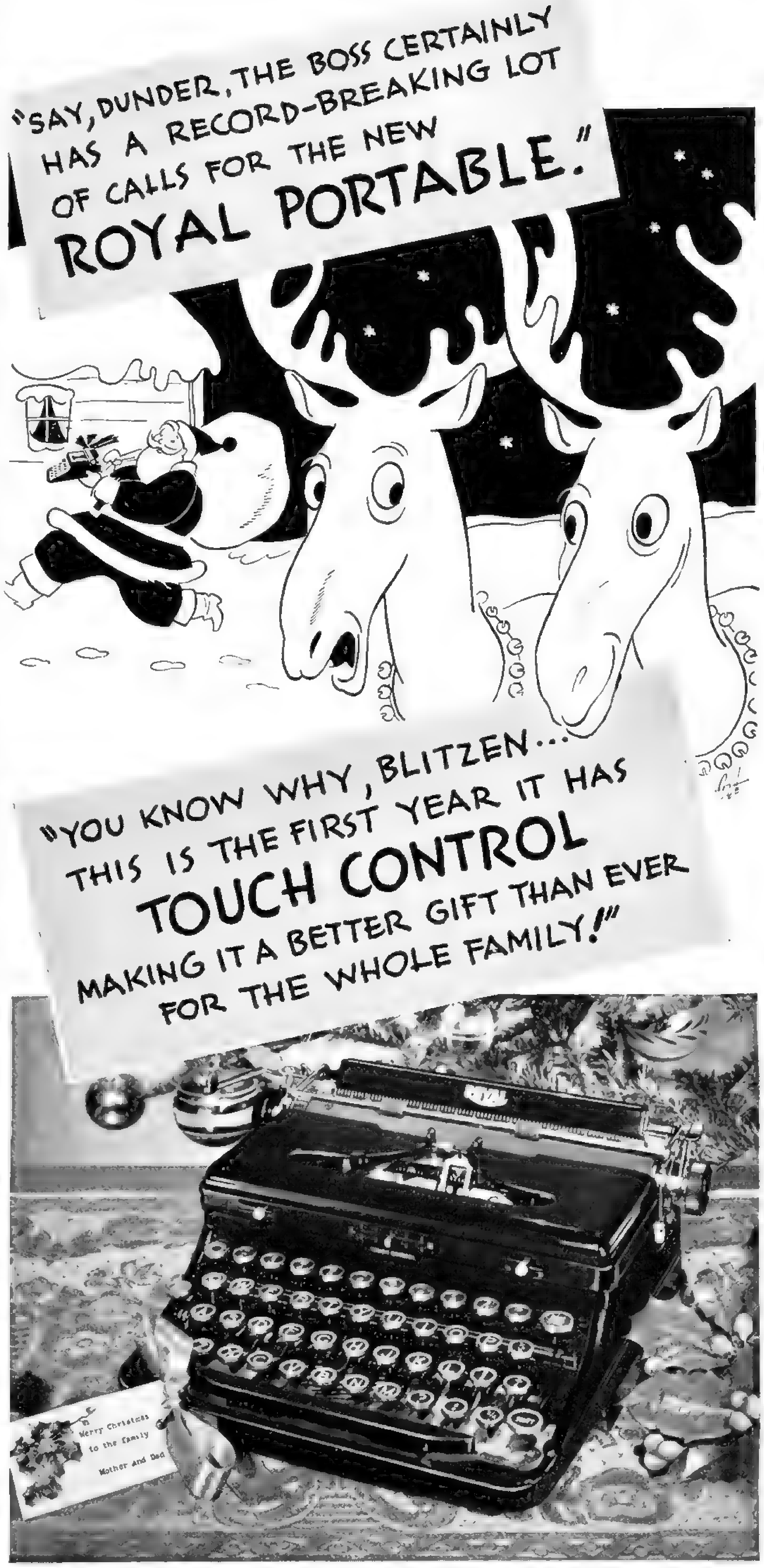
They reached the highroad and turned back. The lane was sentient with the voluptuous noises of the June night. Egbert moved along it entranced. I have lived for this night, he thought. Now it is here. But the realization escaped him because of the queer sense of detachment within him. He was without himself. He seemed to watch from afar the glorification of himself through her presence.

The house, the front door, was before them. She had spoken no word.

Now, for a moment she stood close to him, facing him, reaching up. "I knew you'd come," she said softly. "It was hard waiting, bitterly hard. Now you've come, my dear, my own." Her lips brushed his cheek. He heard the door close behind her.

He sat down weakly on the steps, his bones fluid. He closed his eyes; his head moved slowly from side to side denying the mocking voice of reason. Then, all at once, he was tired. The

Continued on page 182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Faithful to Byron

Continued from pages 47-181

turmoil died within him. He toiled up the stairs and fell into bed.

The following day at noon he met the village doctor on the East Fork. In the manner of trout enthusiasts the world over they introduced themselves and had lunch together, sitting there comfortably on an old bridge. They conversed of tackle and trout habits and trout they had taken. In time Egbert led the conversation around to his hostess.

"I knew her mother well," the gray-haired doctor said. "She was one of those ageless blondes. Her bones were beautiful. She was beautiful at fifty—girlish, even. She married late in life—a professor. Ina is the only child."

"Curious, that quirk in her nature," Egbert said with elaborate casualness. "That Byron fixation."

The old doctor lifted keen eyes to his face. "If you're implying she's slightly mad, you're wrong," he said thoughtfully. "She's not only sane—she's extremely clever. I've heard, of course, of what you call her 'Byron fixation.' *You* will not be annoyed by it, however."

The emphasized pronoun was not lost on Egbert though the reason for the emphasis was. He pondered it deeply for a moment then gave up with a faint shake of his head. The old doctor was adjusting the straps of his creel. Presently he moved off. "See you later," he called back.

It was after seven o'clock when Egbert climbed the pasture hill to the house. Lipse was working in the vegetable garden. He straightened up as Egbert approached and a few long strides carried him to the fence. He leaned his elbows on a post and gazed fixedly at Egbert who stood nearby breathing heavily from his climb. "It's them eyes," Lipse said abruptly. Apparently he spoke to himself. "Outside of that I wouldn't give a tinker's cuss."

Egbert asked sharply: "What?"

She was in the village, Martha had told him, attending a meeting of the library committee. Thereafter time dragged so leadenly that in sheer desperation he had retired. But he did not sleep. About ten-thirty he heard her small car wheeze up the lane. With strained attention he followed her progress into the house, her ascent of the stairs, her entrance into her own chamber. He waited for the closing of her door. But she did not close it.

He lay for a time thinking of that, giving it significance. The deep-toned clock in the hall boomed the hour of eleven. The moon had come up. It splashed a silver pool across his bed.

His door opened slowly and his fascinated eyes hung on it. She came into the room, halted by his bed, full in the lake of moonlight. She bent to him, stroked his cheek and she was murmuring over and over very softly: "My lover! My dear returned one!"

Agitatedly, he raised himself on one elbow.

"It couldn't be," he whispered forlornly. "Don't you see? One so unbeautiful, so undistinguished."

"I *know*," she replied in smiling reassurance. "I *know*. I could not be mistaken."

He groaned miserably. "It couldn't be," he repeated.

"Hush!" she said.

He moved in a dream for seven days. Seven days exactly. The sun-filled hours of the day he spent on the brooks, an automaton, moving through periods which were blank. Only the nights had significance. Only the nights had feeling.

Then she was gone. She left a note for him. A kind note. He read it and his eyes grew moist. *For now, beloved, goodbye. I must go, and I know you'll understand. Perhaps later*—That was all.

He gave Martha a handsome check and departe

from sending for him? He thought it might. It was his part to go to her.

He bought the engagement ring one Saturday in early July. The flashing, blue-white stone gave him an intense delight. It gave him the same feeling of luxurious pleasure that she did. His eyes softened, grew deeper. His reverie was so profound that the salesman had to put the package into his fingers.

It was one o'clock when he stood again on the hot, sweltering Avenue. Heat waves eddied up from the baking pavement. His club was not far away. Remembering the coolness of the oak-panelled walls he decided to lunch there.

In the lounge he met Burlington who asked him casually, "How's fishing, Egbert?"

Egbert sat down beside him. "I was in Vermont in June," he said. "To that place you told me of—Miss Peabody's."

Burlington's delicately handsome, almost feminine face showed immediate interest. "I'd forgotten that you'd gone up there," he said slowly. He was silent for a time. Then he went on jerkily: "Have a good time?"

Egbert nodded. "Plenty of trout," he said.

"Ah," Burlington returned. His eyes wandered vaguely over Egbert's person. Then he said precisely in the tone the old doctor had used, "That fixation of hers wouldn't concern *you*."

Egbert's eyes grew dreamy but he said nothing. Burlington straightened suddenly. "I'd like to tell you something," he said. "I'd like to get it off my chest. Something peculiar. I've never spoken of it to any one else. I think you'd understand."

"Go on," Egbert said. His voice was as dry as old parchment.

"You know, of course, of her queerness. Martha must have

face. His eyes were fixed on the wall in front of him. He went on shortly: "You understand. She thought I was the reincarnation—that I had the soul—of the poet she loved, Byron. Long dead. I tried to tell her differently. It was not in me to deceive her. She only said, 'You're as beautiful as he was. The reincarnation is direct, without bodily change. As if I didn't know!'" His voice broke.

Egbert turned his distorted face away. He said harshly, "She left you at the end of the week. She left you a note."

Burlington nodded absently. His thoughts were far away. Presently he continued: "A month or two later I went back up there. I intended to marry her. I was deeply in love with her. . . . I found her in the front yard by the lilac bushes talking with Lipse."

"Yes," Egbert interjected abruptly. "With Lipse."

"I went inside with her. I asked her to marry me. She told me very gently that she had been mistaken. That's why she had left me so abruptly. She had suddenly realized it. Something had betrayed her, she said; clouded her judgment. An emotional tempest. She was gentle and sweet about it all. She cried a little. Of course I left immediately. I was pretty badly cut up. Lipse was out there by my car. He was laughing softly to himself. He didn't answer my goodbye—just kept on laughing and laughing. I met Martha in the lane and stopped my car. I wanted to say goodbye to her. I suppose I looked wretched for all of a sudden she said violently: 'God—damn—her!' She was not blaspheming, you understand. The words were not profane on her lips. She was asking something. . . . Her outburst didn't bother me much at the time. I knew she was fond of me. But

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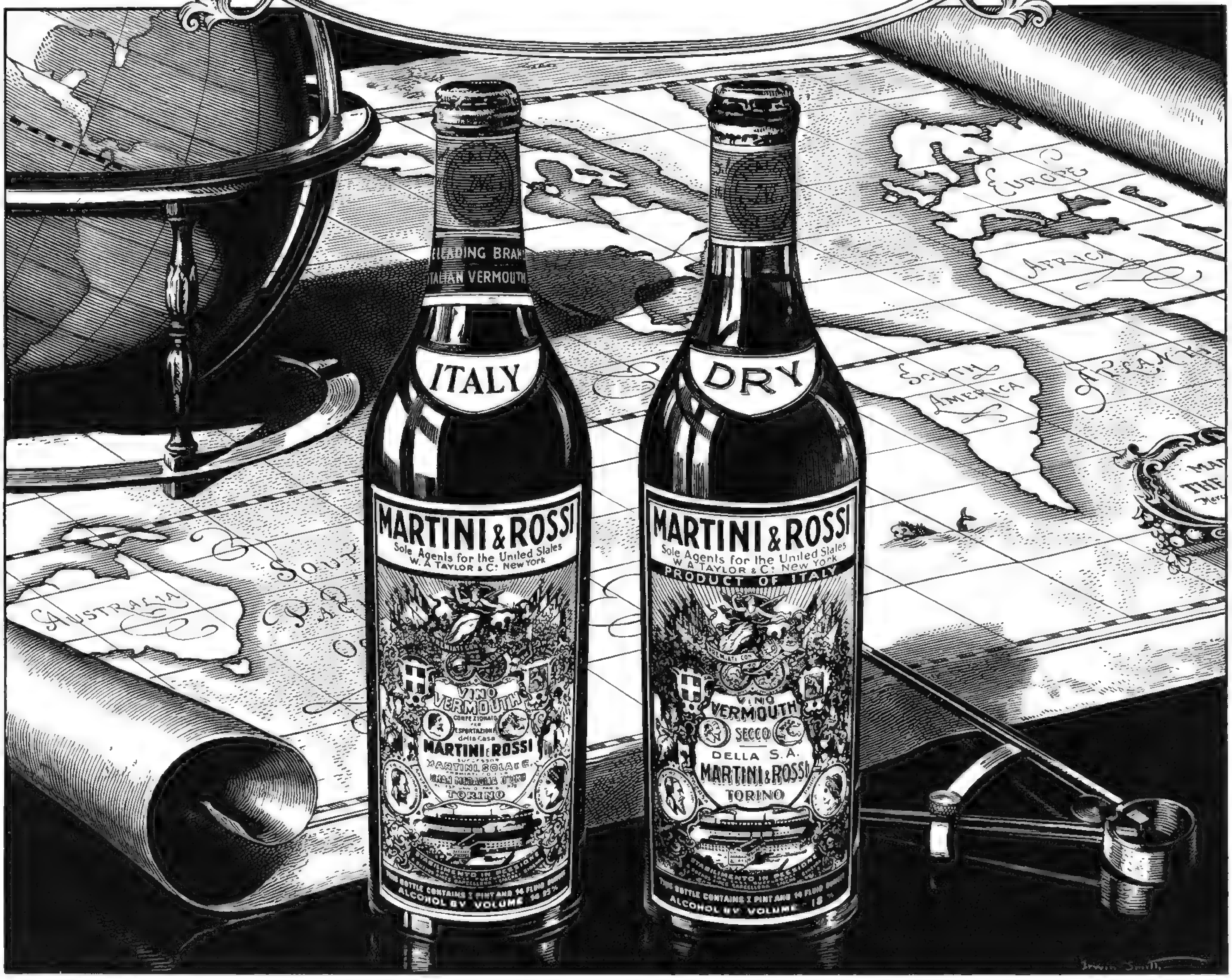
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Model Wanted

Continued from page 41

him to go cut his neck.

We lifted up our cups, clicked them together and Johnson said the toast, seeing that he was treating: "To all of us, to hell with all of us!" Then, after we had taken a big warm swallow, George Samson began his daily bragging. "I don't want to say I'm any second Michaelangelo or Peter Rubens," said George, "but when it comes to painting thighs and muscles—"

"Twirp, twirp," said Johnson, interrupting.

"That's what I say," drawled Samson. "When it comes to painting thighs and muscles, I'm as good as anybody. I've learned, I admit, a lot from Rubens—"

"Rubens was a Dutchman," said Johnson. "I thought you once said all the old Dutchmen stank."

"Rubens is different. I meant the others. Now take the way I do my flesh tints—"

"The man doth talk," said Perry.

"Let him rave," said Johnson. "Let him talk about his thighs and flesh tints, he hasn't got a model. He gets it out of school books, just like all the other peanut artists. He hasn't got a model."

That got Samson where he couldn't take it. He didn't have a model even though their rates had come down lower. He didn't have a model because he had no money. But he was always bragging, just to make a noise. Everybody knew who would settle up the wine bill—Johnson.

"All right, proceed," the big Swede told George. "What about your flesh tints and your muscles?"

"Well, when it comes to painting thighs," he said in a lower voice, defensively, "when it comes to that, I can—"

Some one came into the store, a young woman. She came in rather nervously, looked about and saw the place was empty, then made as if to leave. By this time Tony, however, had come over and had poured her out a glass of water. She took a table near the wall and sat down.

Pete, stirring himself, threw a dirty service towel over his forearm, then shuffled storeward. He handed her the menu. It was typed in purple and blurry, for Tony's sister typed it on the old Corona whose ribbon was frazzled to a fare-you-well mauve decade.

"We have antipasto, minestrone and ravioli," he told her softly. She hesitated, looking strained and nervous. Finally she gave her order.

"With cheese?" asked Pete, as dumb as usual.

"Yes, with cheese," hissed Tony, out of ear shot, fuming. "Who ever heard of an Italian place without cheese? Yes, yes," he hissed.

We had stopped talking and arguing, because the store was so small. Also, we were approaching that stage when our speech was becoming freer. In another minute the atmosphere would be disturbed by insults. That's the way with painters, almost as bad as writers. The writers that don't make money, I mean. That takes in me, but I'm a pulp man, doing westerns, so that lets me out, seeing as I'm no writer.

Pete came back, dishing up an antipasto. He put on one small slice of bologna but Tony, standing by, hissed at him: "Put on two, she's a new customer, she might come back!" Pete put on two, did the trimmings, then shuffled forward.

The five of us sat in the rear in the shadows, waiting for her to finish eating so that we could start insulting each other. Usually, if a customer comes in alone, they eat in a hurry. They look at the windows as they chew, wait for the next course, then finish quickly. They finish quickly, pay their bill and walk out. We were waiting for that, so that we might start our verbal socking. We sat around in silence, waiting for her to go. Each one of us was thinking up insults to throw out at the others. We had reached that stage and we needed to get it out of our systems. That's the way it is when you're always broke and lonely.

"Wipe the bottom of the plate," we heard Tony hiss at his stupid assistant. "Wipe it, you hear?" Pete wiped the bottom of the soup plate, then bore it forward.

In fifteen minutes the young woman had finished eating. Pete cleaned away the plates and pushed over the thick glass ashtray for her. I expected her to open her purse and have a smoke right after her coffee, but she didn't. She just sat there, uneasy.

"What are you looking at?" George asked me softly. He couldn't see from where he sat.

"There's a girl at the table," I answered.

"Is she a lulu?"

"And how. A lulu of the olden type of lulu."

George started to squirm, and sipped his wine. She was sitting near the wall with her side turned toward me. Her figure was downright dramatic, the kind that strong quiet men go for. She had a fine bust—but of course you can't tell these days, with the new brassières they're making.

"What are you looking at?" said Johnson.

"There's a girl at the table," I answered.

Suddenly she got up to leave and Tony moved forward politely, standing behind the cash register. She went up front uncertainly, holding the check in her hands. Then she faced him quickly, and started saying something.

Tony leaned forward to catch it, inclining his head. He didn't hear her, so she spoke a trifle louder. "I can't pay—" she told him, raising her voice at last.

Tony was flabbergasted and they started to argue. He threatened to arrest her. Pete, his assistant, came toward the front door, his damp towel flapping, getting the sleep out of his face. He had made seven trips to the kitchen, counting the one he had come back for the catsup, and if he didn't get a tip he'd throw knives at the wall.

"Listen—" Tony said, getting so steamed up he could hardly argue. "Listen—I pay rent, I pay cash for food, listen—"

The girl, now that she had her back to the wall, also started to argue, only her voice sounded cracked and kind of funny. "Listen yourself," she told him. "I've been walking and walking, trying to get myself a job," she hollered. "Listen—"

"I don't care about that!" screamed Tony, growing purple around his Adam's apple. "I pay rent, I pay cash for food, listen—"

"Hey, Tony," called out George Samson easily, "that's no way to act on Thursdays, Il Duce."

"You shut up," Tony shouted back at him. "Shut up your mouth, you stingy. You shut up. I pay rent, I pay cash for food—"

"That's right," said Johnson, "it's the law of economics." All the boys had bent over to my side of the table, looking.

The girl, seeing Pete blocking the door, came back to us, worked up and nervous. "Can I help it, mister? I just picked out this place, can I help it? I've been walking and walking but they slam the doors in my face, all but one guy who wanted—Can I help it?"

"Maybe you can," said George easily, looking her over.

"What do you mean?"

"Your chassis ain't so bad, sister," said George, leaning forward closer. "I said your chassis ain't so bad. You're in a tight spottie, sister. Tony, are you sending Peter the apostle for a cop?"

"Listen, I pay rent," said Tony, still boiled up and excited. "I pay cash for food, listen—"

The girl, seeing she was in a fix, began to get pale.

George Samson leaned forward on the table, easy as oil. "Well, kid?" he said, smiling.

"All right," she answered. "How much will you give me? How much?

"Listen," said Johnson, uneasy. "Don't pay any attention to that fellow. He likes to talk, that's all."

"That's right," said Frank. "He likes to talk, he wants a model."

The girl's face changed in a second and her eyes grew bright and hopeful. "A model? Are you fellows painters? I used to be an operator for a corset house and I used to see the models there. Are you fellows painters? I'll model for you."

"Do you think she'll do?" asked George Samson of Johnson.

The cheek of that guy! *Do you think she'll do?* He didn't have a nickel.

"I wonder if she has a paintable figure," George said.

"I'm built all right," the girl came back quickly. "I never modelled before, but I'm built all right." Tony was standing dazed but still angry and Pete was still blocking the door. She spoke out desperately, hoping to make a few dollars posing. "I'm built all right," she repeated, pleading.

George looked her over, running his eye down her form. Johnson, slightly disgusted, was turning his face away.

"I'm built all right," she repeated. "I'm—"

"Listen—" shouted Tony, impatient and wanting his money, "either you pay or I'll make trouble, listen here what I say—"

"I'm built all right," the girl cried in hysterics. "I'm built—"

Johnson couldn't stand it any longer and turned away.

"Look," she said desperately, still trying to be hired. "Look how I'm built, I haven't got any shame any more. Look—" In a flash her fingers were fumbling at her dress and before anybody could stop her she had unbuttoned the material at the neck all the way down, spreading the collar to show us her breasts.

Johnson dug down in his pocket and pulled out two dollars. "Here," he said quietly, "take it, take it."

"Do I have to—"

"No, take it, take it."

She began crying as she began buttoning up her dress again and Johnson told her: "Don't pay any attention to these wise guys here, they haven't got a cent to pay for a model."

George Samson turned red around the earlobes but sat tight and said nothing.

"New York is full of guys like them," said Johnson. "You meet 'em everywhere like bedbugs."

George Samson sat tight as a rock, going red and gray by turns.

"You pay Tony out of that money," Johnson told her, "then beat it. Your shape is okay, don't go peddling it as long as you can help it. Just pay Tony what you owe him and beat it."

After she was gone Pete came back with his damp towel flapping. Tony had cooled down to normal when he had gotten his money and was standing with his hands behind his back at the door again.

"Listen," said Pete, puzzled and looking dopey. "Listen, I—"

"Well, out with it," said Johnson. "Don't stand there like a stick in the mud."

"Listen, I—" but he could get no further.

Johnson turned his back on him, out of patience.

"I—I didn't get no tip," Pete finally grumbled.

He received no answer and continued to stand there dumbly. #

The Plight of the Opera

Continued from page 108

years of depression had wiped out the surplus, and the money couldn't be raised except through a mortgage.

Anyway, fifty years of dust and dirt were removed from the scene-shifting mechanism. New squeakless seats and carpeting were set down. Charles L. Wagner says that they found a few of the old directors when they took up the carpet during the renovation. That was, of course, after the beginning of the deficits.

* * *

In London, the Covent Garden situation is nearly the same. If they will hear opera, their Majesties and all London Society have to drag themselves down through a vegetable market, which sometimes stinks to High Heaven. And, sticklers for tradition, they've been putting up with it during the hottest months of the summer.

In France, where the Paris *Opéra* has a comparatively decent location, no self-respecting Parisian will be caught inside it. Only their country cousins and the transient American school-teachers insist upon going. As a matter of national pride and personal graft, politicians keep the garish old house open twelve months a year, and the performances hold the world's low for *putridity*. A sensitive musician, there for the first time, actually vomited before the end of the first act of *Lohengrin*.

Another slimy season came off in Chicago last month under the patronage and Honorary Presidency of his Honor, The Mayor, who must figure it a vote-getting institution. The slogan was: "If the people of Chicago won't pay for the opera, the singers must." And they did. The only question is, "At what ante?"

Thirty sopranos were on the City Opera roster. Nearly half of them never piped a note. But they advertised themselves as leading members of the Opera Company and crowed at the honor of being listed on its roster—not mentioning the fee.

And one soprano who paid for the privilege of singing wished she hadn't. The audience laughed. One critic suggested it was too bad she wasn't a pitcher so they could have taken her out. Another lady purchased $250 in seats to "help out the cause," and ran around in circles on the stage asking the few routined singers there what to do and where to go. They succeeded with difficulty in pushing her into the right spot.

Performers vied with one another to keep from making fools of themselves and the audience. "*Carmen* was assassinated long before Don Jose could get to her," wrote the veteran Herman Devries. *Don Giovanni* was given while both stage managers were in St. Louis. Every now and then the performance stopped while Pinza, the philandering Cavalier, made a search for his lady friends.

In the opening *Mefistofele* the holders of the high priced tickets down in front had the benefit of an added show backstage. During the orchestral interludes and every change of scenes, loud voices yelled from behind the curtain and frightened some old ladies into thinking it was a riot-call.

The opera season was sustained largely by a pair of cabaret dancers. Bizet turned over in his grave, as none other than Yolanda (clad in 450,000 sequins) and Veloz brought their own tunes with them and gave a floor show in the inn scene of the second act, where Bizet's ballet music once was. Considering the quality of the performance otherwise, it isn't surprising that people who filled the house and saw their first opera, went home feeling that the dance team was the only thing worth spending money for. As a matter of fact, it was.

No wonder, then, that Lawrence Tibbett didn't wait until he was broken down and out of opera before he exploded. At the very height of his career, and today one of opera's best box-office draws, he is far-sighted enough to know something must be done.

"Opera will die on its feet *if* it is not brought up-to-date," Tibbett says. "We should give the American people a good show with a few belly-laughs. At least, something they like and can understand in their own language . . . not an entertainment that is queer and strange. Our staging of opera in America is far behind our staging of plays. We use worn-out mannerisms, a set of stage conventions several generations behind the times."

That is certainly true. But it is what makes opera singers interchangeable, as Deems Taylor points out, "like automobile parts." The singers who created Rossini's *Barber of Seville* in 1816, if they were alive today, could step into a performance at the Met tonight, and not miss a move or gesture. Nothing in the opera has been changed during the past century.

Stage managers still do not feel safe if they alter a movement or a posture of the characters, not

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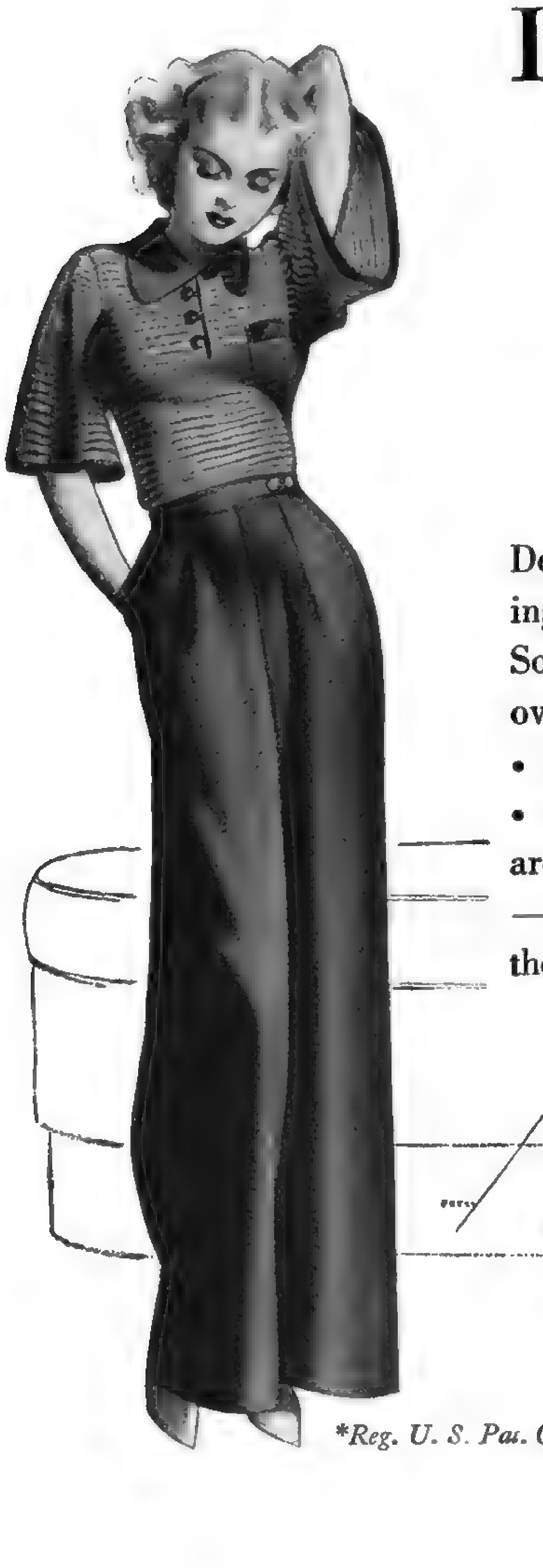

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The Plight of the Opera

Continued from pages 108-183

to mention a set in Wagner's *Ring* (which was, when produced in Bayreuth in 1876, the last word in modern scene designing, lighting, and stage direction). When they do, a stink goes up. They are disturbing the sacred traditions of the Master, who, lest it be forgotten, was the most progressive man in the theater of his day.

"First of all," Tibbett continues, "opera is a play. If it is merely singing, as some people insist, why scenery and costumes? Why the pretense of a story? Why expect any acting of the singers? Why not save time and expense and perform in a concert hall?"

Having just been on a tour of European opera houses, attending already this season no less than eleven "openings" in a half dozen countries, we can testify that opera in Europe is very much alive and certainly popular. But opera is not a stiff-backed affair there. In southern Russia, *Rose-Marie* is given in the opera house. The Indians may look like Communists but the audiences have a rip-roaring good time. And Soviet sailors nearly swooned at Verdi's *Traviata* when the Nemirovitch-Danchenko Theater produced it on the deck of their cruiser, *The Red Ukraine*.

Here opera directors have done little more than twiddle their thumbs in hopeful despair, except perhaps to streamline the sopranos, a purely American innovation. All opera singers young enough to reduce have done so. In Europe the rule for prima donnas is still, "Survival of the fattest."

Everybody wonders if anything really new and really worth while will be done in the scenic investiture of opera at the Met. On all sides confidence is expressed in Edward Johnson's integrity and ability. But with such a messy confusion of interests and taboos as he inherited at the Met, it is doubtful if even Hercules could clean it up.

If something interesting and provocative is done, opera stars will not be forced to appear before the curtain and ask for handouts. If not, it will be just too bad.

Or maybe it won't be. Opera will go back to where it came from. The movie stars will institute a monopoly on the singer's temperament, and do most of the singing in the bargain. And there'll be one less museum in the country on the tax exempt lists. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

ing house will be stirred to a new activity as when a slow-moving book comes suddenly into demand. And Mr. Peattie will be deriving royalties from his labor which will free him from the frets of unsuccessful authorship.

And that, I think, is a good thing. If it should turn out that Van Doren, Hansen and I have made a bad guess as to what contemporary book, among those we had to choose from, is most likely to survive as a classic, we shall be spared the verdict in negation of our judgment a hundred years hence.

We shall not be here to hear it. We shall be here, instead, to hear others tell us, vociferously, what people will be regarding as a classic a hundred years hence. I don't think we should let that disturb us.

Books Abroad, the international quarterly edited by Professor Roy Temple House and published by the University of Oklahoma Press has recently conducted a symposium of opinions as to which author should next be awarded the Nobel Prize. The nominees were these: D'Annunzio, Stephen Vincent Benét, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, Paul Claudel, Benedetto Croce, Olivier Degée (Jean Tousseul), Theodore Dreiser, Havelock Ellis, André Gide, Maxim Gorki, James Joyce, Salvador de Madriaga, Christopher Morley, Eugene O'Neill, Jules Romains, George Santayana, Miguel de Unamuno, Paul Valéry, H. G. Wells, Franz Werfel, Arnold Zweig and Stefan Zweig.

Of these, sixteen received only one vote each. Maxim Gorki received the highest number of votes. Five critics nominated him for the prize. Of these five was George Jean Nathan who said, "Obviously, I should give the award to Maxim Gorki. The reasons, of too long standing, are only too clear." Nathan did not cast his vote for Eugene O'Neill, whose reputation Nathan has been so largely responsible for establishing.

The nomination of O'Neill came from Joseph Wood Krutch who has been notably critical of much of O'Neill's work.

Dreiser was nominated by three critics and authors—Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell and H. L. Mencken. Dreiser was runner-up with Gorki in the nominations. Next came Willa Cather, with two votes; André Gide with two votes; Eugene O'Neill with two votes; and Franz Werfel with two votes. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor declined to nominate any one on the grounds that "If a dictatorial mandate should be given me by the Nobel Prize Committee, I would discontinue the prizes altogether and devote the funds so generously bequeathed by Alfred Bernard Nobel, not to rewarding those who are acclaimed as being great in physics, chemistry, medicine, literature and pacifism, but to aiding the deserving lowly in these five fields of endeavor toward the attainment of greatness. Indeed, it is my belief that small sums donated here and there to younger but promising physicists, chemists, physicians and litterateurs, whose contributions to science or letters are noteworthy, would be of far greater value to the welfare of humanity than the awarding annually of munificent prizes to five pre-eminent persons selected by the members of a single national academy, as being, each in his special field, the greatest living contributor to the progress of the world."

That is a noble sentiment worthy of the author of *Charmed Circles* (Houghton, Mifflin Co: Boston, $3.50) which I recommend to you as excellent reading, deeply informed, about the men and women of cultivation and wit who made their impress upon the ages from Aspasia and Plato down to the present time; but I am wondering how Mr. Chatfield-Taylor would distribute each of the (approximately) $40,000 in prizes if he had the authority to do so. Whom would he choose? I can see his point. The Nobel awards are often made to people whom neither the money nor the fame can any longer help. The recipients are sometimes so rich they turn the cash award over to charity. But the awards have also rescued men like Reymont, Bunin and Pirandello from abject poverty. You do not do my heart good by saying that Bunin has written nothing since his exile from Russia to warrant his being paid enough to allow him to keep on writing. That is true enough, in a sense. Perhaps. But Bunin, in his time, has done some magnificent work—and while he was doing it he got little material reward for it. Should we begrudge him the ease he enjoys in his old age from the small, precarious income he can receive on $40,000? It amounts to $2400 a year at six per cent (if he can find an investment sure to pay him six per cent indefinitely).

The Guggenheim Memorial Fellowships Awards exist to do precisely what Mr. Chatfield-Taylor would like to have awards do—i.e. give money and leisure to men and women of promise and poor pockets, encouragement and a living for a year to draw out the best that is in them. The awards, founded by one of the most mendaciously acquired of American fortunes, have brought forth *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét, *The Native's Return* by Louis Adamic and other works of literature which have given us pleasure; they have eased the financial burden borne by one of the most substantial of our poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson, in his late years; they have sent ardent young Communists to Russia for data intended to blow all to hell the Guggenheims and the system by which the young Communists are privileged to gather data to blow the Guggenheims and their awards all to hell. And the Guggenheim awards have given young men and women the money to go to Paris and do nothing at all. That has possibly been one of the best boons of the Guggenheim Memorial—that it has given a few scribblers the money and leisure not to do anything.

We are very fallible, all of us, who sit upon juries of award for literary endeavor. It occurs to me that the next Nobel award in literature may not go to any one of the twenty-three nominations we made to Professor House. It may very well go to S. J. Agnon, the author of the classic in modern Hebrew called *Hachnasat Kalah* or *The Bridal Canopy*. I have heard rumors that the next Nobel award will go to him. Agnon is a pious, orthodox Jew who lives in Jerusalem. He writes not like Sholom Asch, for instance, in Yiddish, which is a corruption of German, but in Hebrew, which is a revived language. He writes in the language in which the Old Testament was originally written.

I have read, in translation, some short stories by Agnon and I have also read, in part, a translation of *The Bridal Canopy*. There is a strange richness in what I have read which comes only from tapping the wells of ancient experience. *The Bridal Canopy* is about a poor man who went out to seek a dowry for his daughter and of the adventures and misadventures that befell him. It is a story at once picaresque and profound. I have been reminded at times, while reading the manuscript of the translation of *The Bridal Canopy*, of Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (with its erudite allusions) and of *The Crock of Gold* by James Stephens (with its sweet humanity expressed in caressing prose) and of the sterner stuff of The Old Testament.

Agnon is as far away from me as I can possibly imagine any one's being. He is an orthodox Jew in Palestine, a haven made for Jews by Lord Curzon in violation of Britain's promise to T. E. Lawrence that Feisel should have a kingdom of all Arabia for cooperating with the Allies. Curzon had no intention of helping the Jews; he had no intention of carrying out his promise to Lawrence and Feisal. What he wanted was to conserve to the British Empire the oil fields of Baku. He did that. Lawrence battered out his brains by racing his motorcycle 120 miles an hour into a curbstone. And what would have happened in Arabia if Feisal had become king with land grants worthy of his kingship? From all I can hear about Feisal he was a cupidinous and craven desert sheik for whom Lawrence's gold (supplied by the British government) had much to do with his decision to cast his lot with the Allies instead of following his usual bent and custom of living by brigandage upon weaker

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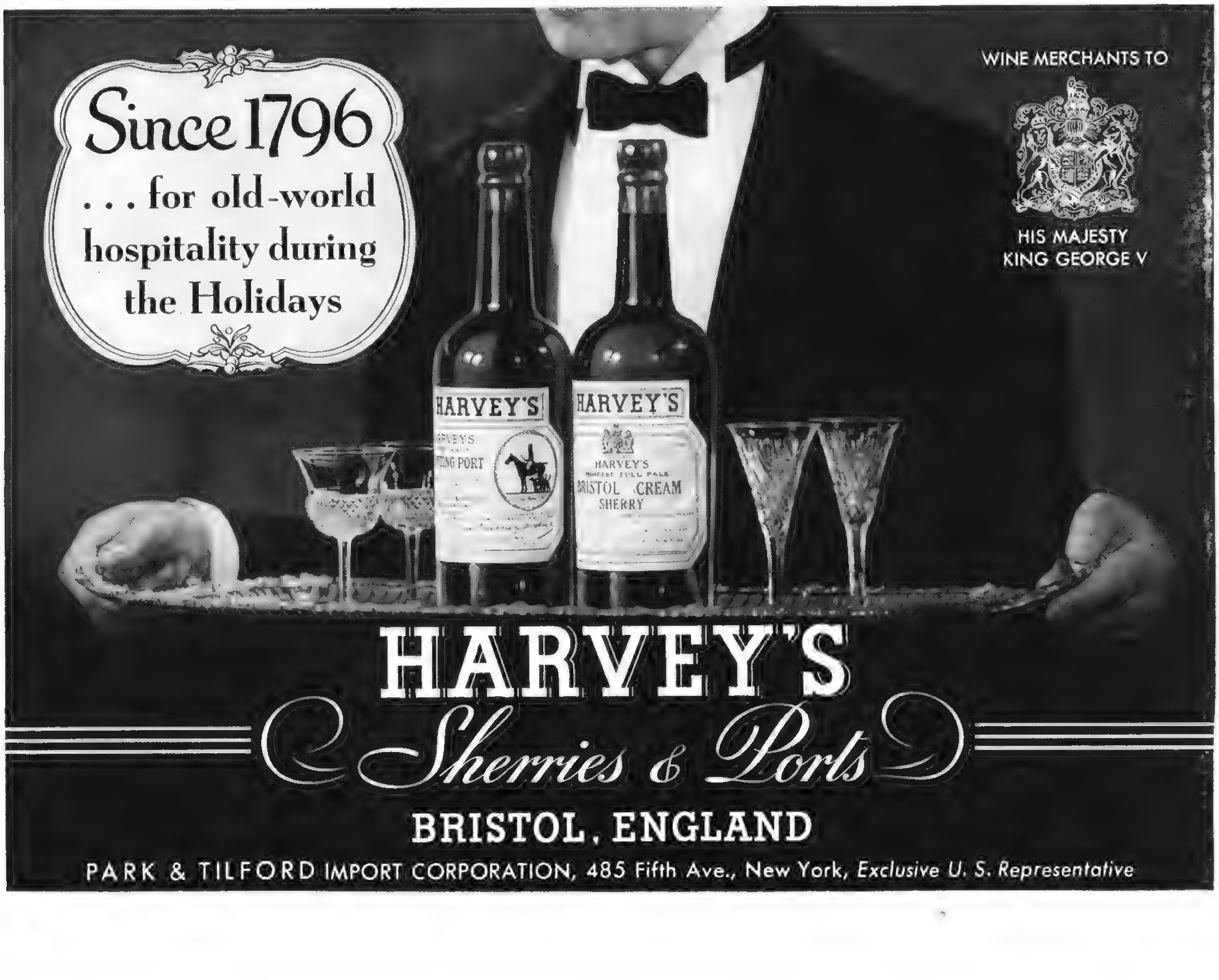

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 100-185

tribes and caravans of the desert.

Aren't these antitheses enough of irony and of fact to muddle you? For myself I can't even point a moral from them. If Feisal had been made king of all Arabia by the signing of documents around the table at Versailles, he would certainly, in time, have made it hot for the Jews in Palestine. He was not interested, as any one can gather from Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, in the fate of the Jews in Palestine, in the enrichment of the Britons from the oil wells of Baku, in the predominance of justice in all lands and among all peoples. What Feisal was for was Feisal and in two shakes of a jiffy he would have made the Britons very uncomfortable and also nearly everybody else.

What would Feisal have had to live on? How could he have maintained his kingly splendor, that splendor Lawrence promised him? He would have had to tax the oil concessionaires and the Zionist Jews in Palestine and do a bit of caravan-robbing according to his wont. I leave it to oil concessionaires to rob the robbers of every penny. They are clever that way. And what would Feisal have done? The oil concessionaires would have whipped him just as they did at Versailles, and granting him victory at Versailles, they still would have whipped him. They would have taken his pants off. They would have stripped him. And, as a king, what would he have done? He would have retaliated upon the most defenseless of his subjects. He would have taxed them up to the ears. The most defenseless people in Arabia are the Jews who have gone there with the idea that there they can be Jews just as Americans are Americans, Germans are Germans, Italians are Italians, Japanese are Japanese, Mexicans are Mexicans, Irish are Irish, Scotsmen are Scotch.

Feisal would, I think, have shown them how right they were. He would have shown them they were Jews in Judea, Jews in Jerusalem, Jews in the cradle of their glory and their nationalism. And he would have taxed them within an inch of their lives to support him. And if they declined to pay he would have declared a holy war of the Moslems against them. That would have wiped them out, quickly. Among those who would have been mowed down is S. J. Agnon. They tell me he wears the skull-cap of the pious; that he knows the Bible, the Torah and the Hebrew legends better than anybody now living. That would mean a hell of a lot to an Arab king of Arabia who wasn't, according to all reports, ever housebroken. My friend Larry Rue who wrote *I Fly for News* tells me that King Amanullah of Afghanistan, on the Afghan king's visit to his peers, such as the King of Italy, the King of England, the regnant rogue of Germany, the regnant rogue of France and the unhappy descendant of the king of the Belgians, declined an introduction to the throne of China and so left disconcerting souvenirs of his visit everywhere—together with bills nobody has any idea as to where the money is coming from to pay. Serves them all right, I say, including the proprietors of The Savoy in London who were all fussed up by having a king as guest and did not know their guest king was accustomed to take his ease whenever and wherever he felt like it. That was what he had been working up to all his life. What is the point in being a king if you can't be at your ease whenever you feel like it? Let the proprietors of The Savoy worry. They had King Amanullah as their guest; they could, and did, advertise the fact. If they had to do some special cleaning up afterward and if they had a hard time collecting what they think is coming to them, that's all right by me.

And Agnon, he dies, yes? Wrong yet: he lives. I am sure of that. Let us parody the good emperor Hadrian:

Amanullah, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca?
  Pallidula, rigida, mudula
  Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

Amanulla was a bland, vague little soul, certainly, even if he didn't know how to make a royal flush. Let us pray for him. It would never occur to him to pray for us. ⁂

Balanced Ration of Good Books

The Sound Wagon (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by T. S. Stribling—A *Penguin Island* of American life and politics. Reviewed here next month.

Victorious Troy (Macmillan, $2.50) by John Masefield—The next best sea story is Masefield's previous novel, *Bird of Dawning*.

My Country and My People (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00) by Lin Yutang—I echo the sentiment of Pearl Buck, "the truest, the most profound, the most important book yet written about China."

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Stage Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 105

realize that the whole show is one colossal snob-fest or else that, being members of a democracy, you're pleased to take a snub a minute for the sake of appearing hep to the higleef.

Maybe, however, you're grimly tolerating the greater part of this determined pageant because you are grateful for the pleasing moments, of which there are a number. Perhaps you actually are personally acquainted with Miss Elsa Maxwell and are hence in a position to appreciate the perfection of May Boley's viciously exquisite burlesque of her. Perhaps you're tickled by the endearing dejection of the King as played by Melville Cooper, or the nice travesty of Tarzan sustained by Mark Plant. Perhaps it's the radiant production, the beautiful sets and costumes and the splendid hoofing of the Rasch girls which please you. Perhaps you're satisfied with the three good numbers—*Just One of Those Things, Why Shouldn't I?* and *When Love Comes Your Way*. Are those the considerations which keep you in your high-priced seat? Oh, very well then. Come home, much is forgiven. In passing out, kindly join me in tossing a compliment at a bearded gent, Monte Woolley, who has done expert work in the thankless task of getting the dialogue across.

Whimsical, unaccountable public that you are, you're showing contradictory discernment by going with whole heart for what I think the best "straight" play—on a par with *The Children's Hour*—of many years, a folk-drama of New York incongruities called *Dead End*. Herein Sidney Kingsley clears up forever the absurd notion that his hospital-study, *Men in White*, was a flash in the bed-pan. Herein are the Gold Coast and the slums thrown into violent juxtaposition, with deep understanding, pity and only a bit of hokum. He shows you the desperate small pleasures of the Haven'ts contrasted with the gaudy hotcha of the Haves; the making of snobs and desperadoes, the anguish of trying to hack even the splinters of existence out of an inscrutable, hostile world. It is told in terms of grown-ups and children. Among the adults, the roles and the acting of "Drina" (Elspeth Eric) "Babyface Martin" (Joseph Downing) and his mother (Marjorie Main) are great. Some of the other parts and acting are not quite up to the mark, especially when Mr. Kingsley attempts to wax lyrical. Might I suggest that the next time he or Mr. Anderson or some other otherwise expert playwright wishes to utilize the speech and customs of the streets for "poetry," they could possibly do worse than go to some volumes of verse in the "American" language by a certain forgotten poetaster and snitch a few passages bodily?

Poetry there is in this play, a-plenty. But it is in the sharp, flavorous talk of the kids—talk so true and piercing that even terms usually considered "dirty" take on a strange beauty. The perfection of those kids! Join me in prayers that as the years kick them along, they don't lose much of the exquisite sincerity, the supreme rightness of their technique, their performances and their personalities. I hope I get all their names straight: Gabriel Dell, Bailly Hallop, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Charles R. Duncan, Charles Bellin and the one who plays the Jewish lad—they're all exactly what and how they should be, and will please accept whatever accolades this middle-aged crosspatch is entitled to give. . . . Norman Bel Geddes set is superlative, and so is the direction by the author.

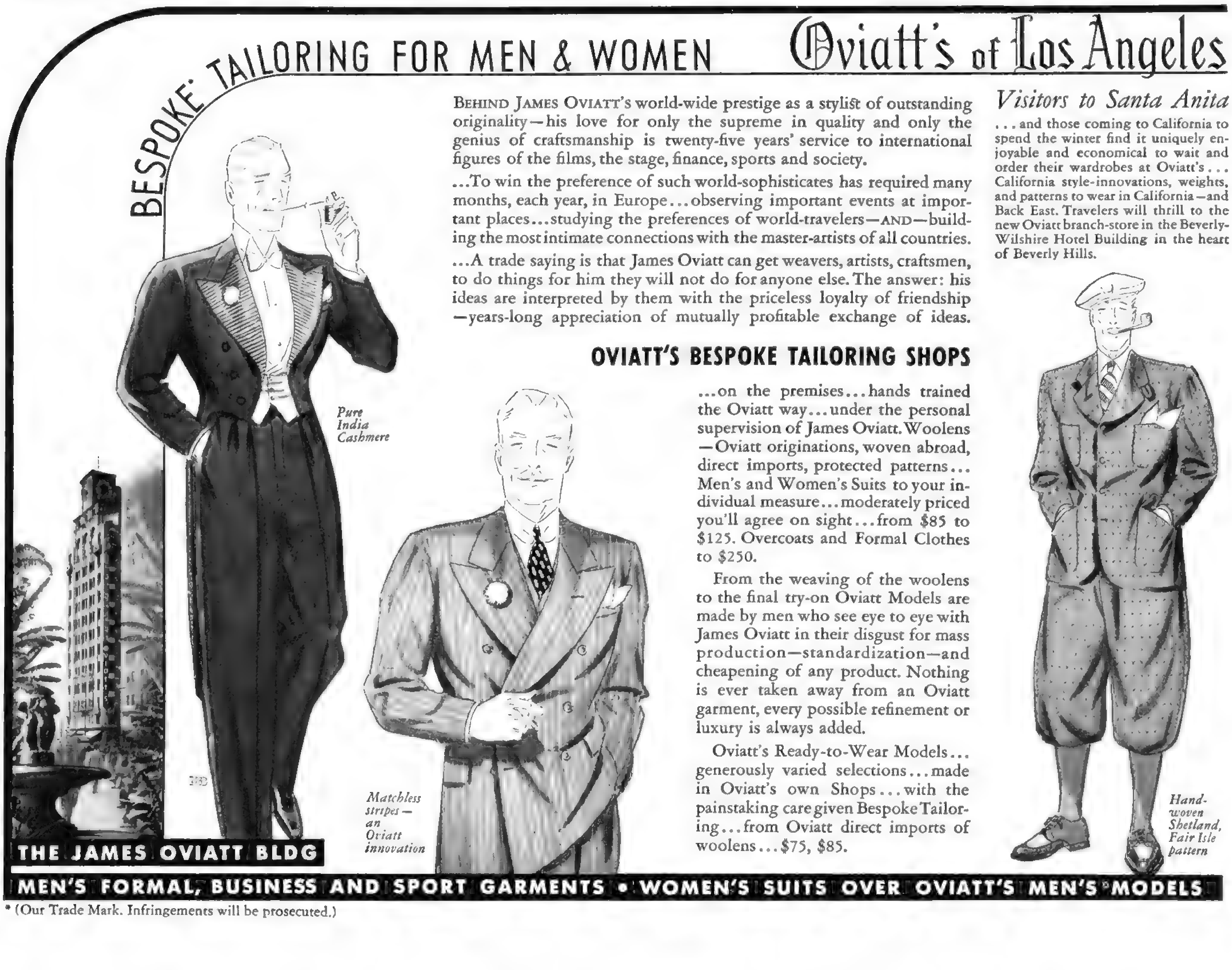
As for the other offerings, public, I beg you to deal kindly with *Pride and Prejudice* which, although it is somewhat of a truckful of lavender festooned with the contents of the British Museum's old-lace department, has quiet charms definitely endearing, and brings wisps of mist to these rheumy eyes by its good manners.

I urge you, sirs and madams, not to be too harsh with *Crime Marches On*, a frequently convulsing nightmare ribbing the Romance of Broadcasting. If it didn't have any other assets, it has a mirthful blasting of such etherized tripe as the *March of Time* dramatizations of news-events, and the gratifying murder of a radio-announcer. It has a number of other good points, skilfully unscrambled and made as comprehensible as possible by old maestro Edw. Lilley's direction.

Have mercy, too on *On Stage*, a hunk of near-Pirandello which rumor says is vastly improved since opening night. It had good makings; conceivably it has been whipped into more satisfactory shape. About *There's Wisdom in Women* I'm not quite so sure; it's hell-bent for sophistication, and doesn't come close enough; the plot's not exactly a devastating novelty, but if you liked *No More Ladies*, this one won't enrage you.

You can do what you like (and I won't say what I have in mind) with the following: *Strip Girl*, a stripless hodge-podge purporting to deal with burleycue; *Mulatto*, all about what a tough time darkies have; *Let Freedom Ring*, all about what a tough time the workers have—a clue to its merits may be gathered from one of its advertising quotations, "In a nu-

Continued at top of page 188



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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from pages 105-187

merous cast (55) there is not one bad actor—(Percy Hammond)"; and *Night in the House*, a psychological thriller which permits Nance O'Neill to prowl around with the cat-like tread of the constables in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

The last recommendation I shall make is one of the most urgent; do by all means give *Parnell* your enthusiastic appreciation and a hearty run. This is a distinguished piece of writing, set and costumed with exquisite taste, directed and lighted with rare cunning, and acted, for the most part, with deep skill. George Curzon, by the very quietness of his intensity, brings alive the essence of the idealist who, still with idealism, betrayed the cause of Home Rule for a woman. Margaret Rawlings is not quite so convincing as the siren who lures him from his goal; she would act a good deal better if she acted a great deal less. The others in the cast are remarkably fine, notably Ruth Matteson whose beauty is practically breathtaking, and who astonishingly contrives to make a most ungrateful part grateful; Effie Shannon, heaven bless her and keep her before us for many a year more; Edward McNamara, Barry Macollum and John Emery.

Now, having waited in vain far too long for the opening of *Jumbo* —which so far has had a grand run of ten postponements and which Santa Claus will probably hurl down your chimney if you don't watch out—I leap energetically from this rostrum and mingle once more—permanently, I hope—with you forlorn ticket-purchasers.

Here comes the curtain. ⧺

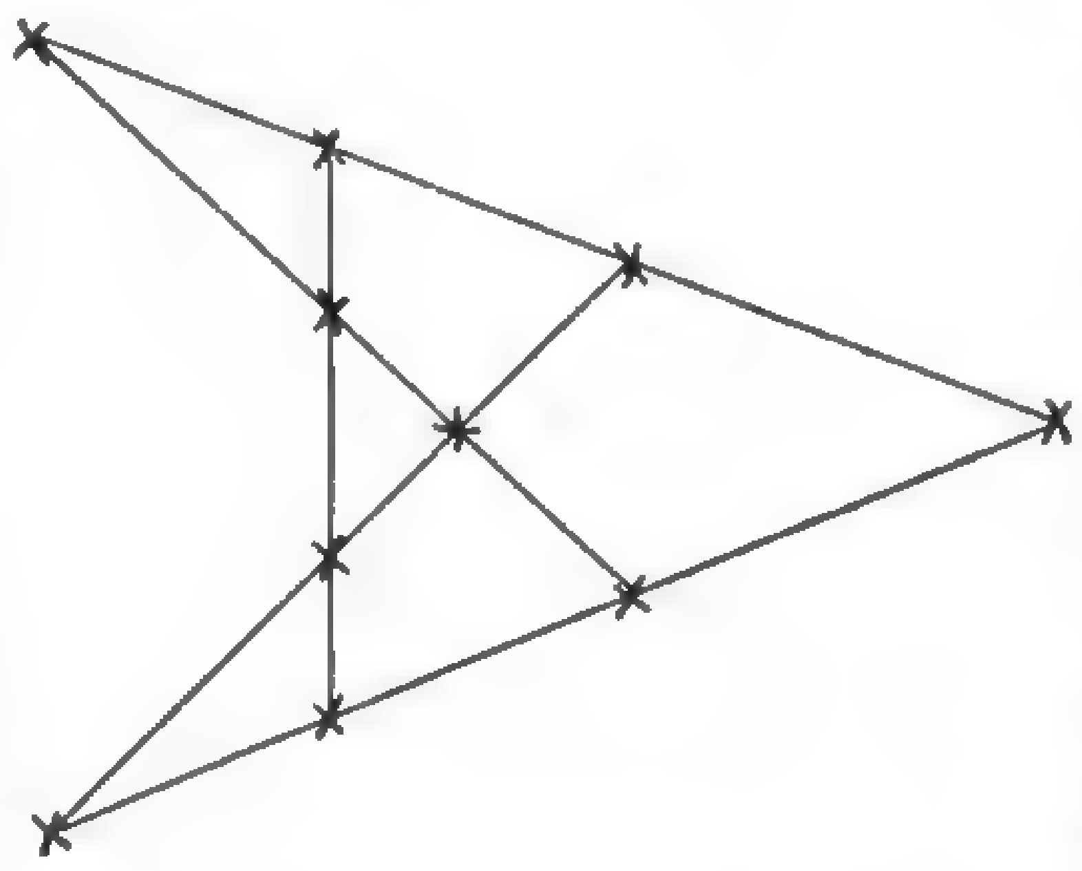
Solutions for Cool and Calculating

Continued from pages 38-167

The amoebae problem and the cigarette problem both come under the head of foolers. Once you get the idea on the amoebae, it is embarrassingly obvious that you could make it one amoeba or seven or seven million and the problem would be the same. If the amoebae split in two every minute, the quantity of the little devils doubles every minute—and it follows, regardless of numbers, that, the minute before the bowl is full, it will be half full. Answer: thirty-nine minutes.

Perhaps the cigarette problem is fair only for cigarette-smokers, but that is a great majority of the literate population these days. The point to it is that the desperate smoker, having made and smoked the six cigarettes he can obviously manufacture out of his collection of butts, will have six butts left from the new cigarettes. Out of those six new butts, he can make and smoke a seventh cigarette. Answer: seven. But don't let any disgruntled victim object that he still has a butt left at that point. The problem clearly states that it takes no less than six to make a smokeable cigarette.

As for the man with ten trees and an *idée fixe*, the amateur solver can only juggle and juggle, as if he were playing pigs in clover, until he strikes on the following arrangement:



A five pointed star with a tree at each angle will do it just as well.

On the other hand, in the detail problems that follow, one man's sense of logic is as good as another's regardless of training. You can do the noblemen and huntsmen in your head, if you have better than average powers of concentration—otherwise you'll begin to see spots before your mental eyes and have to get a piece of paper to chart the thing on.

To begin with the first man can say only "I'm a nobleman," for, if he is a nobleman, he can't tell a lie and, if he's a huntsman, he can't tell the truth.

The middle man's statement that "He says he's a nobleman" is the truth—the truth, that is, about the first man's statement, not necessarily as to what he actually is. Therefore the man in the middle must be a nobleman. The third man's statement: "He's not a nobleman—he's a huntsman" can be either lie or truth. If it's the truth, the third man is a nobleman, telling the truth and the first man is a huntsman, who told a lie about his status. If "He's not a nobleman, he's a huntsman" is a lie, the third man is a huntsman, telling a lie, and the first man is a nobleman, who told the truth about his status. Thus the party from left to right is either Huntsman-Nobleman-Nobleman or Nobleman-Nobleman-Huntsman—in either case two noblemen and one huntsman.

If you do mix up the dialogue, you come out with either a party of three huntsmen, all lying themselves blue in the face, or two noblemen getting crossed up by the presence of a huntsman between them.

The point to begin to break the railroad problem is by putting No. 1 together with No. 6 to show that the Chicago passenger's name is not Mr. Robinson, which means that it must be Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones—therefore the

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brakeman's name is Smith or Jones. After that you labor along this way: the brakeman's nearest neighbor must live between Detroit and Chicago, i.e. he is not Mr. Robinson, but Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones (see No. 2 and No. 5). The brakeman's nearest neighbor cannot be Mr. Jones, as $2000 is not exactly divisible by 3 and besides, a brakeman's salary would be more than one third of $2000 a year (No. 3 and No. 5 clear the way to this). Thus the brakeman's nearest neighbor is Mr. Smith, the passenger living in Chicago is Mr. Jones, and you know instantly by glancing at No. 6 that the brakeman's name is Jones. This piece of elimination shows you that the engineer's name is Smith or Robinson, No. 4 demonstrates that the fireman's name is not Smith and therefore is Robinson and with a deep sigh of relief you realize that the engineer's name is Smith.

The poker-game is the same kind of thing only far worse and much more of it. There's no use trying to be chatty about it—it's got to be put down like an architect's specifications. So hold on to your hats and let's go.

1. Reilly had an even number of cigarettes . . . 6, 8, or 20 cigarettes, and therefore smoked 3, 4, or 10 cigarettes.
(Condition 2)

2. Turner smoked 5, or 4, or 11 cigarettes.
(Condition 2)

3. Luckies man is not Perkins.
(Condition 5)

4. Brown had at most 4 cigarettes . . . he had 3.
(Condition 6)

5. Camel man is neither Jones nor Brown.
(Condition 8)

6. Kools man smoked 5 cigarettes and is not Perkins or Brown.
(Condition 1, 4)

7. Chesterfield man had originally either 15 or 20 cigarettes and smoked respectively either 10 or 13 cigarettes, for by Condition 3 the number of cigarettes the Chesterfield man had at the end equals 2/5 the number he had at the beginning minus 1. Therefore the number of cigarettes that he smoked is divisible by 5, and is therefore either 15 or 20. Using the above formula, if the original number was 15, the number at end must be 10, while if the original number was 20, the number at end must be 13.
(Condition 3)

8. Luckies man smoked at least 12 cigarettes.
(Follows from Statement 7 and Conditions 3, 5)

9. Luckies man had originally either 15 or 20 cigarettes.
(Follows from Statement 8, Conditions 3, 5)

10. If Chesterfield man had 20, he smoked 13. Then Luckies man smoked at least 15, and therefore exactly 15, which is all his cigarettes, which is contrary to Condition 7. Therefore Chesterfield man had 15, smoked 10, and Luckies man had 20 and smoked 12.
(Follows from Statement 7, 8, 9, and Condition 7)

11. Reilly had either 6 or 8, and therefore smoked 3 or 4 cigarettes.
(Follows from Statements 1, 10)

12. Turner smoked either 4 or 5.
(Follows from Statement 2, 10)

13. Brown smoked neither Chesterfields nor Luckies.
(Follows from Statement 4, 10)

14. Brown smoked Old Golds and had 3.
(Follows from Statements 5, 6, and 13)

15. Turner smoked either Camels or Kools.
(Follows from Statements 10, 12, 14)

16. Reilly smoked either Camels or Kools.
(Follows from Statements 10, 11, 14)

17. Perkins smoked Chesterfields.
(Follows from Statements 3, 14, 15, 16)

18. Jones smoked Luckies.
(Follows from Statements 3, 4, 15, 16, 17)

19. Kools man smoked 5 cigarettes. Reilly smoked either 3 or 4 cigarettes. Therefore Turner smoked Kools and Reilly smoked Camels.
(Follows from Statements 6, 11, 15, 16)

20. Turner had originally 6 cigarettes and smoked five. Reilly had originally 8 cigarettes and smoked 4. For if Reilly had 6 cigarettes originally he smoked 3 by Condition 2, so that by the same condition Turner smoked 4, which contradicts Condition 4.
(Follows from Statement 19)

So that in the final inning the score would read:

	Had	Smoked	Had at End
Jones—			
Luckies	20	12	8
Perkins—			
Chesterfields	15	10	5
Brown—			
Old Golds	3	----	----
Reilly—			
Camels	8	4	4
Turner—			
Kools	6	5	1

The peculiar ancestry of Pharaoh's grandson becomes much clearer when the statement is said or written as follows: "The son of Pharaoh's daughter is the daughter-of-Pharaoh's son"—which does, in all fairness, sound more like German than English. But the "had had" business is straight as a string. The situation depicted is probably some bitter and pedantic literary controversy over a point in translation from the Sanskrit, recording that: "Smith, where Jones had had 'had had' had had 'had': 'had had' had been approved of by the critics."

If anybody wants to know the solution of the "brothers and sisters have I none" business, it is suggested that he write the author, stating where he has been all his life. ⵌ

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JOIN
Still the Greatest Mother

The Conservative

Continued from page 97

men, but Mr. Eustis had little imagination. And since he was not frightened, he made a virtue of what he saw as a necessity and cherished his isolation. My friends have changed their ways, he said to himself, but that is no reason why I should change mine. And he wrote little essays in praise of himself, which he read aloud in the long evenings. I at least, he wrote, have been faithful.

From my chimney alone among so many millions still rises the smoke which each morning proclaims it home.

So stubbornly had he entrenched himself in this idea that when one morning a month after Mrs. Delham's departure a little Hummer plane dropped down from the sky and the aviator, sent by his lawyer, spent half an hour pounding on the door, he made no sign. The man came back the following week and tried to break in the door. Mr. Eustis, who had begun to get weary of canned corn beef, chicken and finnan haddie, was cleaning the old shotgun with which in the past he had missed a good many flocks of Scotch and American game birds. He had had a vague idea of trying to pot some fresh meat from the library window. He went to the window, now, threw it up, and pointed the gun at the aviator.

The man tried to explain, but Mr. Eustis looked so unapproachable with his cheek to the stock and his eye along the barrel, that he gave up finally and with a shrug walked back to his plane. He never came again.

Mr. Eustis' hunting was fairly successful at first, partly because the animals were so tame, and he never fired unless he was within three feet of his quarry. He did not know, however, that you can't hunt large animals with birdshot, and so though he was able to kill more than enough for his needs, a great many escaped. Study of the cookbooks had taught him the choice cuts, and when he had by luck brought down a deer or a cow he would rush out with a large knife, cut off a haunch and a few steaks, and then rush back in with his booty before the wild dogs, scenting blood, came tearing down upon him. There was never more than horns and hoofs left by sundown.

But soon the animals began to avoid the street and he had to go farther afield. He had some amazing adventures. He had read somewhere that wild animals fear fire more than anything else, and he always carried with him an old mop, soaked in kerosene. If attacked he would set fire to it and swinging it about his head, make for home. Once he was chased by a wild bull into the Radio City Music Hall and spent the night in what had once been Roxy's private box with a family of skunks. Another time, returning empty-handed at dusk after having trailed a wounded deer down Fifth Avenue and into the Public Library where he had lost it, he fired too hastily at a moving shadow across the street. What he had mistaken for an animal was his own reflection in one of the big plate glass windows of Saks-Fifth Avenue. The double crash of shot and breaking glass thundered diminishingly down the Avenue. One of the dog packs, which had learned to associate the sound of a gun with fresh meat, broke with a rush from a doorway. He fumbled for matches to light his mop, found he had forgotten them, and made a dash for the broken show window. After him came the dogs. They chased him through the store and would have ended by pulling him down had he not darted into an open elevator car and pulled the wire door to behind him. After he had shot two of the dogs the rest slunk away, but he remained in the car until morning.

During the months of winter and early spring he hunted every day. He always carried with him—besides gun, mop and matches—enough food for a day or two, a knife, and a hatchet for breaking in doors or windows in case of need.

He seldom ventured very far from home in the streets, but once in a while he would climb the stairs at an elevated station and walk the tracks into a hitherto unexplored region. On the El tracks he was safe. Once from the 241st Street station of the Third Avenue Elevated he saw a group of people busy about an air liner that had crashed in the street.

Two ambulance planes were standing by, their horizontal propellers turning slowly, and a dozen more flecked the northern sky. He watched for a time, then turned homeward. That night he dressed for dinner. It was a habit which under stress of new conditions he had allowed to lapse. He never omitted it again.

One evening in early May he was sitting by the window reading. The late spring had come with a rush, and it was very hot. He had opened the window, and he sat there in his dinner jacket, reading a book by Henry Cabot Lodge, a forgotten statesman of the late Victorian period. Something tickled his nose, he shook his head, and a large fly rose with a buzz and circled above him. So immersed was he in the sense of the past induced by his book, that he got up and had given an angry tug at the bell-pull before he realized that of course there was no servant to answer it. Yet this insect—in the house! Such a thing had never happened before! He sat down again and attempted to ignore it.

But the fly was not to be ignored. He had found entrance through a hole in the rusted screen which in previous years Mrs. Delham had always carefully stored away during the winter. He flew about, buzzing lustily, banging against walls and ceiling, and every now and then making a determined but short-lived effort to settle on Mr. Eustis' nose. Mr. Eustis brushed him away; he chased him with a book, climbing over furniture, knocking over stands, and finally the lamp. But the fly was always just out of reach.

Mr. Eustis sat down to consider. Here was something quite outside his experience. If Mrs. Delham were only here—she would know how to cope with such an emergency. Suddenly hot anger rose to his head. The fly was sitting on the edge of the bookcase. Mr. Eustis picked up his shotgun, aimed and fired. He waited a moment, a little stunned by the concussion in the narrow space.

A corner of the bookcase, a bound set of Punch, and a framed letter from Thomas Jefferson had been destroyed. But as his ears resumed their function there was no repetition of that infernal buzz. He sat down and took up his book. And immediately a fly settled on his nose.

It was not the same fly, but Mr. Eustis did not know that. In a redoubled fury of rage he snatched up the gun, and as the fly circled he fired and fired again. The first shot blew the face out of the portrait of Colonel Geoffrey Eustis over the fireplace. The second brought down a cascade of plaster and part of the chandelier. The third smashed the window by his desk, letting in a puff of warm spring air which bore with it three more eager flies.

For an hour the battle raged, until Mr. Eustis and his ammunition were both exhausted. He sank down in his chair and gazed in dismay at the wreck of his once so comfortable library. And as he did so a fly settled gently but inexorably upon his nose.

It was the end, and he knew it. He got up slowly, without troubling to brush the conqueror from his place.

His rage was gone. He went to the door, opened it, and looked out into the twilight. An owl hooted, and from the next block came the snarling and yapping of a dog pack. Just as he was, without arms or supplies, he walked down the steps, turned toward Fifth Avenue, and disappeared in the gathering gloom. ⧻

Attack: Worm's-Eye View

Continued from page 99

expect the first waves to make it.

It's like a death warrant to our outfit. The boys must have realized it when they moved us up to the front line. Only a few minutes now. Can't see their faces. Pitch black in this dugout.

"Sergeant, in what order do we go over?"

"It's going to be the first wave, men."

"What? Can't Hear Over These Damn Trench Mortars!"

"The First Wave!"

There now, that racket's stopped. Funny how you can hear over artillery drum fire. It's been going on for three hours now and I'm used to it. Continual even roar. There are thousands of them.

The 75's were hub to hub back there in the woods.

"Sergeant, do you mean to say there's going to be nothing between our outfit and the Heinies when this show starts? It'll be *fini* for the first five waves."

My eyes are on the illuminated dial of my watch.

"Listen, men, here's the dope. When we start, the lieutenant and I will step off with the first wave of infantry. The infantry will be deployed at five paces. You men follow in echelon at five paces apart and don't, for God's sake, close up! Corporals, see to that! There's a heavy fog and it may save us. We've got to get there quick. Get through them, leave them for the later waves. Take Cheppy before noon. We're to avoid Vauquois Hill. It's mined! Leave it for siege. All right, it's getting light—Let's go!

"Line up on top and take your proper order. Number one gunners and number two loaders stay together—and listen, men, when a man with a gun or a tripod falls, drop your ammunition boxes and grab it. Get going!"

Boy, what a barrage! There'll be nothing left of the enemy trenches.

What's that—thermite? It's beautiful. Ribbons of fire pouring down, better than any fireworks. There we are: smoke shells. That means it's nearly time. The Barrage Is Lifting. "Let's Go!"

"God damn it! Don't close up!"

Here I am walking backwards—funny way to go into an attack. If I don't watch them they'll close up.

Walking backwards—and me the boundary of France. Geography—that's what I am—Geography.

"Olsen! You old Swedish Nightingale! You *would* head the column!"

"Good luck, Sergeant!"

Glad he can still grin—nothing but gums when he grins—swell soldier—volunteers for all dirty details—loyal—Gad, he's done a lot for—

"Hey, you bastards! Don't Close Up!"

What's this I got in my hand—anti-aircraft sights. Now I remember—that little major just as we stepped off. 'Sergeant, your platoon will be the anti-avion platoon,' he said. Hell—no screws to fasten 'em to the guns. Excess baggage—into the ditch with 'em. Olsen!"

Continued on page 192

CORDAY
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Attack: Worm's-Eye View

Continued from pages 99-191

Good Lord, right through the heart! Can't believe it — Olsen! Why I owe him twenty-four francs—can't stand it, he's still grinning—blood all over those gums. Can't stop. The infantry is running—

"Double Time!"

We'll lose the infantry in this fog.

"Down Everybody!"

Here come the shells—our barrage or theirs? Believe it's ours.

"Don't stop for wounded—stretcher bearers are right behind."

The infantry are gone! Damn this business of sending heavy machine guns with the first wave! Can't keep up. Tripod and gun each fifty pounds—carried on the shoulder—crash-bang on the back of your neck every time you drop for a shell. There's something in the fog—our men or theirs? Yeh—coal scuttle helmets.

"Mount Gun!"

"Fire." Strip after strip of cartridges pour through the guns. The shadowy figures melt and fade away.

They're gone.

"Dismount gun!" Their trenches are blown out of the ground.

"Come on, let's slip through them in the fog." Where the hell is the infantry—

"Look out, number one, for that red hot barrel. Don't carry it on your shoulder! Use your asbestos mittens—" Face is burned and he doesn't know it.

"You, number two loader, get that hand bandaged—" Sliced to ribbons from the steel strips. Can't think—can't feel—Must act!

Christ! That's Vauquois Hill. What the hell—have I been going in circles? Something cock-eyed with this prismatic compass, or too much iron around. We can see now. Fog thin at edge of hill. Avoid Vauquois! Judas! We're in a wire pocket. Artillery missed this one.

"Hey, Roth—bring the clippers—rubber handles—you know, electricity—maybe. You birds lie down—Roth and I'll clip a path."

Enemy machine gun at 200 yards.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat—

"Come On Men Through the Wire! Two at a time!—first two men—next two—Grab Becker's Gun, He's Hit!—they've got the wire covered. Keep Going — we've got to get through."

Concrete pill-box ahead—can't go into action in the open against that. Funny how the bullets crack in your ears. Sounds like a separate report from the gun—believe it is. Teller's mess-pan blooming through his pack—a great aluminum flower—the petals curving from where the bullet came out. Carson's gas mask—tube cut, canister spilling charcoal down his front—

"Run, You Birds!"

That big Kansan's playing jackrabbit again—gone loco, jumping and crouching—face all screwed up—a good kick in the pants will straighten him.

"I'm hit sergeant!"

"You're not hit!"

He wasn't hit. There he goes again—we've got to get out of here quick—another kick in the pants—sorry—he *is* hit now, all right. Well, that's that — we're out of there. Let's check up eleven hit.

"Well I'll be a son-of-a-seacook—one gun missing! I told you guys to watch that! You with that tripod, it's no good now—throw it away and carry ammunition! Hey Brad, let's see that leg!—Not very bad—give me your mask. Here, Carson, a new mask for you."

"But Sarge, I can walk and I don't want to quit."

"Shut up, Brad! Go back to a dressing station—we're going places. So long, Brad."

Brad—the lucky bastard—why Brad's crying!

"So long fellows."

Cheppy before noon. We've made it. It was tough at first and then everything collapsed. We walked in standing up. Sauerkraut still steaming on the stove. Every German was willing to swear that he'd never had a gun in his hand. But we couldn't forget that in front of the town hundreds of our boys are scattered, freshly killed, still limp and looking very young and tired—at least machine guns do a neater job than high explosives.

Mopping up the town — nasty business. A line of infantrymen are standing on the road, each man with his legs spread in the stance of a hunter. Eyes squint at a hill, pock-marked with dug-outs. The sound of the bolts jamming fresh cartridges into the chambers of the rifles. A grey form scurries bug-like up the hill to the dug-outs. A long rifle barrel follows him—Crack! Bug-like, he falls and rolls. Bill calls to Joe that he's gotten eight out of ten. The hunters never change the position of their feet.

Bombing out the dug-outs — it's hard to think of. A command to come out—a promise that all will go well with them—silence "Come out, it will be *gute* for you!" — silence — a bomb is thrown down—a mess of shattered human beings pile out begging for mercy.

The famous Prussian Guard, so deadly at a distance and now so meek and terribly frightened. Old men and young boys herded into great columns and marched to the rear by a handful of Military Police who are already stripping them of their possessions. The fog is gone and the bright sun reveals the vast panorama of the drive. The Hindenburg line is broken but there is still heavy fighting far in the rear. Vauquois is holding. Our sector was the valley of the Aire—open fighting

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Straight New England
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with the Argonne forest on either side.

"Hello Sergeant! Heard you were bumped off!"

"Buck Bellows! How in the hell did you break jail?"

"Lousy jail — it was easy. Shovelmouth and I made it, but they caught Martin. We joined company Headquarters just before they stepped off. You should have seen the Captain, with his map and compass, going in circles in that fog. We were all in a big Johnson hole and the Maxims were cutting the grass around it in 'bursts' of 250. The Cap was so sure his compass was right that he forgot a Chauchat clip has only 18 shells. Facing the front, which he thought was the rear, he bawls in the face of the Germans, 'You God-damned Chauchats!—You're firing on your own men!"

"Where's the Captain now?"

"All the boys are lying around on the banks of the Aire. The Cap's got a flesh wound in the side. It went right through the company fund — three thousand francs he had in his money belt. We can't make him quit and he's having a hell of a time with the souvenir hunters. He just broke Corporal Smith for carrying a silver mounted toilet set. He lets us take cigars, a little liquor and food. Here's a can of something—I think it's jam—put it in your pack, Sarge."

It's great to see everybody again—everybody? No, a lot of them are gone—but right now we're full of big tales and much laughter. It's the first gay hysteria — it won't last — only the first day—from now on it'll be monosyllables and a hang-dog exhaustion.

Under the lilac bushes with the Aire flowing peacefully and Little Schultz washing his mess pan in the river. From over the hill the shriek of steel—a shell explodes—and Little Schultz is in the water with his entrails floating—Little Schultz from Herman, Missouri, who talked of the *wein* and the *mädchens* back home. Big Schultz, his brother, leaps to his feet, his face terrible. What of your father's *Vaterland* now?

* * *

How long have we been out here—what day is this? — the third, the fourth maybe. No sleep on the wet ground at night—the rain beating down on us. My lieutenant is commanding the company and I have inherited the second platoon. The men are in a ravine and I've established platoon headquarters down in a large shell hole. Runners are coming back and forth. On an old Roman road ahead a battalion of machine guns is holding us up. We've pushed too far ahead and are getting an enfilade machine gun and artillery fire from the left. The body of a man hangs down over the edge of my shell hole; a headless hairy scalp drips from the neck. An L Company man scurries by.

"That was our cook," he says. I pitch the brains out of the hole with my bolo knife. Now I can sit down—and I'm hungry. I think I'll try Buck Bellow's jam. I open the can and find pickled spareribs. I eat them.

A tank rolls by—clang! — the door swings open. The hob-nailed shoe of a sergeant kicks his lieutenant out on the ground—dead —no room for him. A plane circles — drops a bomb — it nearly buries me.

Rain comes again with the night.

Struggling on, we find shelter under some willows. Many men lie sleeping there. Buck Bellows shouts "Get some system here and make room for us." No one answers.

We crawl in. Two by two we wind shelter halves around us and lie down on the rain-soaked ground. The warmth of the other fellow's body. Morning comes—and finds us sleeping with hundreds of dead Germans.

Sick from gas, exhausted, almost disorganized, the troops struggle on. We pass Chauldron farm—and now a plane in the sky—black crosses—a tiny pilot's head leans out. Five clips each, three guns—but can't hit him. He signals the artillery and our left flank is pounded. We move to the right—again the shells hit the left flank and we're forced into a field sliced from the forest in a geometrical shape. Again we advance. Four batteries of Austrian 77's flash almost in our faces, firing open sights, so close that there was no whistle to the shells. Our battalion fixes bayonets and charges.

Through the tall grass run trip wires attached to thousands of small mines. With our own feet we set off hundreds of them — legs and arms turning over and over in the air and flopping heavily beside us. Unable to distinguish between the mines and the artillery fire the battalion plunged on, the air shaking with explosion. Terrified, shrieking men—running to the rear—one legless man going slowly hand over hand through the tall grass—gas blacks out the rest.

Are there any normal minds left?

COMMUNIQUÉ

The 35th Division was relieved before Exermont, October 1st, 1918. All objectives gained.

With relief, a torn and weary outfit plods to the rear, sick with gas and dysentery. Back in Cheppy now, five miles behind the front, we sit by the remains of a field hospital. A direct hit has finished the wounded. Bloody bandages, the refuse of amputations, a sickening stench of decayed flesh and antiseptic—I'm free now, out of the show, and hunger is gnawing away. A cow lies dead, killed by a shell—what part do steaks come from I wonder? With my knife I cut through the thick hide—I cook the steak in a mess pan over a small fire. #

18TH CENTURY ENGLISH INLAID SHERATON SATINWOOD COMMODE

Illustrated, front view and top, is one of a sumptuous pair of Sheraton commodes. Semi-circular shaped with top inlaid with fine patterns in scroll and leaf motifs. The frieze is inlaid in the center with a flower urn flanked by scrolls and leaves. Below is a large center panel inlaid with caryatid figures, birds and scrolls. This panel is flanked by two cupboards enclosed by shaped doors inlaid in a similar manner. The legs are square and tapering.

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Bonwit Teller

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New York

Jonah and Bruno

Continued from page 49

hit with furious frenzy, flat-handed, and Bruno, caught unawares, half-raised his hands in terror. It was all that Jonah wanted. In another second he had Bruno on his feet and in another, before Bruno could make the effort to struggle back to the desk, he struck him again.

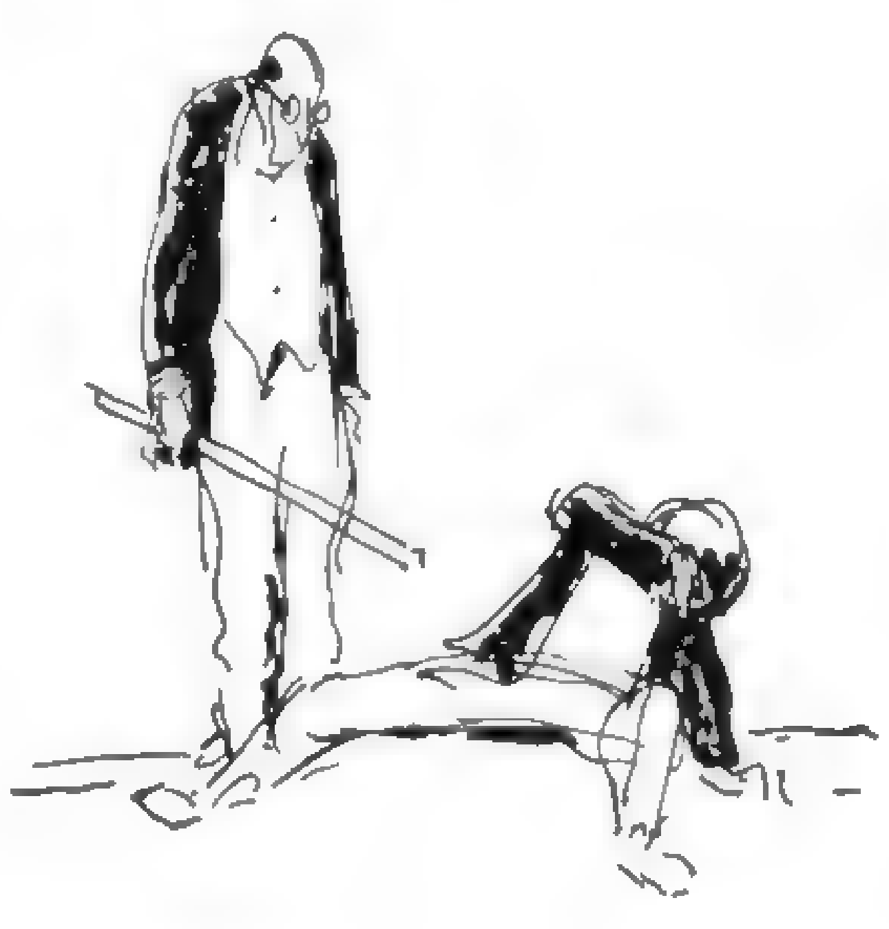
It was a sort of half-blow. It caught Bruno on the back of the neck and sent him staggering down the gangway and out into the open space in the class-front, towards Jonah's desk and the blackboard. In a second Jonah was after him. We sat tense, in an excitement of fear and hatred. Bruno staggered back against the teacher's desk and then out again as Jonah came down the gangway, his hair more than ever lion-like flopping down into his eyes so that he had to shake it back again. Jonah strode down between the desks and went for him, his hand outstretched. He caught Bruno by the hand, half-twisting it, swinging him out. The cane was hung on a peg behind the blackboard and Bruno knew it. So that when Jonah swung him one way he tried to swing with a furious effort the other. But Jonah had him.

He could no nothing. Jonah kept swinging him outward and then round and so nearer and nearer the blackboard, the boy's face puckered with the pain of it.

And gradually Jonah fetched him round until he stood within arm's reach of the blackboard and then of the cane hanging on the wall behind it. He held Bruno like iron with one hand and then whipped the cane off the wall with the other, the spidery arm flickering up and down and then in a flash across Bruno's shoulders.

"Now stand up! Stand up! Straight! And hold out your hand. Hold it out!"

And Bruno stood still. He was half-looking at Jonah, grinning. We waited, tense.



"Hold out your hand! Hold it out! Hold it out."

Slowly Bruno held it out. The cane went up. There was something even more tense than our own hatred in Jonah's face, an almost demoniacal look of fury. It increased as the cane quivered and began to descend.

It flamed up into frenzy as the cane lashed down. The cane was like lightning, but Bruno's hand, whipped back, was quicker, and the cane whistled in the empty air like a whip.

Somehow Jonah controlled himself. He said nothing. He held the cane back, as to an oncoming animal. He was very quiet. We knew there was something dangerous in that quietness. And suddenly he seized Bruno's hand from behind his back and wrenched it out. Bruno knuckled it. Jonah held the cane high over his head and then, without warning, and with Bruno's hand still clenched, he brought down the cane with full force, like a guillotine.

Bruno had no chance. He tried to tear back his hand, but Jonah had it and he crashed down on the clenched knuckles with terrific power. Then, before Bruno could realize it, it went up and crashed down again and then again.

It was going up for the fourth time when Bruno, half-weeping with rage and terror, kicked with all his force at Jonah's shins. It was a sickening sound. The bone seemed to ring hollow and Jonah went very white, a curious stark whiteness, with the sickness of rage and agony.

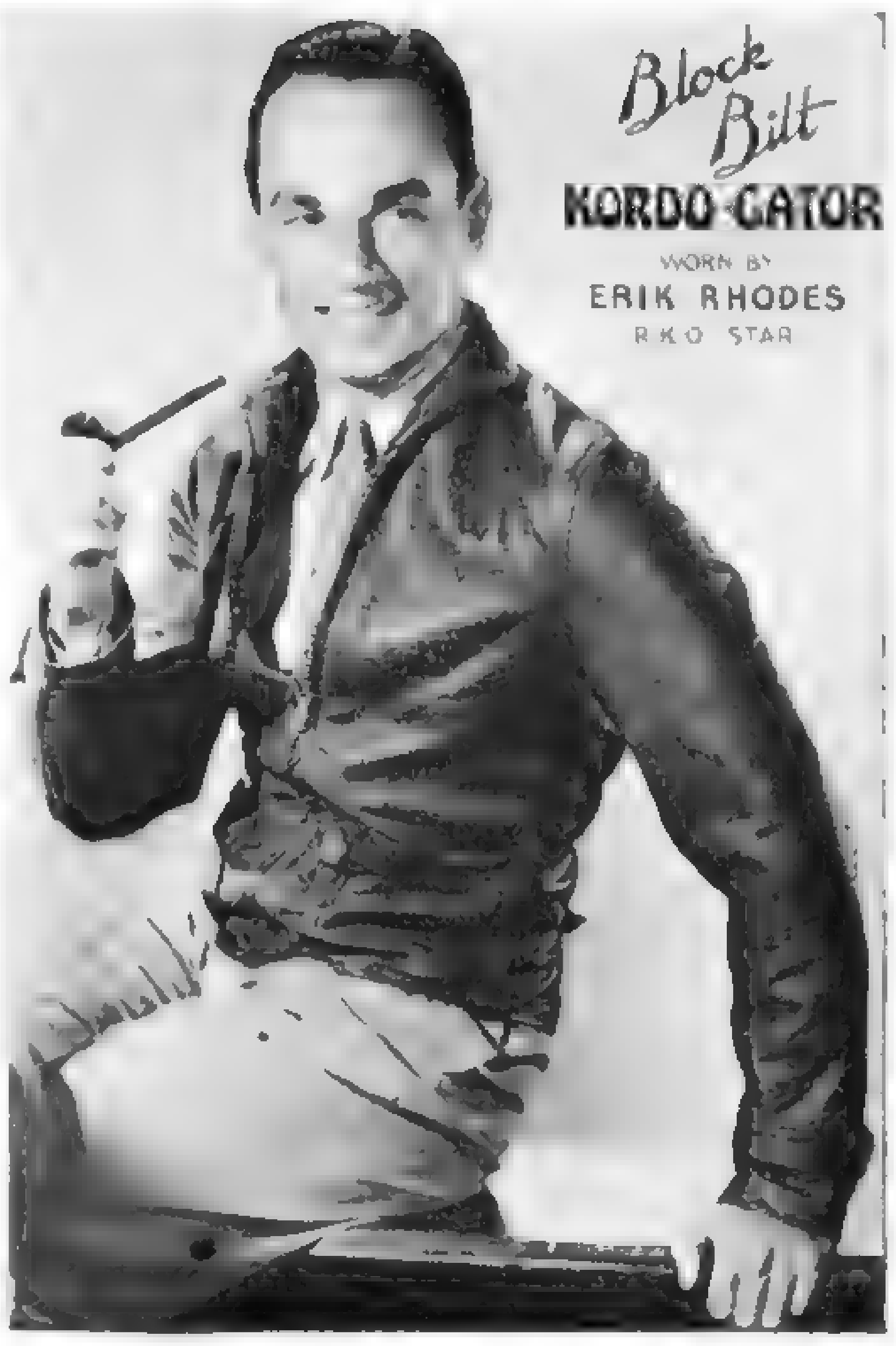
In another moment he dropped the cane and went for Bruno with blind madness, hitting him full across the ear with his open hand with a blow that sent him staggering against the blackboard. We heard the sickening crash of Bruno's head and then the slithering of the blackboard itself as it came off the pegs and clattered on the block floor and then the rattle of the easel as Bruno pushed it back against the iron radiator like a man pushing back a crowd in a street fight.

Then Jonah hit Bruno again, and then again. Bruno was on the ground, kicking. Jonah lugged him up and then half knocked him down again. Bruno got up with the tears pouring down his face and his breath fluttering wildly, kicking Jonah's shins again with all his might. Then Jonah seized his cane and hit him with that, across the shoulders and arms and even across the legs and wherever he could. The boy fell down again and Jonah seized him again by the coat collar and wrenched him up. But Bruno tried the old trick, locking his arms about the iron stays of the front desk, and Jonah for a moment could not move him. Then suddenly Jonah seized hold of Bruno with both hands, front and back and shook him, trying to break him free.

In another moment he stood straight up, with a sound of pain.

We saw the blood start out on his hand where Bruno had bitten him and we saw it shaken off in little spatters of crimson as he rushed at Bruno to tear him away from the desk, seizing hold of Bruno's jacket with both hands.

Finally we heard the sound of Bruno's jacket ripping down the seam, we saw the cloth hanging



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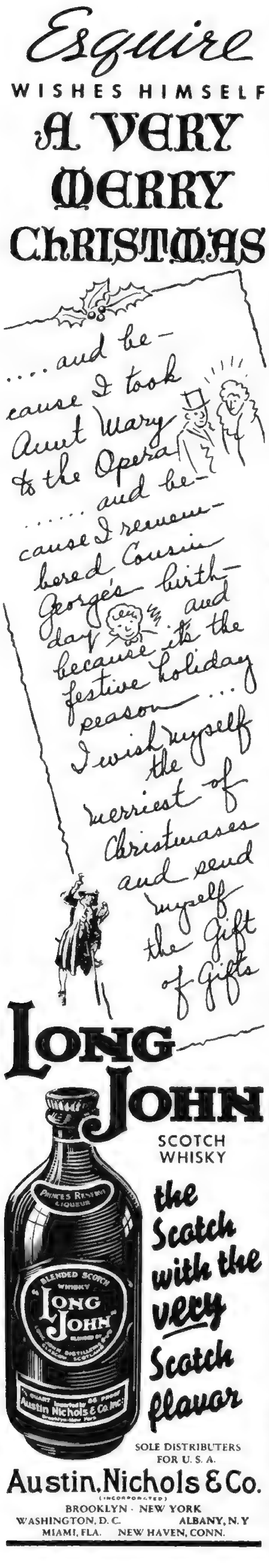

Esquire
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MERRY
CHRISTMAS

.... and because I took Aunt Mary to the Opera ..... and because I remembered Cousin George's birthday and because it's the festive holiday season ... I wish myself the merriest of Christmases and send myself the Gift of Gifts

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loose and the dirty grey lining pouring through the rent. Bruno scrambled up wildly, in hysteria, crying in thick blubbers of hatred and terror, going for Jonah as a half-defeated boxer goes for another in a last hope of victory, punching his body with his hands.

And for a moment Jonah looked defeated. He stood with the momentary limpness of a man who half-mistrusts himself and his own rage. And while he stood there, limp, panting a little, the blood running down his hand, Bruno kicked him again.

In a moment it was all over. He suddenly descended on Bruno with the terrorizing swiftness of a new rage. Bruno seeing it, started towards the door. Jonah was after him, picking up the cane as he went, bringing it down madly on Bruno's shoulders as he struggled with the door and finally opened it, and went half-whimpering and half-wailing down the corridor beyond.

Jonah vanished in the corridor too. We were standing up in a moment, on the forms and half on the desks, gabbling with excitement.

Suddenly there was a tattoo on the partition. We stood paralyzed. It was Miss Salt, with an odd scared look on her greyish face, tapping on the glass.

She stood watching over us until Jonah came back. He came into the classroom alone, his hair wild, the blood smeared now on both hands.

He took one look at us.

"Class—sit!"

We sat.

Presently Jonah too sat down. This time he did not cage his fingers and he forgot to tuck back the cuffs of his shirt into his sleeves. He was trembling. We could see the trembling slightly in his hands and hear it distinctly in his voice:

"The Hindus are the result of a mixing of Aryans and Aborigines—"

In the afternoon Jonah was not there after the bell had gone and Bruno's desk was empty. For a quarter of an hour Miss Salt kept watch on us through the partition door.

Finally Jonah came in. His face was whiter than we had ever seen it, almost as white as the bandage on his hand, and he seemed so preoccupied that he forgot to shut the classroom door.

In another moment we saw why he had forgotten to shut it. Bruno came in.

And then, after Bruno, came someone else: a soldier, a little fellow with stocky legs, and a drooping yellow moustache and rather round bland eyes. He held Bruno's torn coat in his hands, and standing at the door, he spoke to Bruno as he walked to his seat.

"You know what I told you. If he lays half a finger on you come and tell me." He looked at Jonah. "And you know what I told you as well, y'big sod!"

He went out without another word. All that afternoon and for almost another week Jonah did not even look at Bruno. And we in turn, like Bruno, could scarcely look at Jonah, and only then with fear in our hearts.

How to Save Business

Continued from page 35

Equate consumption to production. This IMPLIES equating the PURCHASING POWER of the WHOLE people to the NEEDS of the people.

Purchasing power consists of money AND credit.

Any ass can perceive the NEEDS of the people. Put it a notch higher, and call it the WANTS of the people, ever expanding WANTS that wd. bring EVER greater SALES IF . . .

people could BUY what they wanted.

That being the case you wd. think any serious manufacturer would start thinking about MONEY. General Motors does NOT. The whole palusa which hires advertising space for ballyhoo in an aged Noo England publication, REFRAINS like a blind hen from examining money.

Only Douglasites and Gesellites study MONEY.

The THREE currents of THOUGHT, Corporate state blokes, gesell's Freiwirtschafters, and Doug-ites, are alike in ONE respect, perhaps that is why they converge?

They are NONE of them STATIC. Gesell gave the perfect CRITERIA for efficiency of a monetary system, saying he wd. judge it by the number of unemployed and by the UNSOLD inventories.

Gesellism did NOT go into ossification with the death of its founder.

A lot of Gesellite thought REMAINS TO BE DONE, and is in process of being done.

The editor of *The Way Out* has advocated a national dividend.

That means the DIRECTEST road toward getting the NECESSARY purchasing power into the hands of the WHOLE people.

Gesell knew and Douglas knows a way of doing this WITHOUT INFLATION.

BUT no Gesellite accountants have, so far as I know, yet undertaken the necessary detailed calculations re the advisable ratio between diminishing-scrip and fixed money.

Douglas and Gesell were from their starts ALIKE in being basic attacks on usury IN NO WAY implying an attack on SHARE HOLDING or deriving dividends from the material profits of united action.

There is nothing in Gesellism or Douglasism to prevent ten men, or a hundred or a million men, putting their money together for building a railroad and getting back the EARNINGS of that road.

All this riles the mental par-

Continued on page 196

OVERHEARD AT THE PREVIEW:
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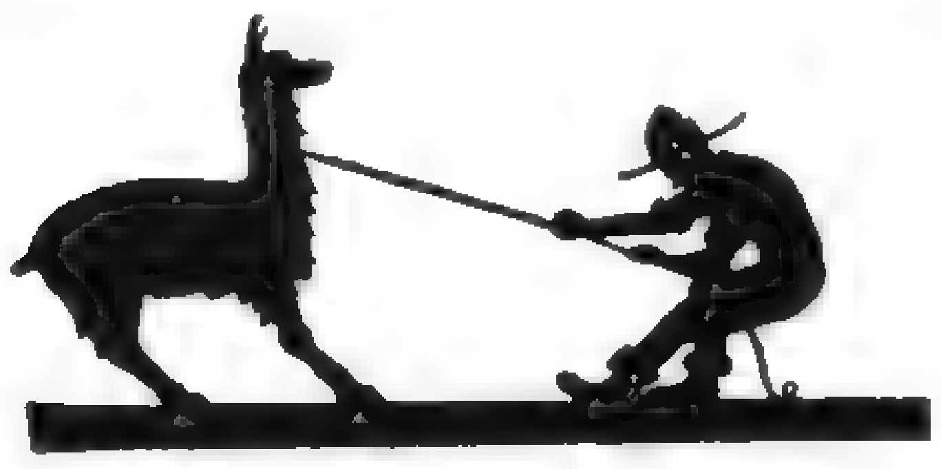

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How to Save Business

Continued from pages 35-195

alytics in the socialist party. Or at any rate IF they ever hear of active thought they OBJECT to this independence of business, they see no chance of busting into Mr Morgan's library and dividing up the books into fascicules of 8 pages, or one page, and DIVIDING 'em between the denizens of the Bowery.

The fact that no man can build and that few men can own a whole power station does NOT necessitate national ownership of the machinery of ALL Power stations.

Gesell called his system FREIWIRTSCHAFT. Free or "Freed" Economy.

Both Gesell, by his tax on the ACTUAL MONEY, and Douglas by his system of discount and just price computation INVENTED means of cancelling or holding down the available body of purchasing power to a sane level.

I mean of preventing MONEY from depreciating in value in a way fatal to trade.

If a man *or* professor or business executive is too god damn boneheaded to see a difference between an income tax and a tax ON the actual MONEY in his pocket, I don't know how to save him.

Gesell's tax falls on UNSPENT money. It don't grab your money BEFORE you get a chance to use it.

Can the high power reader GET that? Inheritance tax grabs your money BEFORE you can spend it. Income tax grabs your money BEFORE you can spend it. It diminishes YOUR purchasing power. All over the place such taxes diminish the purchasing power, i.e., they DIMINISH the market.

Any manufacturer ought to understand the phrase "diminish the market." Call it *increase* sales resistence. If you prefer.

I talk about Gesell instead of Doug. because people can sometimes SEE a stamp on a bit of scrip. They can understand sticking a postage stamp on a letter. And in rare cases they can understand the difference in being taxed a cent per dollar on money you actually HAVE in your pocket, and in being taxed in MONEY on a farm when you HAVE NO money.

Doug with more sweetness and kindness has another way to the same goal. He appeals to the physically lazy and etiolated who just can't lift a stamp to their tongue, or can't get to a damp sponge to gumstickify the back stickum of the stamp. BUT alas it requires human thought and a little patience to see how he would do this.

That don't mean the Gesellites will be clever in playin' ostrich.

The best of 'em ain't playin ostrich. Doug. made a system for CREDIT. You might almost say that his ideal money is BOOK money, kept on the nation's account. (A CREDIT account.)

Difference between cowrie shells and the Tally board. Doug. for tally, and Silvio Gesell for the cowries.

Doug. invented a system of accountancy FOR the whole people. You do not need stamp scrip.

Gesell split his credit account up into individual slips of paper. Needing less ledger work.

The accounts being managed by the circulation, i.e. transfer of the MONEY.

Gesell invented or reinvented contra-usury.

BUT Douglas did not rest on this negative, he reinvented *partaggio*, he gave it a new name or publicized a new term "the increment of association."

And he not only saw that ten men working together cd. do more than the sum of what they could do if each worked on his own, but he saw HOW their association with the work and inventions of countless dead men could be USED to the advantage of the WHOLE people omitting no one from the advantages of the total human inheritance, or specifically of the total national inheritance.

BUT at the same time allowing a father to take comfort in seeing HIS personal work aiding his children.

With malice toward none, and with something rather better than charity for all others, namely JUSTICE IN PRICES, and adequate market, a market limited only by what people WANT, a market for steadily *improving* products. A market for Rolls Royces, where now you have a market for 600-dollar cars. A market for books printed AS WELL AS printers can print 'em, not merely as cheap as they can print 'em.

Prosperity comes of exchange. No man wants ten million washtubs.

Upton S. has paralysis. Heard about compound interest in 1883, since when he has used no other. Work is no better for a man than playing LaCrosse or Polo. You can not EAT either.

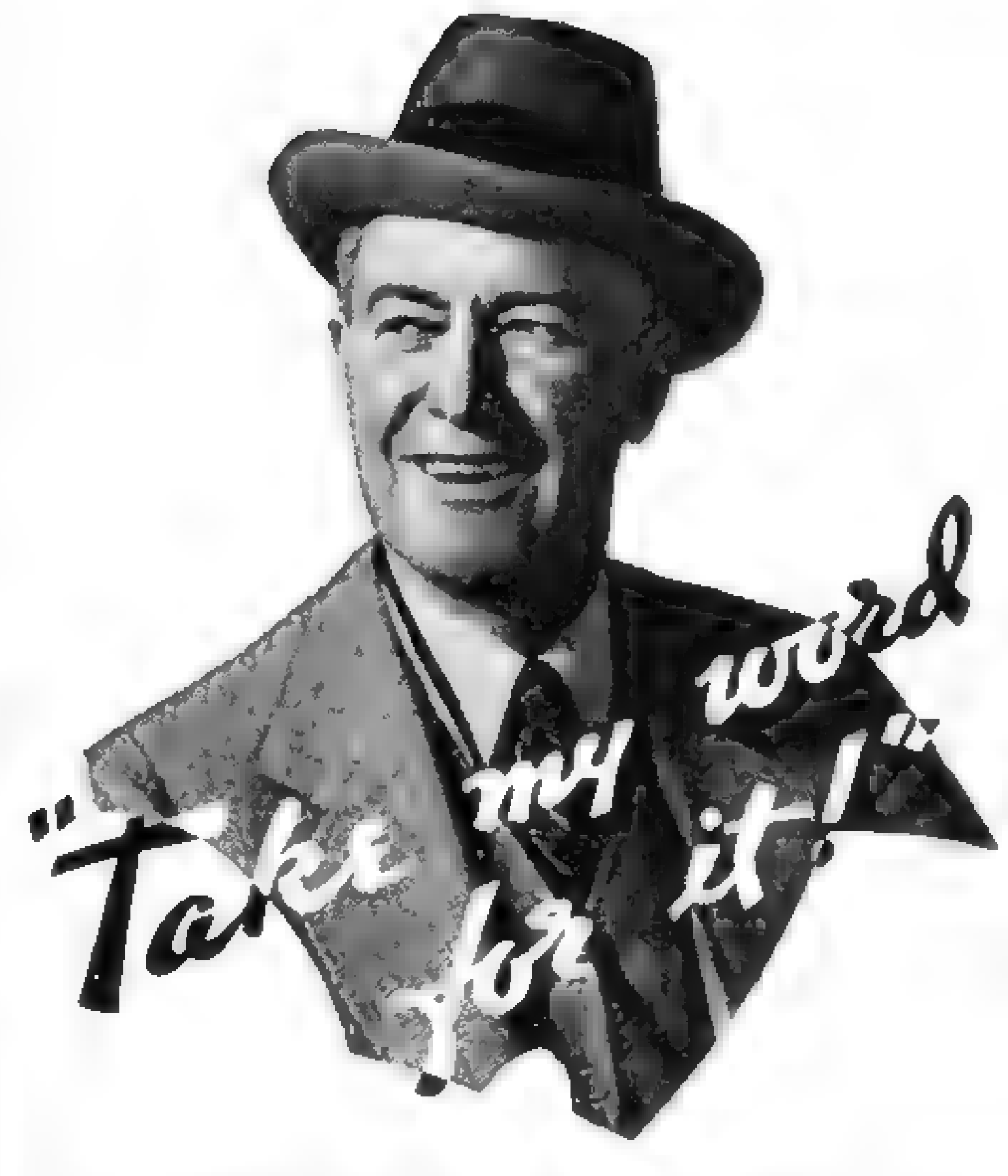
The CRAP comes from people who want other people to do things they wd. think insane to do themselves, and which they wd. never do if they cd. avoid it.

The Manchester Guardian Correspondent reported on Woergl. Daladier went to Woergl. The Manchester man told me it was "a very successful experiment." I also have been to Woergl. It WAS a damn successful experiment.

When I said national dividend in 1918 or whenever, I expected to be taken for loony.

Now we have the premier of Tasmania, we had the late senator Cutting, we have the official advisor to the Canadian Province of Alberta all seeing that this is NOT loony.

The start toward recovery may occur when the great minds of the motor industry understand that men buy motors with MONEY. And have the Alberta elections put this *on* the mat! ⌗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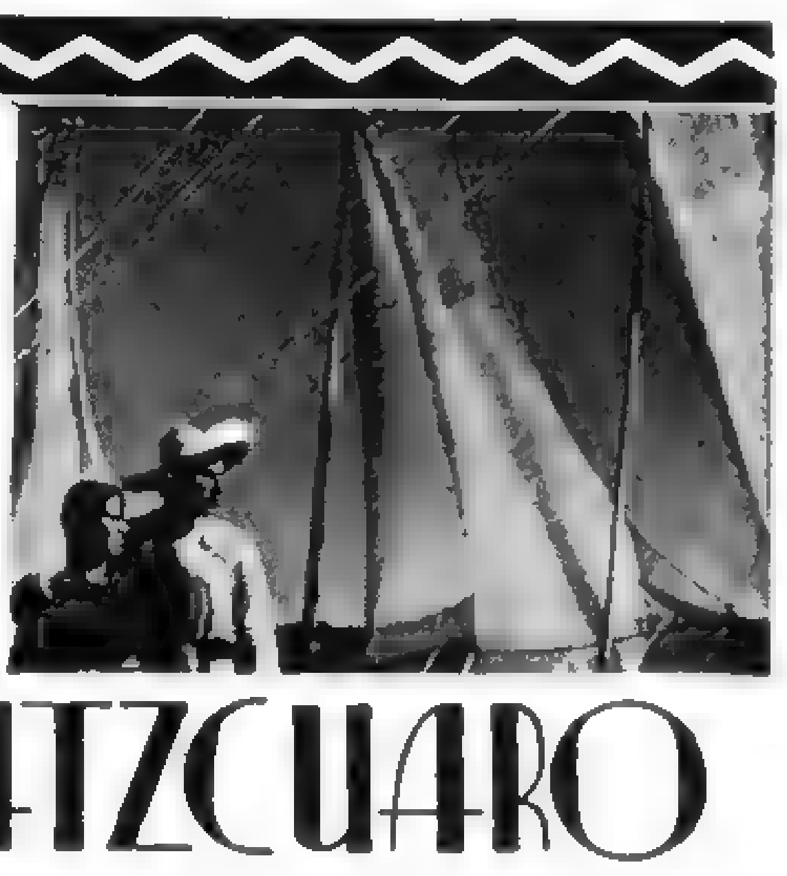

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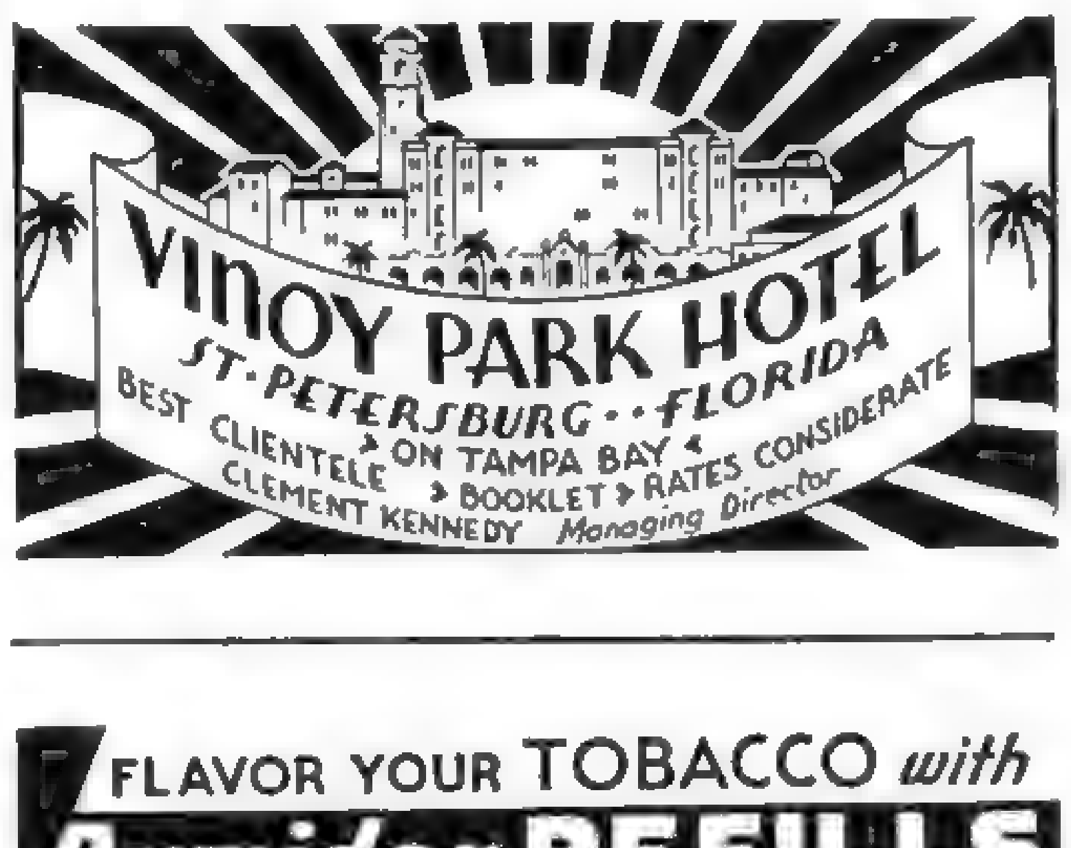

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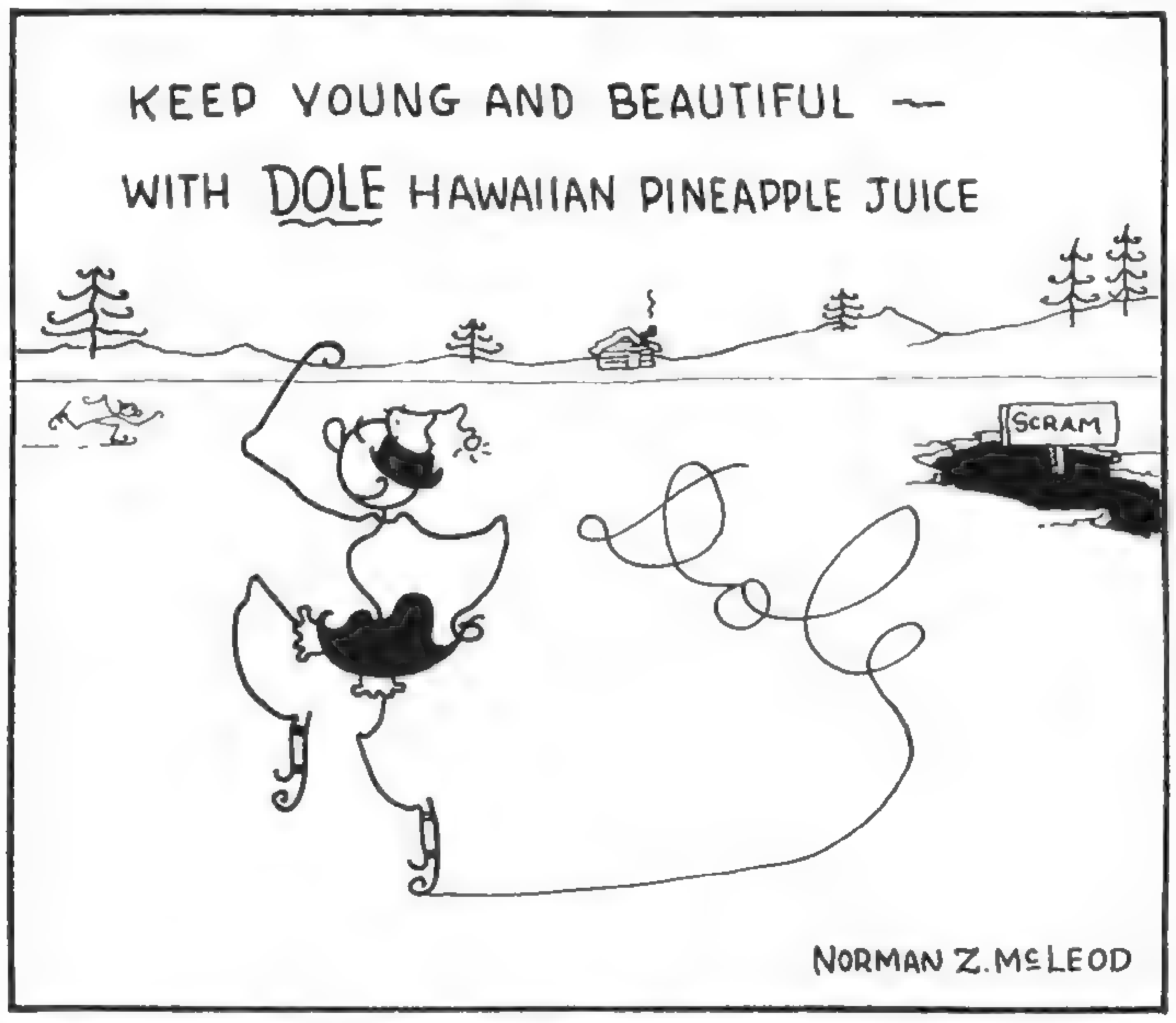
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Casanova on Ice

Continued from page 56

said, "one has been fortunate."

Orfik nodded his head at the trader. "A few small bags of down were found by me and my helper," he said modestly. "Nothing much or of great value."

As the women brought in additional bags Mr. Nielsen set his pipe on the counter and swept off the large scales, those which were used only for the weighing of heavy articles, like blubber. Bag after bag was weighed; the astonished trader jotted down the totals. The stuffed clothing was put on the scales; the blankets; even the tent cloths, bursting with the down. The loiterers in the store crowded around, and Orfik had a difficult time to keep from smiling immodestly at his large haul. Finally, Mr. Nielsen added up the column of figures and turned to the Eskimo.

"Later, when it is unpacked, I will weigh the bags and clothing separately, and then deduct their weight from the total and figure the exact weight of the down," he said. "However, as an advance, I will give you fifty Kroner, and we can straighten the rest out this evening."

Orfik was very pleased. Fifty Kroner was not an inconsiderable sum, and meant that now, tonight he could realize to the fullest the joy of being a rich man. He could give a party for the entire settlement. He could hold a huge dance in the carpenter's workshop, and supply coffee, and tea, and sugar and even the fancy biscuits with which the post was stocked. It would not merely be a duty, but an extreme pleasure.

Lootevek drew the old man to one side. "One has worked hard," he said, "and one would like very much to have a few Kroner in order to buy tobacco."

"Yes," Orfik said. He gave Lootevek three Kroner. "Later," he said, "you will receive the rest of what you have earned."

The party certainly did Orfik credit. The carpenter shop was crowded to the doors; the little phonograph whined and scratched, and the atmosphere got thick with smoke and the smell of gallons of coffee. Lootevek danced and danced. He danced with Sara, he danced with the other two women of the party, and now he could, even, dance with the girls who formerly would not look at the lazy young man who could never make them a respectable husband. He, as well as Orfik, felt himself to be a very important figure in the community.

In the middle of the gaiety a message came that Mr. Nielsen would be very pleased to see Orfik in his office, immediately.

"One is honored," Orfik said, importantly, "and one will be equally pleased to see Mr. Nielsen."

But when he reached Mr. Nielsen's office his pleasure was somewhat clouded. Mr. Nielsen's expression was one of sorrow, but also unmistakably one of anger. Mr. Nielsen's Eskimo wife was also in the office, as were her son and the local school teacher. Mr. Nielsen pointed silently to a pile in the middle of the floor. Stones, whole eggs, gravel, bits of wood, formed a small mound under the overhead light.

"I am ashamed," Mr. Nielsen said, coming right to the point. "I am ashamed for you, Orfik. I considered you an honest man. And when I unpacked the down and found that these things—" he pointed at the pile—"and not the down itself, were what weighed so heavily on my scales, I could not believe my own eyes. You have cheated me, Orfik."

Orfik's eyes were wide and suddenly he felt proud no longer. He stuttered and stammered.

"One is not—one did not think—one can—"

But the anger of Mr. Nielsen's native wife cut him off.

"So!" she said. "This is the way in which you repay my husband's trust! For this you take young Lootevek along on a trip! To gather down, is that it? You are not only a stupid man, you are a blind one! Your daughter, Sara, and those other two! It is all common gossip, what went on on that journey, Orfik! Love making and eating and pleasure—and now thievery besides! You and that Lootevek—you are as bad as he is and you are much too old to behave in this fashion!"

Mr. Nielsen was more concerned with business than with morality.

"Furthermore," he said, "consider this. I gave you fifty Kroner as an advance against the total—and now I find that the total is worth scarcely twenty-five! It would take me a long time to make any profit on that basis!"

The betrayed man could not get in a word between the shouting of Mr. Nielsen and his wife. This was Lootevek's doing, and if what the woman said was true, then his daughter and the other two girls had served really only as added sport for the young man on what he had taken for his holiday. And he had fed Lootevek, too and even given him three Kroner in cash not many hours before!

He made his way back to the dance, no longer the proud host, his mind full only of dark thoughts against Lootevek. He found the young man whirling Sara around the dance floor, and Orfik looked at his daughter more closely. Yes, Mrs. Nielsen had been right—and he saw now that the little down which had actually been gathered served only as a bed for Lootevek and his daughter—not to mention the two other women. He accused the young man directly.

Lootevek hung his head as the older man berated him. The three girls huddled into a little knot, as though to seek protection from Orfik's rage, and cried as they and their betrayer stood helpless under the torrent of words. They were all disgraced in front of the watching dancers—not one of them could defend her behavior. And Orfik shouted and raged to such an extent that the dance broke up and the people all left.

And the same night, Orfik took his skin boat and the two elderly girls, and sailed for his home settlement. But he left Sara behind, confiding her to the care of an old aunt who was, supposedly, experienced in necessary and secret rites.

The next day Lootevek found that his position in the community had been swept back to the status it usually enjoyed. No longer was he the triumphant companion of Orfik. No longer was he envied as being one of two men who could give a party. Mr. Nielsen's opinion of his credit was no better than it had been at the beginning of the summer—and Mrs. Nielsen's opinion of his conduct was not in the least complimentary.

News travels swiftly through these northern communities and Lootevek found himself friendless and an object of ridicule. Thinking to let the matter blow over for the moment, he took his *kayak* and started to paddle away from the post.

He had not been gone an hour when he saw a boat coming toward him, headed for the trading post. As it drew nearer he recognized it as being the impressive whaling-boat of the itinerant minister, and it was an exciting and seldom-seen spectacle. It was handsomely and fully equipped, even to being manned by six young Eskimos splendidly dressed in white *anoraks* and blue cloth trousers. Its arrival at any port was an event of momentous importance, and Lootevek could not bring himself to miss out on the excitement it was sure to occasion. So he turned his *kayak* around, and headed back.

"With such a boat ahead of me," he thought, "a little man like me cannot hold the attention of these others who want only to laugh at me."

And he was right. The people all ran down to the landing place at which the minister stepped out of his boat, and did not notice Lootevek, who beached his *kayak* around the point and made his way to the settlement.

But even more was to happen that day. For, an hour behind the whaling boat of the minister, came two more. In one of them was myself, and a friend of mine—and in the other was the irate Itooi, the man at whose house Orfik's party had stopped on the way home. My friend and I had met Itooi while out whaling, and he had asked us to go home with him for a few days. So we had been present at his homecoming, and had witnessed the scene that met the returning hunter's eyes! For the dogs which Lootevek and Sara had carelessly allowed to run through the unlocked door, had torn Itooi's house almost apart.

Word got to him almost immediately that it had been Orfik's party which had permitted this to happen—and with rage and revenge in his heart Itooi started for the post. I must confess that my friend and I went along to see the fun. Fun? I had reckoned without Lootevek!

He, meanwhile, had again met Sara, and the two of them, welded together by their common fear, wondered what to do next. Itooi was in a rage against them; the minister would hear of their sinful conduct and would shame them into further disgrace; and I, as a white man with whom they would want to curry favor, would be turned against them. Lootevek realized he had to form a plan and act quickly.

An idea to resolve the situation came to him. He would marry Sara. That would appease her and her father, and it would put him beyond the power of the other two females. The minister would be pleased and complimented. Itooi, seeing him the center of attention and treated with respect, would leave him alone long enough for his anger to cool. And he had plans for me, also. He would raise me to the dignity of a high official, and thus cement my friendship. He would make me his best man.

"Reverend! Reverend!" he cried. "It happens that one want to marry! One wishes to continue life as a married man!"

The minister looked at him and frowned slightly. He was really on his way further north, and had planned to stop here at the post on his return, six days later. And although he was a devout man of God and lived on a highly spiritual plane, he had just noticed that the barometer was falling.

"Why didn't you tell me that as soon as I arrived?" he asked, with some irritation. "If I delay now I will be caught in a storm."

"One would have spoken sooner, Reverend," Lootevek said modestly and without guile, "but it had not been decided at that time."

"You did not know two hours ago that you wished to marry?" the minister said.

"True love grows quickly," Lootevek said, bowing his head.

"True love is also everlasting," the minister said, "and therefore it will live six days. I will return at that time and then the ceremony will be performed."

As anxious as Lootevek was for an immediate solution to his problem, he did not feel he could oppose the wishes of God's ambassador. So he said no more as the gaily dressed crew and the minister climbed into the boat and put off. But he had gained his point. The people standing around had heard his declaration, and realized that he was going to be a bridegroom. As such it was necessary that there be peace and good will around him. There was, and again he was accepted as the sensation of a day which had, truly, been crowded with sensations. He was given coffee at the house of Ganella, and seal meat at the house of Gaba. That night became another whirlpool of gaiety in which

Continued on page 200

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Collier's All-America teams have always been considered the "official" among National and Syndicated publications. They were selected by the immortal Walter Camp as long as he lived. Then came Grantland Rice, who is assisted by an advisory board of outstanding experts. To this ultra-select jury, Cunningham, Boston Post born and bred as a star feature writer, is now appointed.

For many years his Boston Post All-America Teams have attracted National attention. Although always one of the first to be announced, Bill's line-up was more nearly like the Collier's Team than that of any other expert. When he differs with other experts, he "calls his shot," and gives the whys and wherefores. His followers like his reasons as well as his choice.

For 1930 he picked the entire Notre Dame team (Knute Rockne's last team) as that season's All-America. Printed in The Boston Post two weeks before the end of the Notre Dame season, his daring selection created a sensation. Notre Dame had still to play the strong Army and the super-powerful University of Southern California on strange fields. They won both games and Bill was hailed as a real oracle. Readers and followers applauded and became staunch boosters for his daily column and his paper.

Bill has a penchant for "calling them as he sees them," and is usually right. He makes and keeps friends for himself and for his paper because his leadership as a writer is based on real ability and rock-bottom sincerity.

For The Boston Post, Bill has been all over the country and almost the world. He has interviewed Mussolini in Rome and the Prince of Wales in St. James' Palace. He has covered the English Derby, the Olympic Games, all the championship prize fights of the last decade, the feature football games and important events of every nature.

Stanley Woodward, the New York Herald-Tribune football expert, said of him: "In my opinion the best of us all. A slinger of words who suffers inordinately because he works for a family newspaper . . . No inhibitions with regard to choice of words in conversations with his contemporaries . . . gets himself into trouble almost daily and worries over being a stormy petrel . . . loves The Boston Post and has turned down offers from twenty other papers . . . a sentimentalist with a past; military, athletic, etc."

The "Tomahawk," official Holy Cross student paper, recently published this item:—"Bill Cunningham can always be relied upon to view a contest impartially, and to write what he thinks is correct. His honesty is one reason why he is generally considered among the finest sport writers in the country."

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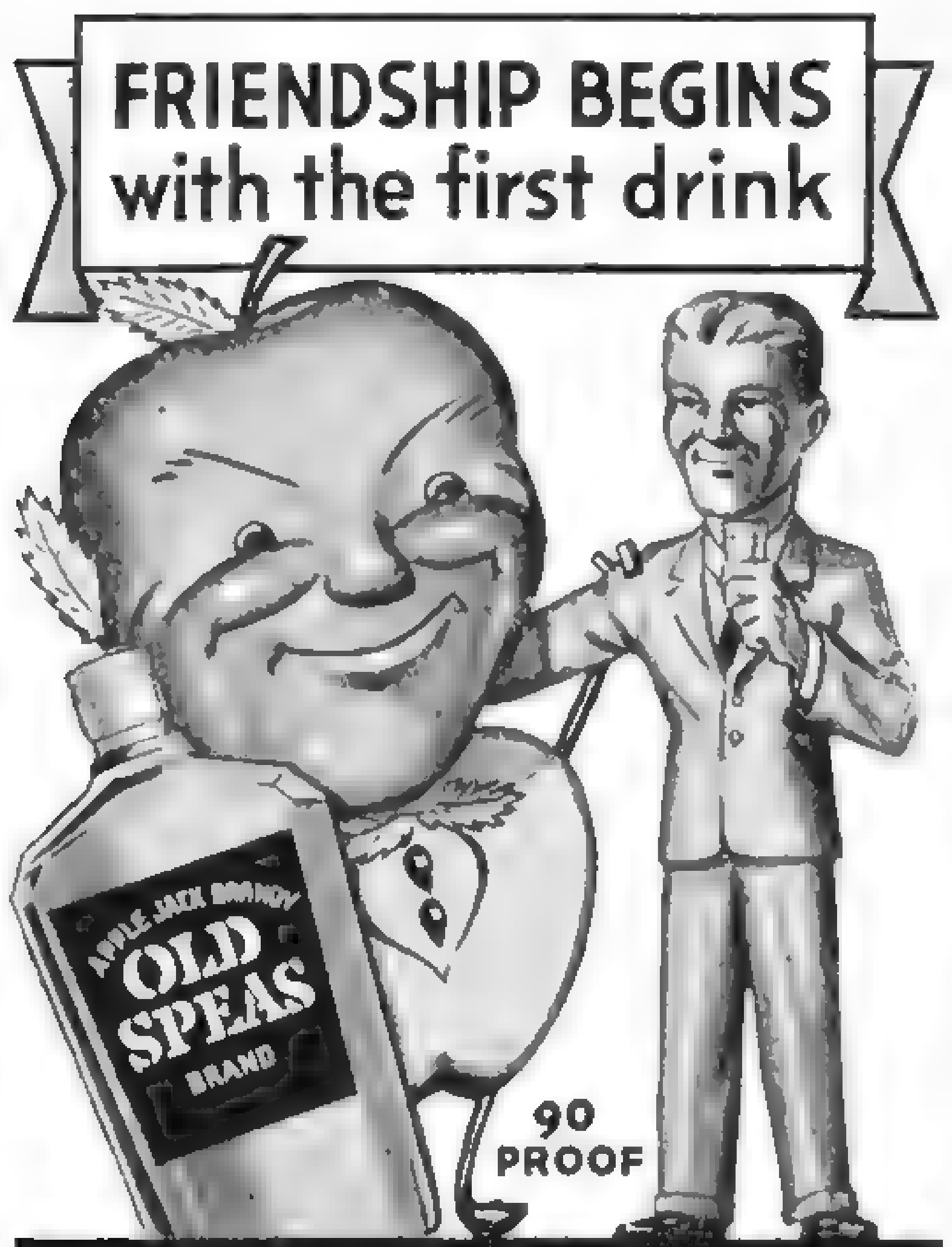

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Casanova on Ice

Continued from pages 56-199

—as Lootevek had figured—even Itooi smothered the fire of his anger and was not unfriendly. Lootevek again danced and danced and talked big talk about a wedding in the huge workshop, and of a mammoth coffee party.

But the next day he awoke sober. In spite of the wild promises he had made the night before, he was now forced to realize that they were beyond his financial resources—which were non-existent. The people had forgiven him in the light of his new role—but what was to be done to maintain their present attitude? The answer might be found in Mr. Nielsen. Full of hope he went to the store.

"It happens that one desires to open a little credit account," he said.

"Does it?" Mr. Nielsen said. His pipe remained in his mouth. "Who?"

"As a man who will be a bridegroom in six days," Lootevek said, "I am the one who wishes it."

"When you are married and respectable," Mr. Nielsen said, "and when you have started to earn an honest living, come back and maybe I will talk about it."

"The Reverend has promised to marry me on his return," Lootevek pleaded. "All the people have heard him. Sara and I will live the rest of our lives as man and wife."

"Poor Sara," Mr. Nielsen said. "I will tell you what I will do, Lootevek, because I am a soft man and can refuse a bridegroom nothing. I will open an account for you of one-half a Krone."

Lootevek's eyes opened wide and for a moment stared straight into those of Mr. Nielsen. Then he shut them tight, and in a furious attempt to figure, he ducked his head completely under his hood. When his round face again came into view, it showed a realization that half a Krone was not even enough to buy a new *anorak* for his bride. This alone would cost four and a half Kroner, and he would need silk ribbons for Sara, shirts and underwear for himself. And the party!

Lootevek, flatteringly enough, thought of his best man and brought his problem to me. He had been through more emotional crises in the last twenty-four hours than he had encountered in his whole worthless life, and his talk was impassioned and persuasive. He even so far convinced me of the white man's traditional cruelty toward the native that I was carried away, and went to see Nielsen myself. When I had finished he looked at me but said nothing. With a quizzical expression he reached up on the shelf and brought down the files. He showed me Lootevek's account, which, if not profitable, was interesting. In the last year he had earned exactly thirteen and a quarter Kroner. His bill with Nielsen, however, was now twenty-two and a half Kroner. It was evident that Lootevek was something less than a good risk, and Nielsen's position was well taken.

Having a bachelor's sympathy for the establishment of marriage, and filled with the spirit of charity, I went into conference with my fellow traveller. He promised to donate all the coffee and sugar which could possibly be consumed by the wedding party, and I decided to pay Lootevek's debt at the store and open an account of twenty Kroner in his name. We sent for him and informed him of all this.

Again his face disappeared as he put all his mental effort into wrestling with the figures. When he popped out of his sea of arithmetic he pulled me to one side, with the expression of a man who was about to do me a favor.

"Peter," he said, "I can see you are my friend, and from now on I will devote my whole life to you. I have just figured that these expenses to you will be forty-two and a half Kroner, and all because of the intention of two small and worthless people to marry. That is far too much, and I feel that I do not deserve it. So I tell you: if you want to make the amount smaller, please give me forty Kroner in cash, instead of the other plan. This will save you two and a half Kroner and I will be that much less humiliated by your charity. I am going on a big hunting trip pretty soon, and when I return it will be easy to pay my debt to Mr. Nielsen."

I tried to convince Lootevek that it was better to start married life with no debts, and in spite of the passion of his arguments, I won. I paid his debt at the store and gave him twenty Kroner in cash, instead of establishing credit. Even so, Lootevek left me feeling, I think, that I had deprived him of twenty Kroner.

I had to leave that same day to look at some asbestos deposits in the vicinity, and was gone until the actual day of the wedding. These days were fine days for Lootevek: his sins were forgiven, he had a position in the community and money in his pocket.

When I was ready to return to the post, it was the minister's ship which stopped for me and picked me up to save me the overland trek back. And when we drew up to the landing place there was Lootevek, on a little cliff, directing our course with loud—and happy—shouts; warning against rocks and showing us where to land.

"Well, my dear Lootevek!" the minister said. "I am truly delighted that I shall now join you and Sara together for life."

"Oh Reverend," Lootevek said, stretching out his hand to a plump and beaming girl next to him, "this is Anina. And if joy and happiness shall have anything to do with it—Anina must be my wife."

"Yes?" said the minister. "I

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GEORGE LAMAZE
Executive Vice-President

did not remember." He took out his diary, looked in it and gave a slight start. "I do not understand this."

"Well," Lootevek said, "you see—the case is this. Peter is my friend. He promised to give a great and expensive party for me. He promised to be present at the church and take part in the dance. So will Mr. Nielsen, and so will the many visitors who will be present. Before, when you were here, Peter and all these people were angry at me. So what did I do? I promised to marry Sara. But now they all love me and are my friends—so must I still marry Sara? Oh no, Reverend! Oh no! Now I can be married to Anina, who I choose out of love!"

The minister was speechless with rage and I understood easily enough what Lootevek had done to him. It is the custom, here in the North, for couples who have announced their intention to marry, to live together openly from that time on. The minister realized, of course, that he had given his official sanction to what had become, in his eyes, a scandalous *amour*. As soon as he could have his crew turn his boat around, he left the settlement, refusing point blank to marry Lootevek to Anina or anyone but Sara.

The news of this new disaster spread rapidly through the settlement and finally reached Sara, whom Lootevek had carelessly neglected to inform of his changed plans. Now it was her turn to come to me and complain of the injustice which was being done her—but not, as you might expect, with respect to her having been jilted, but because she had been promised a new *anorak* as Lootevek's wedding gift, and now she would not receive it. There was only one thing for me to do, as a white man and a gentleman. She got her new *anorak*.

And then Lootevek appeared again, with sorrow and pain and fear on his face.

"Peter," he said, "we are in trouble."

I did not interrupt him to find out by what process of reasoning he had arrived at that particular pronoun.

"We were going to give a party, Peter, and now that I am not to be married and there is not to be a party, people have become indignant, and are using harsh words. Particularly unfriendly are the visitors—for while you were away I went for many miles in all directions, and invited more than twelve skin boats to come to your dance. Now that they feel deprived, isn't it likely that they will feel unfriendly toward you, also? And, Peter—of all the things which make me feel bad, the biggest is that you cannot have the party which you looked forward to with so much pleasure!"

I began to feel that the responsibility was really as much mine as his. And, as a matter of fact, I had looked forward to that party. "Listen," I told him. "No minister in the world can deprive us of a party and plenty of coffee. You may tell the people that the dance will go on!"

And we had some party. We danced, with the midnight sun shining through the front windows of the carpenter's shop, and we danced on and on. The sun walked around and peeped into the windows at the side of the house, and still we did not stop. It even came all the way around to the back of the house, and then we quit and walked home. But by that time everybody's belly was as hard as stone, filled with coffee, biscuits and figs. We all had holes in our sealskin boots, we had danced so long, and when I finally rolled up in my blankets to sleep, I thought, "Now, thank God, the affair is ended."

But I had reckoned without the father of Anina, the girl Lootevek represented as his great love. Her father's complaints were definite and violent, tinged with sadness, but purposeful. Anina had been betrothed to another man before I—so her father said—had made it possible for Lootevek to come into the picture. And while this other man was not a "first class man", still he would have made a satisfactory husband. Now he had cancelled his proposal, and Lootevek himself seemed to have cooled off. He had told her father, "After all, old man, I have had my party and I am very happy. The minister will not marry me to anyone but Sara—so why should I bother to marry anyone at all? A wife is, no matter how one regards it, a nuisance and an expense!"

Furthermore, Anina's father went on, it was all my fault that Anina was now humiliated, and did not even have a new *anorak* to show for her shame. She deserved at least as good a one as that which Sara was showing off, and it was up to me to see that she did not go without it.

Another four and a half Kroner, I thought, can make little difference. So Anina got her new *anorak* and I hastened to throw my belongings together and leave the community the same day, before my present expenses of fifty-odd Kroner would be increased.

A year later, on my return, I heard the final and most significant chapter in the amorous adventures of my friend Lootevek. He had braved the attitude toward him of the people in the settlement and stayed on. He was still there when Sara's baby—in spite of her aunt's mysterious knowledge—was born. He saw Orfik pay the attending midwife eight Kroner for her services and his business sense once more took hold of him. His mind began to work.

"Why," he figured, "should I ever marry a woman whose every child will cost me eight Kroner? It is much better—is it not?—to marry a woman who *receives* eight Kroner any time a baby is born?"

So Lootevek, without any wild talk and without any coffee party, quietly married the midwife. ♯

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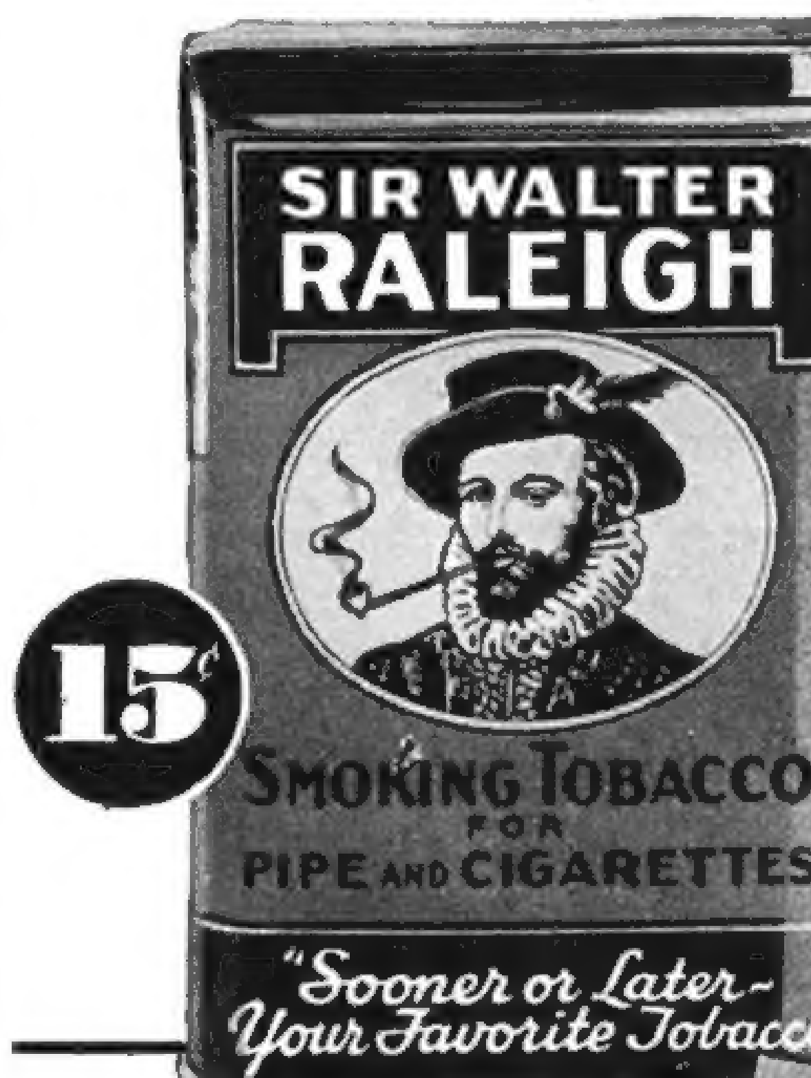

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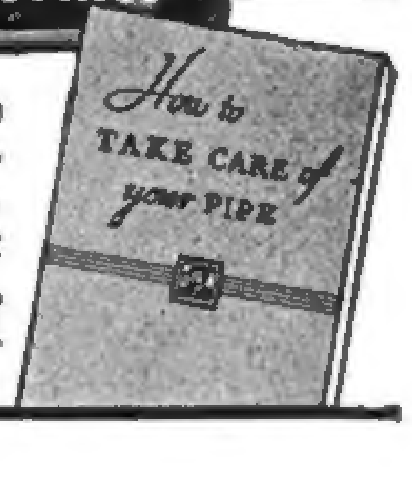

FIRST WORD TO THE WESTERN WORLD

Standard Oil Will Continue Its Italian Trade

In a statement declaring that he could see no reason why, under existing conditions, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey should not carry on its commercial oil business with Italy, Walter C. Teagle, president of the company, yesterday partly cleared the rumor-clouded atmosphere surrounding the conference here of foreign and American oil executives, supposedly to discuss an oil embargo against Italy.

Mr. Teagle's statement was the first official indication given by an American oil man of how private industry in this country would regard economic action against Italy designed to curb her ambition for conquest in Africa. At the same time, the Standard Oil chief denied . . .

Haile Selassie Up Two Hours on First Plane Ride

By Linton Wells

By Wireless to the Herald Tribune

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ADDIS ABABA, Oct. 22.—Emperor Haile Selassie took his first airplane flight today. It was a two-hour trip half-way to Dessye in his private tri-motored Fokker, and during the flight he passed over thousands of his warriors who have been trudging toward the northern front for ten days.

Returning with his eyes glowing, the Emperor expressed delight and congratulated his German pilot.

He had been invited to fly in a newly arrived American Beechcraft plane owned by a Frenchman, which thrilled him with a series of stunts before his own flight. For half an hour the Frenchman performed acrobatics in his plane, astonishing Haile Selassie and frightening some of his retainers by . . .

Wallace Admits Wide Objection To Potato Law

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, voiced today his sympathy with a Pennsylvania farmer critic who had written him that the government would have to build more jails if the compulsory potato control act were to be enforced.

In a radio address Mr. Wallace went even further to admit his doubts over popular sentiment toward the law by saying it would not surprise him if several hundred thousand farmers held the same opinions as his correspondent. The Secretary voiced his definite belief that the potato law would be "considerably modified" by Congress next January.

Just before the Secretary spoke . . .

German Spies Exchanged for French at Rhine

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

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PARIS, Oct. 25.—A unique ceremony took place on the bridge over the Rhine connecting France and Germany at Kiehl, near Strasbourg, this afternoon when French and German authorities solemnly exchanged five prisoners apiece. They were ten spies, five Germans and five Frenchmen, who had been arrested and sentenced for espionage. All had served part of their terms.

By this queer trade, the Nazis regained the services of their famous secret police agent, Johann Ratke, celebrated blind spy and high official of the Roechling Works at Saarbruecken, who was captured by the French in Lorraine last July and sentenced to five years' imprisonment by a Metz court.

In exchange for Ratke, the French...

The first word of the events chronicled below came to the world in the latter days of October through the New York Herald Tribune. Other newspapers carried this news later, in many cases rushed to get it into their editions before dawn. But not until they had read first word of it in the Herald Tribune.

The Herald Tribune's place as a leading morning newspaper is secured, in part, by telling New York and the Western World *all* the news and by telling much of it *first.*

To this newspaper—to all newspapers whether scan-the-news tabloids or exhaustive chronicles—the phrase "all the news" is qualitative. The Herald Tribune pays its editors for their ability to select the news . . . *all* of it. So far as it is able, the Herald Tribune brings the *first* word. An average of thirty stories a day—general news, sports news, financial news—appear exclusively in the first editions of the New York Herald Tribune. Those that follow here are typical.

✓ ✓ ✓

Farley Campaign Letters Flood New York State

By Theodore C. Wallen

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The New Deal's final drive to carry President Roosevelt's home state in the New York Assembly election was unleashed today. It included a "personal" letter to 284,000 voters in the state from James A. Farley, Postmaster General and Chairman of the Democratic National and State Committees. While the Administration strategy was carefully guarded, the letter was said to express Mr. Farley's personal interest in the outcome.

The letter is to have the widest circulation on record for such a direct appeal from a Presidential . . .

British Want Ruth to Teach Them Baseball

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

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LONDON, Oct. 24.—(Thursday).—Babe Ruth may come to this country next year under contract to teach Britons how to play ball, according to Trevor Wignall, famed British sports columnist, writing in this morning's "Daily Express."

Yesterday a cablegram was sent to Walsh asking for an option on Ruth's services through the greater part of 1936 and offering as an additional inducement to name the prospective team "Babe Ruth's British Boys." Terms have not yet been discussed, but it is understood that Ruth will . . .

Manila Troops Frustrate Plot of Sakdalistas

By Wireless to the Herald Tribune

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MANILA, Oct. 23.—The Philippine constabulary today revealed daring plans of the Sakdalista rebel organization to frustrate the inauguration of the Philippine Commonwealth by seizing control of the government shortly before November 15.

The plans of the Sakdalistas, who staged an abortive revolt last May in which several persons were slain, were said to include the seizure and imprisonment of Governor General Frank Murphy, President-elect Manuel Quezon and other high officials of the insular government and the . . .

Pros Demand Open in Tennis, Threatening 'Outlaw' Tourney

By Fred Hawthorne

With the obvious intention of bringing the whole matter to a head, the members of the National Professional Lawn Tennis Association went on record at their annual meeting in the Pennsylvania last Friday night as being in favor of a national open tournament, a tournament in which both amateurs and professionals will be welcomed as contenders. Not only that, but the professional organization, which numbers Big Bill Tilden, Ellsworth Vines jr., George M. Lott jr., Lester R. Stoefen, Vincent Richards and many other former amateur leaders of the game among its members, is planning to hold this tournament indoors next January. The definite date and the building in which the tourney will be played will be announced later.

The next move on the part of the N. P. L. T. A. will be to . . .

Match Corp. Funds Ready for Dividend

By Nicholas P. Gregory

The Irving Trust Company, trustee in bankruptcy for International Match Corporation, has just filed a petition with Oscar W. Ehrhorn, referee in bankruptcy for the United States District Court, Southern District of New York, asking permission to declare a first dividend of 5 per cent to creditors of the corporation.

The dividend, which will amount to about $5,000,000, will be paid to the corporation's debenture holders who subscribed to a major portion of the company's funded indebtedness and other creditors, whose claims have been allowed by the court. The funds will be taken from the bankrupt estate, which now holds free cash of . . .

France Will Aid Britain If Italians Attack Fleet

By James M. Minifie

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

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PARIS, Oct. 17.—Alarmed by the resentment with which London received the French decision not to help the British fleet if it was attacked in the Mediterranean except under certain specific circumstances, Premier Pierre Laval today reversed his stand and decided that full support should be given to the British armada if Italy attacked it.

The draft of a note to that effect was communicated tonight to Sir George Russell Clerk, the British Ambassador, and the note itself probably will be completed and transmitted to London tomorrow.

The note abandons the earlier French attitude that the British fleet could have French support only if attacked while carrying out . . .

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

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